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TRUE

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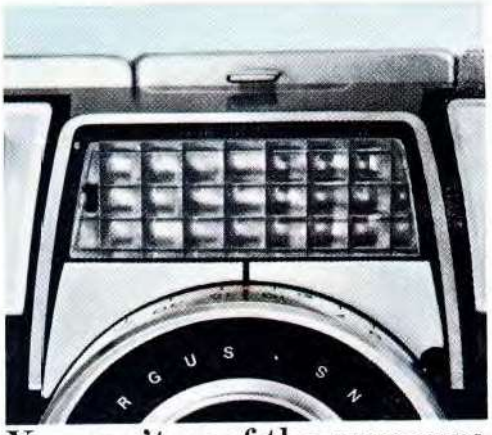

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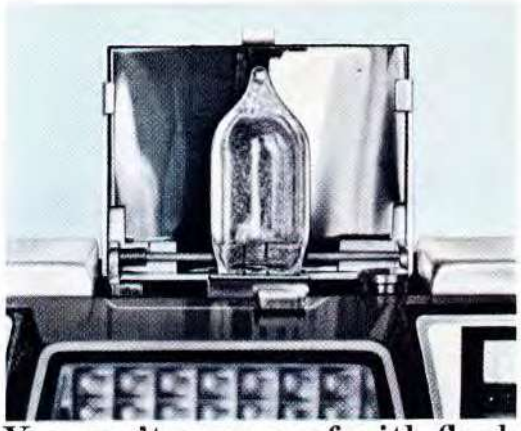

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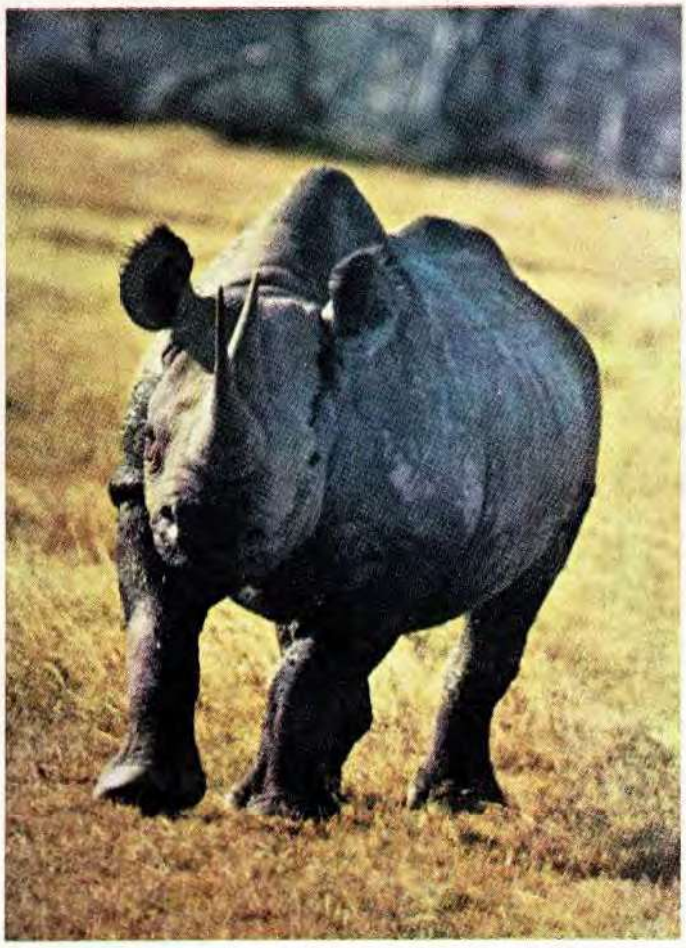

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The Year of The Rat Fink

As a participant in the hunt for Martin Bormann, I was indeed interested in reading of Mr. Zarubica's adventures in *The Year of the Rat* (November). His story is so amazing that it must be true. From what we know of Bormann, this is just the type of theatrical stunt that would catch his imagination.

While I am not at liberty to disclose in detail our work, neither you nor Mr. Zarubica should be at all surprised if Martin Bormann is finally brought to justice in the very near future. Perhaps then Zarubica can confront his "Carlo" and make positive identification.

—Max Falke
New York, N. Y.

Super-Skeptic

Late in the 18th century the patriot and thinker Thomas Paine summed up his skepticism about superstition and mysticism. His remarks about miracles could have applied just as aptly to the great majority of contemporary accounts of supernatural phenomena (*The Supernatural: Fraud or Fact*—October): "We have never seen, in our time, nature go out of her course; but we have good reason to believe that millions of lies have been told in the same time; it is, therefore, at least millions to one, that the reporter of a miracle tells a lie." Apropos, no?

—Robert W. Topp
Belchertown, Mass.

Yes, but long shots have come in ere this.

Tactics at The Bay of Pigs

The condensed version of *The Bay of Pigs* by Haynes Johnson (September) confirms what allies and enemies alike agreed upon in World War II: that the Americans, superb in supply, supreme in administration, are sadly lacking in basic military tactics. Author Johnson mentions Churchill's "terrible ifs." He should study another quotation of Churchill's: "Give us the tools and we will finish the job." In *The Bay of Pigs* Haynes Johnson states that the Americans were unsurpassed experts at amphibious operations. This is only believed in America. Europeans credit World War II gains in the Pacific to mass of materiel and sheer weight of numbers. The heavy casualties incurred by US forces show lack of tactical military ability. The initial landings of the greatest invasion of all, D-Day, were planned by the staff of General Montgomery. Author Johnson makes the incredible claim that no assault landings took place in World War II during the hours of darkness. Has he never heard of Termoli, Vaagso, Dieppe and Flushing? Highly trained, well led troops can make successful night landings.

—William A. Johnson
Rockwood, Ontario
Canada

These are highly debatable generalizations, and the facts as detailed by Johnson go further to explain what went wrong.

Pioneer Planes

I must take issue with you for your comment about the Fokker D-7 (*A Portfolio of Pioneering Planes*—September). You said it was "the only one of its kind still able to take to the air." 'Taint so. Cole Palen of New York state, another collector, has one which I photographed at an air show in Kalamazoo, Michigan in 1963. The plane was flown in a mock dog-fight at the show. It almost became a has-been when the pilot lost control on the landing. The plane has no brakes and is very difficult to steer on the ground. As the pilot was landing the plane ground-looped and ended up on its nose. Practically no damage occurred, however, and as far as I know the plane is still flying.

—Dennis Tulk
Battle Creek, Mich.

Indeed it is, Dennis, and we're so well aware of it that we did a piece on Cole Palen's planes a while back (*One-Man Air Force*—June, 1960).

Just thought I would inform you that you made an error in your article on World War I planes. The first plane is labeled Farnam, and it should be Farman, according to my reference books.

—Ronald Pytko
New York Mills, N. Y.

Our proof reader went down in flames for that one.

At present, here at Selfridge Air Force Base—home of the celebrated 94th Fighter-Interceptor "Hat-in-the-Ring" Squadron—an English-built Spad-7, numbered 3730, is being prepared for operational flight. Except for a few minor structural modifications and a Wright model E-2 180 hp engine in place of the original Hispano-Suiza type, this pursuit plane retains all its peculiar characteristics. This relic of World War I owes its existence today to its previously fortunate past life at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry and the Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum.

—A3c Paul Maximuke
Selfridge AFB, Mich.

Yat's Passes Copped Palm

In reference to the article on the Steelers in September True (*Pro Football's Gashouse Gang*) did it ever occur to author Cope that perhaps the Steelers could have been beaten by a better team? Mr. Cope makes no mention of the Tittle-led Giant offense which scored a mere 33 points in the season finale. All Tittle did was throw three TD passes to completely demoralize the Steelers. The author points to Ed Brown's "disgustingly clear head" in explanation for the Steelers' defeat. What makes Cope feel that Brown would perform better than a man who holds the NFL lifetime pass completion record? All that happened was that Brown played his usual game, the same as Tittle. Incidentally, Tittle was out of the game in which the Steelers routed the Giants 31-0.

—Chris Smith
Bristol, Conn.

Yes, but look what the Steelers did to the Tittle-led Giants in their first game this year.

Psyche Probers

Once again Vance Packard (*How to Strip a Young Job Seeker Bare*—September) has pointed out with a prophet's acumen a grave social sin in America: the violation of the individual's self, the rape of a man's essential humanity. A man does not sell his soul to his employer; a man agrees to hire out his talents and skills for a certain remuner-

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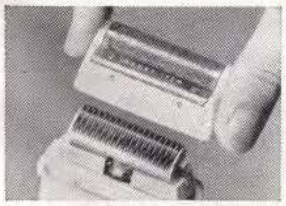

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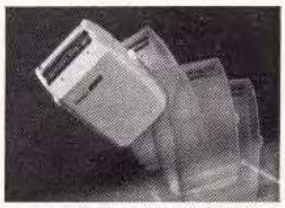

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[*Continued from page 2*]

ation. If the price of success today is conformity at any price or laying one's soul on the boss's altar of inquiry, then to hell with success!

—*Jack J. Anderson*
Albuquerque, N. M.

How in the cotton pickin' tarnation can you expect American businesses to pay an employee an agreed wage and have that employee steal from the company? One of the largest bonding companies in the U.S. advertises that the most lucrative business today is the theft of employees from the employer. Must American business merely accept the fact that employees are going to steal from them and maintain the attitude of, "Oh well, so what"? Hell, no!

—*W. D. Starcher*
Operations Manager
Texas Security Service
Lubbock, Texas

I, like one of the interviewees in Vance Packard's article had acted in several college plays and also in little theater groups. When a job interviewer asked me, "Do you have homosexual tendencies?" I answered, "Why don't you let me spend the night with your wife, and she can give you the answer in the morning?" For some reason I still didn't get the job.

—*Jack Regan*
New Orleans, La.

Damn good answer, Jack.

Sheepish Wolves

Now just a consarned minute! Your September article *The Bull Artist Who Saved the Buffalo* credits Buffalo Jones with saving buffalo calves from wolves by leaving articles of his clothing with the tied-up calves, because "Wolves won't come near anything that smells like a man." The same night I read this, I watched a TV story of a man who was attacked by wolves. Maybe he was wrapped in a buffalo robe? If Buffalo Jones was right, then I won't ever have to worry about being "thrown to the wolves," and I can invite the "wolf at the door" in for a scotch and soda.

—*Ray Kingsbury*
Orlando, Fla.

Like most animals—especially in America—wolves are afraid of the smell of man. Authenticated instances of wolves attacking men are rare, if not non-existent. Jones's trick didn't work perfectly, but it worked for the time. Stop looking at TV and stick to True.

Marriage Menders

Your article on the sad racket of marriage counseling (*Newest Gimmick for Hoaxing Wives*—September) was very good and very opportune. One notable oversight was your failure to mention the family physician. He is the original marriage counselor, and the decline of family practice and general practice has brought on the boom in marriage counselors.

—*A Family Doctor*

The dangers of relying on quacks—any kind of quacks—have been well pointed out over the years, and counseling quacks have been amply described in several articles in national magazines. Mr. Gunther's article adds very little to that which has been said before—and much better. He is merely concerned with making of this problem a real sensation. What he may manage to do, actually, is to prevent some husband from going with his wife to a qualified counselor, and thus to help the disintegration of a marriage that "could be saved."

—*Dr. Walter Chizinsky*
Bennett College
Millbrook, N. Y.

The Disappearing Top

The topless bathing suit fad (*Look, Ma, No Top—It's a Man's World*—September) is just another instance of the gals trying to imitate men, who have been bathing *sans* tops for years. But it's self-defeating, because the closer you get to bare essentials the harder it is to ignore *la difference. Vive!*

—*John Carstairs*
Charleston, S. C.

Freezing's Fine But Not Fun

I just finished reading *Frozen Fathers* in *It's a Man's World* (September). Big deal. Artificial insemination is a big, thriving business in the agricultural field and has been for a good long time. It is used on cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. It just stands to reason it should also work fine on people (although it would take all the fun out of life), and if it's just being found out, something's sure funny.

—*David S. Olson*
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The news isn't about artificial insemination—that has been done with people for some time. The big deal is the preservation by freezing of living sperm for a period of years.

Skipper Skips "Spy"

Iskenderun, Turkey:

I have been an avid reader of True for many years, having all the issues saved for me to take to sea to read, and enjoy otherwise boring hours. I have always thought this publication was the only one worth

[*Continued on page 6*]

This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns $95 a week.

Sounds like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making $8-10,000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children. His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs.

If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I.C.S., the world's oldest and largest.

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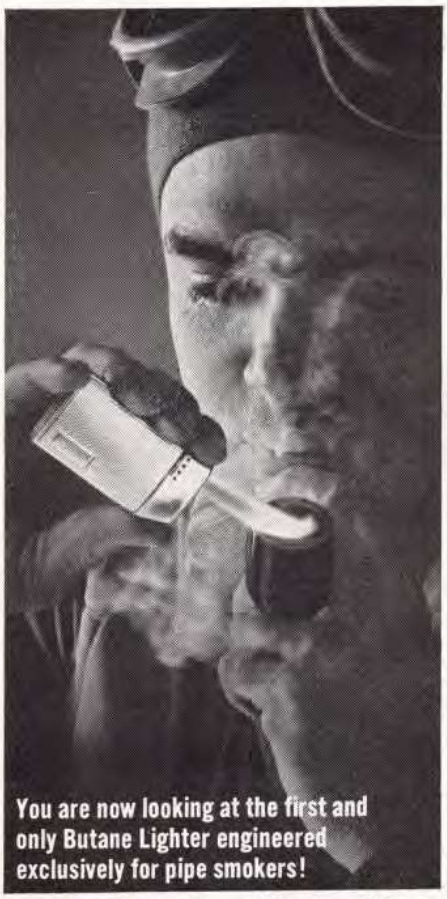

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[*Continued from page* 4]

reading because it was made up of articles and historical facts that were, as its name implies, TRUE. But now you are starting to include fiction (*The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*—August), and this puts your otherwise superior magazine in the class with dozens of inferior pulp magazines that are crammed full of fiction or exaggerated fact. Why not keep TRUE the magazine it has been instead of bringing it down to the level of your competitors?

—*Captain M. C. Carpender*
Isthmian Lines, Inc.

Gee, Captain, we didn't know we had any competitors. Seriously, though, as we've previously stated, we'll *only* publish fiction "that could be fact today, or tomorrow . . ."

SIRE CAUSES IRE

TRUE arrived again today, which reminded me to tell you how much I dislike your magazine. The most revolting article I've ever read was the story on Adios (*The Horse That Has it Made*—August). I innocently read it because I like animals.

—*Mrs. John Fugazi*
Schenectady, N. Y.

Well, after "innocently" reading it (all the way through?) now you know where animals come from.

SPIT

The tobacco chewers of America should get together and buy a gold-plated cuspidor for Mr. Myron Cope for having spoken up so loudly and proudly for our dwindling lot in so widely-read a publication as TRUE (*No Place to Spit*—August). Like Mr. Cope, I have spent several years in the newspaper business, and on several different publications. And even though the profession is one of the remaining strongholds of the chunky cheek, I have yet to find a newsroom where the spittoon is not soundly discouraged and normally forbidden. Three cheers for Charley Pancake and the ruminating rebels of Nelsonville, Ohio, for developing the Society for the Preservation of Tobacco Chewing in Lodge Rooms of America (SPTCLRofA). Perhaps we can organize nationally and call ourselves the Society for the Preservation of Imbibing Tobacco (SPIT).

—*A. R. Calvert*
Montebello, Calif.

SPARKS FLY

In Booton Herndon's story *The Frozen Plane That Saved an Airline* (August), I was amazed when the writer stated that Jon removed the spark plugs from the International Diesel engine, turned the engine over, and was covered with fuel which was ignited by a spark. Actually neither the Caterpillar nor the International have any spark plugs, and even if they did it would be almost impossible to ignite diesel fuel from such a spark.

—*C. A. Shacklette*
Owensboro, Ky.

As many readers noted, we goofed on this one. We try, but mistakes like diesel happen from time to time.

KEPT IN SUSPENSION

I was quite amused, and encouraged, by Norman Carlisle's story of Walter Christie (*The Military Inventor the US Scorned*—August). I can assure you the military mind has not changed since Mr. Christie's day. I have designed a new steering-suspension system and have presented it to various individuals, committees, boards, chiefs, etc. supposedly responsible for evaluating such devices for the Army. One of my first encounters ran like this:

"Colonel, with this steering-suspension system a vehicle capable of carrying a 25-ton payload would exert the same ground pressure per square inch as the present 2½-ton truck with a normal payload—a 10 to one advantage."

"Well—Mr. Hutcherson, we have no 25-ton payload vehicles programmed for fiscal year '65."

"I know, sir, but if one were available, the Army would be glad to have it, would it not?"

At this point the Colonel took a clipboard from the wall, shuffled through a few of the top sheets and said, "Ah—yes, we have a 25-ton vehicle programmed in the Very Long Range Development Phase."

"When is that?"

"1971 to 1981."

"I see, sir, but wouldn't the Army be glad to have one in a year or so rather than that far in the future?"

"Well, really, you wouldn't expect us to waste our time evaluating a vehicle which hasn't been programmed, would you?"

My answer to this cold, steely logic was, "Who programs the vehicles for the—ah—programs?"

"We do," he answered.

"Who's we?"

Ad infinitum . . .

—*Brian K. Hutcherson*
Oswego, Ill.

RATHER SHOOT THAN SWITCH

You are so right in *The Great Gun Grab and How to Stop It* (May). If they ever come for my gun, they'll have to take it, and it won't be easy, let me tell you. It is my right, and I'd rather fight than switch to being

[*Continued on page* 11]

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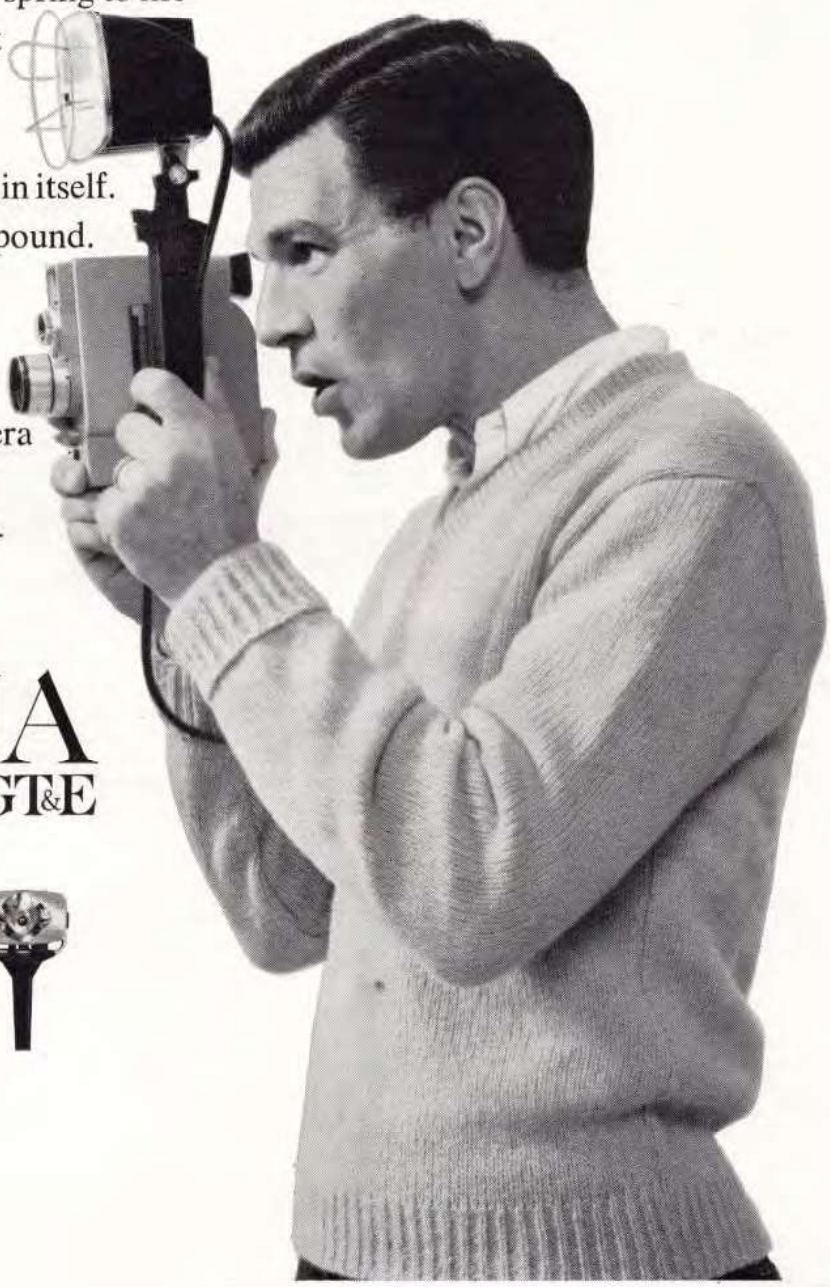

SYLVANIA

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SUN GUN Cordless movie light by Sylvania

Now, shoot movies anytime, anywhere. Cordless frees you from electric outlets. No heavy, cumbersome battery pack. Built-in rechargeable batteries have power to shoot 100 feet (2 rolls) of film per recharge. Zoom-to-flood beam angle control. Gives true-to-life color, ease of handling. Stands 10″ high. Weighs 3½ pounds. Fits any camera. Sylvania Lighting Products, Division of Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 730 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

DECEMBER 1964

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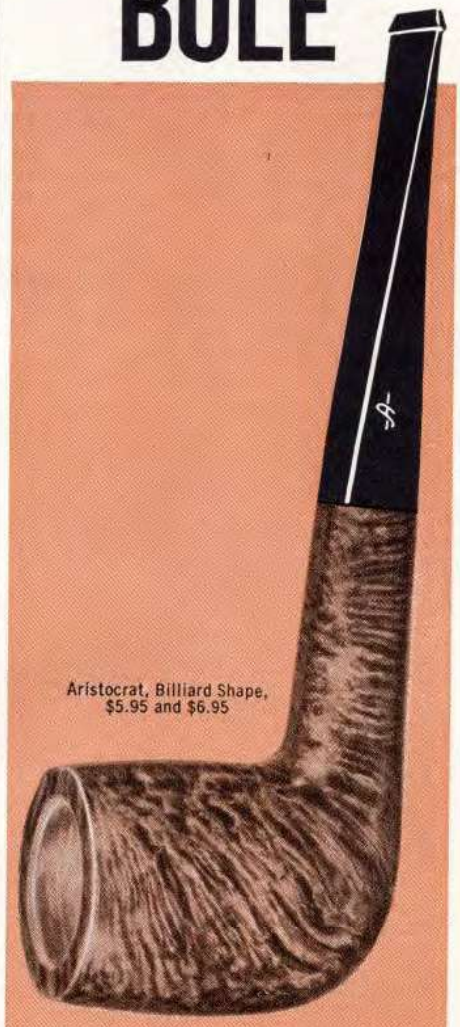
VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 331

INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

YELLO-BOLE



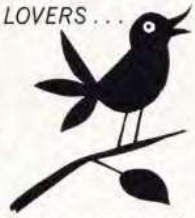
No matter what you smoke you'll like Yello-Bole. The new formula, honey lining insures Instant Mildness; protects the imported briar bowl—so completely, it's guaranteed against burn out for life. Why not change your smoking habits the easy way — the Yello-Bole way. $2.50 to $6.95.

Official Pipes New York World's Fair

Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N. Y. 22, Dept. R20
By the makers of KAYWOODIE

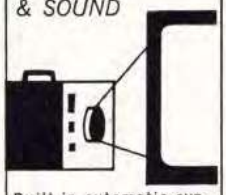
...for

NATURE LOVERS . . .



Record nature sounds. Set on auto operation. Sound starts and stops it automatically.

SLIDES & SOUND



Built-in automatic synchronizer advances slides; coordinates them with commentary or music.

SECRET RECORDINGS . . .

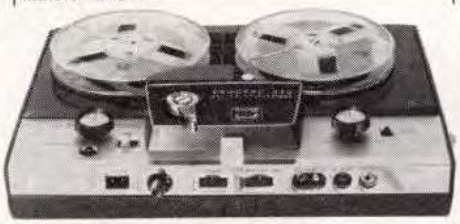
For investigations, interrogations, gathering of evidence. Works unattended. Voice starts and stops it.

DICTATION . . .

Use voice operation or remote-control microphone. Dictate anywhere — office, home or on the road.

MUSIC WHEREVER YOU GO . . .

Enjoy music at the beach, on your boat, anywhere. Play commercial tapes or your own selections from radio or records.



World's First Fully-Automatic Voice-Operated Portable Tape Recorder!

CONCORD 330

You'll find all sorts of "hands-free" uses for Concord's amazing portable 330 — applications not possible with an ordinary recorder. You don't even have to be there. Sound starts it; sound stops it. Just set it and forget it! ☐ The 330 is packed with features: automatic slide projector advance; automatic Synctrol for home movies; automatic self-threading too! Up to 6 hours playing time on 5" reels; 2 speeds; VU meter/battery life indicator and an optional AC adaptor. ☐ See your Concord dealer right away for a demonstration. Under $200.00.* Other Models to $450.00.

For Connoisseurs Of Sound

CONCORD 330

CONCORD ELECTRONICS CORPORATION

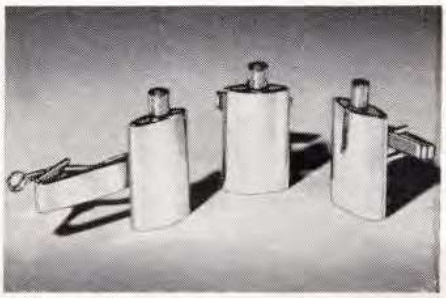
809 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Dept. 34, Los Angeles 38, Calif.

*price slightly higher in Canada

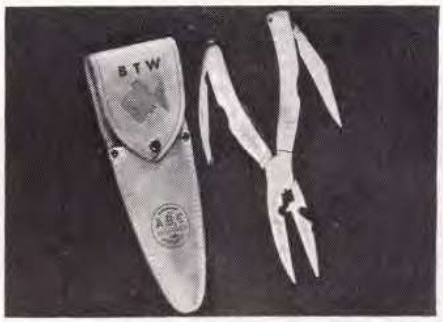
TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

MAINE GUIDE SHIRT is a medium weight wool garment with a roomy cut. Two button-flap pockets and extra long tails. For many years, it has been the accepted shirt for Guides and Hunters. Finest yarns combine to give true, clear colors. Sizes 14-19. Choice of Red and Black Plaid, Black and White Plaid, Green and Black Plaid. Price is $8.95. L. L. Bean, Dept. T, Freeport, Maine.

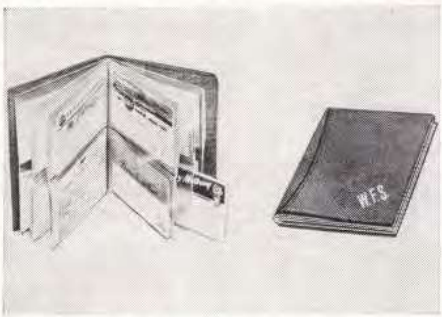


MINIATURE 24-KT. GOLDEN FLASKS. You don't need a perpetual thirst to want this unique cuff links & tie bar set. They are little gems, complete with tiny caps that unscrew so you actually fill 'em with your favorite hooch (perfume for the ladies). 24-Kt. gold-plated. In suede drawstring pouch, set $8.95. Park Galleries, Dept. TR-12, 103 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



ANGLER'S PAL is a wizard worker that combines 15 tools in one. It's a jack knife, hook disgorger, pliers, fish scaler, cutting edge, shot splitter, line cutter, cap lifter, screw driver, can opener, chain loop, etc. It comes to you in a leather case with a loop for your belt. Personalized, so specify 2 or 3 initials. $6.95 plus 50¢ pp. What's New Shop, 12-T, Water St., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS of this LP will put you behind the wheel in these Drag Races. 3,000 hot-rod and stock-car drivers from 30 states competed in nearly 6,000 races. The album is generous with pictures of leading drivers and their cars. You hear sounds at starting line, sounds of shifting, etc. $4.98. Audio Fidelity, Dept. T-12, 770 11th Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.



CREDIT CARD CASE has transparent pockets that hold 24 credit cards, license, photos, etc. Pigskin pocket holds money, oversize cards, business cards, time tables, checks. Fits man's hip pocket, lady's purse. Won't bulge. $2.50. With 2 or 3 Gold Stamped Initials (specify) $2.95. Order from Royal Sales, Department T, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

STOP-TIMER SPORTS WATCH has 4 separate dials, sturdy Swiss movement. Anti-magnetic watch has built-in stop timers to clock races, distances, dozens of time action activity. Keeps standard time plus 60 sec., 45 min., 6 hr. intervals. Combines telemeter, tachometer and watch. Radium dial, stainless steel case, strap. $12.95. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-114, Miami 47, Fla.

For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 119

[Continued from page 6]
an idiot who doesn't think his rights are worth fighting for.

—*Mrs. Gwen Cunningham*
Walnut Creek, Calif.

A Room Full of Tiger Skins

It was with real interest that I read Howard Hoyt's story of the *Incredible Double on Tigers* (August). How well I remember Howard coming to my house on Tu Duc Street in Saigon one night at dusk and returning to me my rifle and a nearly full box of ammunition. He was very excited, and he asked me to come with him to the taxidermist's shop, which was only a block away on the same street. We arrived, and there were all the tigers. The large room was actually filled with tiger skins.

—*Ray C. Johnston*
Eugene, Ore.

Disturbing Trend

Every time I get that itchy spot deep down inside me all settled down into acting and thinking like a lady ought to, out comes your next issue of True. Regardless of what's written, it's good, states facts, and doesn't pull any punches. Love 'em all.

—*Mrs. A. C.*
Ashland, Ohio

Consider this a "love letter" to True. Since this is not a letter from a man, I guess it won't be printed—but anyway, here it is: I dig your magazine; it's the most!

—*Gay Le Ayn Graner*
South Fort Mitchell, Ky.

Since the first issue of our subscription arrived, I have been an avid reader. I always try to grab it before my husband comes home and claims it.

—*Mrs. Sherman D. Hoke*
Columbus, Ga.

I read your magazine because it's infinitely better than those God-awful women's magazines with their 91-day diets and recipes for raspberry-marshmallow-celery molded salad. Your heroes are gutsy. The ones in the women's magazines apparently met with some unspeakable mutilating accident before puberty.

—*Mrs. E. A. Grant*
Bakersfield, Calif.

I'm a very feminine grandmother, but have become fed up with women's watered-down magazines. I read all of your adventure stories and love your jokes.

—*Mrs. Harold I. Richardson*
Santa Paula, Calif.

I thought that your magazine would be one male possession I could have without fighting the females to keep it. But such is not the case. They wear our pants, our shirts and our cologne. And now the last straw. My wife and daughter run off with every issue of True before I get a chance to look at it.

—*H. W. Stevens*
Cincinnati, Ohio

We're forced to conclude that, dumb as they are, women occasionally recognize a good thing when they see it.

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD.

Aged Rye,
Aged Bourbon,
Aged Corn Whiskey
(with select grain neutral spirits)
all blended smooth in Paul Jones.

no wonder it's the whiskey men drink with men!
(And you'll be pleased by the small price for such a big whiskey)

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 80 PROOF 27½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

FLIP A WIG?

Helen Gurley Brown is without peer as an unmotherly adviser of the romantically destitute. She has written two books, "Sex and the Single Girl" and "Sex and the Office," which do for manhunters what Machiavelli did for politics and Lucrezia Borgia for pharmacology. Her books not only established Miss Brown as a writer of comic masterpieces and priestess of *seductio ad absurdum*, but got her a job doing a syndicated newspaper column called *Woman Alone*. This is strictly for dames, but we happened to see one column entitled *How to Be Very, Very Popular With Men*.

Miss Brown (actually, Mrs. Brown) opens with a towel ploy invented by her friend Charlotte who was scouting a company sales meeting in Bermuda in quest of prey. Charlotte sewed two bright red towels together and cut an appropriate hole for her head so she could wear the thing over her bikini like a poncho. One afternoon something wonderful happened! A man at the beach asked to try on her poncho. It was off her and onto him in a trice. The beach was soon a scene of mad merriment as all the guys took turns wearing Charlotte's towel and making like gauchos.

Next, Miss Brown tells of the night she wore a blonde wig to a party, took it off, laid it on a bed, and reappeared as her charming brunette self. One of the fellows actually sneaked in, put the wig on, and convulsed the party. Other boys could hardly wait their turn and the wig went from wag to wag. This naturally kept the wigwam. Then there was the girl with metatarsal droop or something who kicked off her shoes and worked in stocking feet at her office desk. Two male co-workers stole her shoes just before quitting time one day. This proof of popularity made her ecstatic. Now the two elfin executives are plotting to hide her shoes when there's a meeting with an important client. Still another girl who has what Miss Brown calls a "sincere phobia" is terrified by strange noises. She's popular with talented males who creep up and hoot like an owl, squeal like a hog, or creak like a door.

Such goings-on are supposed to make a girl very, very popular because she helps men to get the play out of their systems. Fair enough, but Miss Brown's friends seem to gambol with a singularly sophomoric clutch of lads. Perhaps the author should go back to her books and give up trying to hand out advice in a family newspaper. Otherwise, a girl is in great danger of becoming very popular with a man who creaks like a door and is shaped the same way: almost square.

RATS!

The other day we met a man who has been in and out of more sewers lately than anybody except Art Carney. He is Earl Forbes, a bronzed, 6-foot-plus Philadelphian who has been having the time of his life ducking into catch basins wherein he hangs paraffin blocks supported by wires. He has also hung around a lot of corn cribs, dumps, and slums, but sewers are his true love—with reason. Rats love sewers, too. And Forbes is an extraordinary rat baiter. The paraffin blocks he hangs in sewers contain a bait that kills rats and nothing else.

Forbes told us that sewers are made to order for rats. "Sewers are warm in winter and cool in summer," he said. "They're wet. There are thousands of garbage-grinding units in kitchen sinks. So we feed rats on ground-up steaks and leftovers that go down the drain."

Sewers are fantastic superhighways through which rats travel long distances and emerge to infest communities they take a liking to. If you see one rat in daylight, we learned, there are at least 50 others in the vicinity. Rats are cannibalistic. One dark night Forbes sat on a river wharf he was casing for rats. A rat ran over his outstretched leg and came face to face with a fellow rat. In the ensuing battle one rat was killed. In seconds, swarms of rats were fighting over the carcass.

Forbes was delighted by the remarkable success of his bait in exterminating rats, as he well might be since he is division manager of the company that makes the new rat killer. The product, marketed under the name Raticate, kills rats in one dose. Nobody knows why Raticate kills rats only and is harmless to all other creatures. In a demonstration, the pink paws of several rats turned white and the rodents died quietly about 20 minutes after they got a load of Raticate.

We were told of reasons why rats must be destroyed ruthlessly. One rat contaminates $9 worth of food in a year. But the story we remember most painfully concerns rats that burrowed into a warehouse and, overnight, gnawed holes that drained three barrels of whisky.

LIGHTER THAN AIR

Remember that nonsense about Lindbergh's being the first man to fly the Atlantic? He was the first to do it solo. But he had about 60 predecessors in 1919. Most were crewmen of the British dirigible R-34 which made the flight both ways. Who remembers dirigibles now? We did, when we recently flew in a blimp at 1,500 feet, accompanied by two sons and a quivering wife. Our craft was the *Mayflower*, one of the two, and only two, airships still in operation in the United States. We lazed along at 40 mph in a six-passenger cabin under a 160-foot gasbag. The pilot worked the rudder with a gizmo like a spinning-wheel, and regulated our ups and downs by pulling on a gas-control cord like a conductor ringing up fares.

Our ship and its sister blimp, the *Columbia*, both built by Goodyear, fly around the country promoting the company name. Once, Goodyear built huge, silvery, cigar-shaped dirigibles for the government. Nobody aboard remembered these great metal latticeworks containing gas cells. The two boys had

(Continued on page 14)

Introducing Ronson's first automatic butane lighter for less than $10.

You can pay as much as $150 for a Ronson Varaflame pocket lighter.

On the way up you get a choice of some elegant exteriors: hand-stitched leathers, tortoise enamel, even 14-carat gold.

But you can't buy a better *working* lighter than the new Ronson Varaflame Standard. At any price.

Like the others, this lighter burns clean, safe butane gas. It lights for months on a single fueling.

Like the others, it has an adjustable flame. Turn a fingertip dial and the flame goes high or low for pipes, cigarettes, cigars.

A quick *phfft* from a Ronson Multi-Fill® injector refuels the Standard in seconds.

Just like the others.

The Standard isn't missing a trick.

From its automatic thumb-lever action to its lifetime service guarantee.

But the neatest trick of all is the price.

RONSON® Varaflame® Standard.

RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N.J., U.S.A. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA. SEE THE RONSON EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 12)
never heard of the *Macon, Los Angeles, Shenandoah* or *Akron* until we mentioned them. They couldn't believe that dirigibles were once envisioned as air liners of the future. In 1929, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker predicted that transport planes might some day achieve cruising speeds of 150 mph. But he expected that dirigibles a mile long would be built. These would remain in the air 10 years at a time, pausing only to transfer passengers and cargo to local blimps. A series of crashes in the 1930's wiped out dirigibles and dreams of glory.

Our blimp landed smoothly on one wheel and a crew grabbed mooring lines to hold us down. Our wife remarked that it had been a wonderful trip and that some day we ought to give the boys a ride in a trolley car.

"What," they wanted to know, "is a trolley car?"

LOTTERY LESSONS

Gamblers have tossed $2,500,000 into a kitty to help instill knowledge into the noggins of New Hampshire schoolchildren. This respectable sum came from the New Hampshire sweepstakes, a state lottery which funnels its profits into the schools. Next year the schoolma'ams may get twice as big a lottery payoff. Pretty soon New Hampshire may have the best educated kids in the country. It is indeed heartening to know that people who think one horse can run faster than another are happy to contribute to public education whenever they are given a chance. They may be given a chance in some other states where everybody is in favor of education but hardly anybody craves to pay for it. Is lottery dough too dirty and tainted to be put into textbooks and blackboards? It is hard to think so when the most high-minded government in the world exacts a share of the lottery cake. New Hampshire has to fork over a 10 percent Federal gambling tax on the gross, just like Las Vegas casinos. Schoolchildren of no other state can make that claim. Actually, a hint that school is slightly disreputable would probably give a big boost to higher education. Make lottery-aided scholarship seem a little bit naughty and kids will take to it in droves.

TENZING'S TEETH

We attended our first tea party in years for the sole reason that Tenzing Norgay and James Ramsey Ullman were guests of honor. The party was flung by the India Board of Tea, and to nobody's surprise the star guests had some nice words for a beverage that is fighting gamely with coffee and pop. Ullman, author of *Americans on Everest* (TRUE—June, 1964) and an authority on mountain climbing, told us that all the Everest climbers found that tea with plenty of sugar, laced with liberal drams of more spirited stuff, is by far the best thing to keep a man climbing upward and onward. Tenzing, the famous Sherpa guide who attained the summit of Mt. Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary in 1953, agreed.

"Sometimes I drink five, six cups a day," Tenzing said. "No limit to how much tea you can drink or the good it will do you."

He smiled when he said it, displaying a beautiful set of teeth—his own. Such handsome choppers in a 50-year-old man stirred a vague memory of something we once read about tea, and we later checked up on it. Of all common items of diet, tea has by far the greatest fluoride content. Choice teas are grown at high elevations, and mountain soil or something seems to load the stimulating leaves with fluorides. We can't prove that lavish tea-drinking built Tenzing's magnificent teeth, but it sure didn't hurt them. We have several friends who are violently opposed to fluoridation of public water supplies. A couple of them are devoted to tea. Only a sadist would mention to a tea-drinking anti-fluoridationist that a few cups of tea give him more fluorides than all the fluoridated water he could drink in a week.

Well, we've mentioned it.

MOVIE COMEBACK

They held the wake too soon. Cynics who said the movies were doomed have had to eat their words or look at old films on television. Last year the movie box-office take was $1,450,000,000, up a quarter of a billion dollars over 1958. Nobody is quite sure what has stimulated movie attendance, but something has. Men do their share of moviegoing, and the Motion Picture Association was curious enough to do a survey to find out why. Seems that movies relax a man, take his mind off his problems, ease his tensions, and so on. That's plausible enough, but we can think of better reasons. Movies keep a man away from home for a few hours, away from telephones, away from that faucet he hasn't fixed, and what conversation goes on takes place on the screen and needs no effort to answer. That doeth good like a medicine, even if the picture turns out to be a bomb.

BUT CAN SHE BOIL AN IMPALA?

Few men have as tough a job training wives to be useful as outdoorsmen. Little tasks like boiling impala skulls preparatory to mounting are not be trusted to the novice bride. She must be trained as strictly as Oscar Godbout, outdoor writer for the *New York Times*, has trained his wife Joanne. Not every man comes home with a couple of impala heads to dump into the kitchen sink. But every hunter, fisherman and camper should know that any flighty wife can be molded into a true helpmate by firmness and stern direction.

"Of course," Oscar writes in the *Times*, "an outdoor writer has to exert himself to give his wife the kind of proper training she demands. His wife has to be taught the difference between ultralight spinning rods and regular fly rods, or rifles and shotguns so that when she loads up the car for a trip he doesn't get the wrong item.

"The outdoor writer has to be willing to take the time to show his spouse the difference between gun oil and powder solvent, and 20 gauge bore brushes and 12 gauge bore brushes, so that when he allows her to clean his cherished firearm she uses the proper tool."

As for trophy mounting, Oscar's wife "picked up the art after I had given her several books on taxidermy for her birthday. With nothing more than water, peroxide, some sharp knives and emery boards, she can make a magnificent, gleaming wall mount. I suppose there's lots of hard work involved."

How many wives know about things like hanging up waders properly, or keeping hunting clothes clean and separate from fishing clothes? Oscar's wife does, and "she shows regard for her husband's welfare in typical ways, such as insisting that he take the warmest and most comfortable sleeping bag while out camping. She knows he has to

work hard the next day and needs his rest. And who gets up in the middle of a cold rainstorm to fix a loose tent rope? Guess who?"

Careful wife-training gets known in the neighborhood and inspires respect. As when one of Oscar's children told a caller from the P.T.A., "I'll get Mommy. She's down in the basement making bullets." With all the shooting Oscar does, someone has to reload.

Of course, a loving husband does something in return to deserve such devotion. Like holding the lantern while the little woman chops the wood.

KEEP ABREAST

A Houston physician, Dr. Erwin O. Strassman of Baylor University, has reported a study of the female bosom that gives a man pause for thought. He finds that there is a basic antagonism between intelligence and the reproductive system, at least in 717 infertile women he has studied. To put it bluntly, "the bigger the breasts, the smaller the I. Q." (Now, now, Jayne, the *doctor* said it, not us). On the other hand, "the bigger the brain, the smaller the breasts." We attempted to take an opinion poll of a selected group of women, but fell flat on our face. Every pollee gave the same answer: "The doc is off his rocker." Then we realized that there apparently wasn't a flat-chested girl in the bunch. We further realized that underendowed girls sometimes use padding to lift them from zeros to eros. Such girls, being most intelligent, would naturally deny a concealed asset that did credit only to their braininess. The ordinary man cannot make enough direct observations to have statistical significance. Because of his professional insight, we're inclined to go along with the doctor's generalization: girls are a big bust in the intelligence department, or they have loads of wisdom in their small bosoms.

DEPT. OF ODD (CHRISTMAS) INFORMATION

The first Christmas cards were printed in London in 1846.

Wassail means "be thou well."

"Xmas" has classic lineage and is not the tawdry abbreviation it is sometimes said to be. The X derives from the Greek letter for the beginning (ch) of Christ's name. —THE EDITORS

That's using your head

Give him Sportsman® for Christmas

(He'll love you for it!)

This Christmas, why not pick a pack of Sportsman for him—a handsome Gift Pack, that is! Your choice of 3 attractive sets, from $2.50 to $3.75, and a delightful "Santa Claus" stocking stuffer at $1.25. All available singly, too, in the distinctive new Sportsman "English hunting horn" bottle. Gift-wrapped, naturally.

(Prices Plus Tax)

BY WALTER WAGNER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ARIE DE ZANGER

HE FINDS FORTUNES IN YOUR FUTURE

■ The burly, full-blooded Oklahoma Cherokee, 15 minutes after ending his shift as an oil-field roughneck, was already half drunk as he weaved to a seat in the bus heading for Tulsa. He was mean and he was quick-tempered, and he had been followed persistently for two days by dapper Herb Saxton, who had been hoping to catch him privately in a sober moment.

Saxton, an ex-lawyer turned professional hunter of missing heirs, who has handled $20 million in unclaimed estates—to the financial gain of the recipients and the eminent satisfaction of himself—slipped into the seat next to the juiced oil worker.

"You're a missing heir entitled to an estate worth $60,000," Saxton told him.

The news had the impact of an arrow shot into the sea. The Cherokee looked at Saxton through glazed, uncomprehending eyes. He pulled out a pint and, after another swallow, offered the bottle to Saxton. "Have a drink," he commanded.

Saxton politely refused.

"I said, have a drink," the man repeated more insistently.

When Saxton again turned him down, the roughneck slipped a .45 from his jacket and held it parallel to his pint. "You bastard," he bellowed. "You won't drink with me because I'm an Indian."

Why, Saxton suddenly wondered, in a nation where he is certain everybody is a missing heir to some bundle of hidden greenbacks, had he been unlucky enough to find one too soused to appreciate his good fortune? He sighed, took the bottle, and felt the cheap bourbon dribble down his throat.

A few weeks later, thanks to Saxton, the whisky-swiller had enough wampum to keep him in firewater for a long, long time. Saxton had painstakingly tracked him from Nebraska, where the man's maternal aunt had died intestate, leaving behind $60,000 unclaimed.

"One of the tightest spots I've ever been in," says Saxton, recalling with a slight shudder that ugly automatic six inches from his heart. But for his time, trouble and risk to life, Saxton

SEVEN OUT OF EIGHT AMERICANS DIE WITHOUT A WILL—AND $5 BILLION PILES UP EVERY YEAR LOOKING FOR HEIRS. HERB SAXTON FINDS THEM. HE MAY FIND YOU

received a considerable reward from the impulsive Cherokee—$30,000, his standard 50 percent cut of any estate he delivers.

Admitting the bite is big, Saxton defends it on the logical ground that he conducts long, expensive, self-financed and sometimes dangerous investigations to deliver bonanzas to unknown heirs who would not, without his efforts, even know the money existed.

Yet almost all heirs he locates balk at settling with him. The reactions to his appearance with an unexpected bequest range from surly suspicion and grudging gratitude to physical violence. He's been beaten four times, had seven ribs caved in, all his upper front teeth knocked out, and his right leg and his nose broken, and he's been threatened with worse more times than he can count.

Still, it's all been worth it. In the course of his career of more than 30 years, which began accidentally as an offshoot to the tedious job of law clerk, Herbert F. Saxton has run down leads on more than 25,000 heirs. To those he has found he has delivered that cool $20 million. His own take has been some $10 million of that amount, less expenses which he estimates run from 5-100 percent of his fee, depending on how difficult an heir is to locate.

Saxton, a wiry, lantern-jawed, 5-foot 10-inch 155-pounder, thinks of himself as a businessman with an unlimited market. "Every American man, woman and child is a potential heir," he declares. "It all goes back to Adam and Eve. My job is simply to find the starting place in each case."

Like most successful businessmen, he's work-addicted, at home or away. In Los Angeles he labors 18-hour shifts in an unpretentious office near the bustling Hollywood Brown Derby, where he's eaten two meals a day for years when in town. He seldom takes more than a week end off in a month.

About 75 percent of his professional life he spends on the road. Logging over 100,000 miles a year, he carefully plots each plane, train and automobile trip so he can check leads along the way in different cities on cases in various stages of development. If he finds himself any place with extra time, he'll fan through local probate court records—the major source of his case leads. Other spare time he uses to bowl, swim or practice shaving his golf score from the "low 150's."

As a merchandiser of missing heirs, Saxton takes a business-like approach to inventory. Turnover and high volume are basic to his success. He juggles an active file of 500 cases and each week winnows out those for which the wildly fluctuating statute of limitations (ranging from 18 months in Idaho to 30 years in Connecticut) has expired. He closes an average of only 10 cases a year. The journey from probate court to the final signature of an heir on an assignment giving him half the estate is tough going, a path mined with the unforeseen and unexpected. He has gone penniless for a year or two at a clip, and once suffered a dry spell that lasted four years, seven months and four days.

"I've never believed in security," Saxton says. "Hunting missing heirs isn't a career for the man who wants a pay check every Friday. I've thought about teaching the profession to a group of young men. It would be a great career, the only field I know that isn't crowded.

"But where would I find my pupils? Today's youngster is conditioned to a set pattern of living—job, wife, baby and mortgage. He's a parasite without ingenuity.

"I'd teach the boys the fundamentals of technical research, the law of succession, the art of investigation and probate law. I'd give them small cases to work on at the start. Even if there were thousands of other people in the field, they wouldn't begin to make a dent in the number of cases.

"I'd have work for a dozen assistants. But I couldn't pay them a dime and there'd be no coffee breaks, paid vacations, fringe benefits, insurance, pension, sick leave or hospitalization. The job would be strictly a gamble."

Saxton's gambling instinct applies only to his professional life. In Las Vegas, where he and his wife Jessie spend a dozen week ends a year taking in the shows, he has never put a dime into a slot machine or on a gaming table. His reasoning is this: "Cards, dice, the one-armed bandits are another man's games. I figure I can't beat the gambler at his own trade. I do all my gambling on the job."

Saxton lives quietly in a plush, custom-furnished Hollywood apartment that offers the amenities of rock steam bath, gym, playroom, swimming pool, putting green and glass elevator. His neighbors know him as well established and think he is a lawyer.

For a man so intimately concerned with escheat laws, genealogy and inheritances, Saxton gets little support from his own heirs. His three married daughters and their successful husbands have shown no interest in carrying on his lucrative business. His eight grandchildren, 7-14 years old, have yet to be heard from.

Saxton's greatest professional assets are his know-how and his bulldog determination. And like a good detective or horse-player, he has to trust his hunches; but once he's fully committed himself to a case, he'll try, if necessary, to trace his quarry back to the Garden of Eden.

Whether all of Saxton's combined skills would pay off for him was very much in doubt on a sunny Tuesday morning in early 1958, when he picked up a case during a routine visit to the records room of the Los Angeles Superior Court, a judicial body that calendars 200 probated cases each day it sits.

As Saxton scanned the somber, freshly minted list, he stopped at the name of Ira Donaldson. The terse notation on Donaldson told him only name, date, place of death and that the man had died leaving an unclaimed estate of $92,000.

There were no other clues—but this one felt right. Saxton, accustomed to beginning a case with almost no information, was certain of only one thing: somewhere there was an heir to Donaldson's fortune.

Before he even began to search he faced a major obstacle: the statute of limitations. As that applies to an estate, unless an heir claims it within a specific period, the state concerned does the inheriting. Consequently, in every case he handles, Saxton works against a murderous time handicap. At the moment he cottoned on to the Donaldson case, the trail was already three years old. It had taken that long for the state of California to pay off all obligations against the estate and reduce it to cash. Since the California statute limits the claim period to five years, Saxton had only two years left. In comparable terms, finding the Donaldson heir was going to be like running a four-minute mile.

Saxton's first step was a visit to the hotel where Donaldson had died of a heart attack. A check of the registry recorded Donaldson's arrival six months before his death. But he had given no previous address. A few of the employees who were on the job while Donaldson lived in the hotel told Saxton they had a dim recollection of the man. But none could supply any important details.

From the manager, Saxton coaxed a list of all the employees who had left in the previous 36 months. He was prepared to question every one. By the end of the first week he had worked his way down to a bellhop who had been fired for thievery. He found the sticky-fingered ex-luggage jockey working as night manager in a flophouse.

"Sure, I remember him," the man said. Saxton peeled off a $20

1965: The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Some have it.
Some don't.

Pontiac Tempest does.

There's no fooling your eyes. Competition can talk up their cars and say they've got the best-looking dreamboats of the century. But let's see them park one of their offerings next to this Le Mans convertible. Then watch what happens when they find out it's all Pontiac with Wide-Track ride, a 140-hp six or a choice of two V-8s, and low-priced, too!

bill, put it on the desk, and hoped for the best. His source, besides having an untrustworthy background, sported a battered nose on a sallow face—not a combination to foster trust.

"Crazy old coot," the flop manager continued cheerfully. "All the time braggin' he made his pile in some Mexican goldfield. Real reason I remember him, though, is he always tipped in silver dollars. There ain't many old sports like that around."

"Did Donaldson ever mention his family or home town?" Saxton asked.

"Told me he came from San Francisco. Always used to say he was trying to work up nerve to go back and see his daughter."

It wasn't much, the source might not be reliable—but it was all Saxton had for the moment.

Next day, Saxton was in San Francisco poring through the musty files of the city's Board of Education. In four laborious days of scanning thousands of records, he uncovered the names and addresses of three Donaldson girls, one of whom just could be the heiress he was seeking.

Telephone calls to the first two girls quickly eliminated them. The third name had no phone listing, so Saxton hopped a cable car to a weather-beaten two-family house on Bay and Powell Streets. It was owned by an elderly couple who remembered Ira Donaldson and his daughter Mary very well indeed.

From them, Saxton learned some basic facts about the Donaldsons, including a peculiar family trait: they had a habit of disappearing.

Donaldson and his family had rented the second floor of the house for several years. Ira had been a graduate mining engineer, a restless man, who had talked often of going to Mexico to search for gold. After his wife died, he abandoned his 4-year-old daughter and dropped from sight. That was the last the couple had heard of him.

They took Mary in and raised her. They never formally adopted her because they thought Donaldson might come back some day. When Mary was 16, she quit high school and eloped to Fort Worth, Texas, to marry a sailor. That was 10 years ago. And that was the last they had heard of Mary.

On his way to Texas, Saxton had good reason to feel he was closing in fast. Luckily, the ex-bellhop's tip had been a good one, and the information from Mary Donaldson's foster parents had filled in most of the puzzle. All he had to do in Fort Worth was check the girl's marriage certificate; finding her address and delivering her inheritance then should prove easy. But the case was shortly to take a completely unexpected turn that would pose for Saxton an extremely delicate problem.

In Fort Worth he did indeed learn Mary's new name and address in the marriage-bureau records. But he promptly discovered that she had left the city years before. Saxton questioned several of Mary's neighbors and learned her marriage had not taken. Her husband had gone back to sea and Mary to Denver for a divorce.

In Denver, Saxton checked the court index and found that Mary had filed for a divorce, but it had not been granted. He traced her to a rooming house and talked with her former landlady, who told him Mary had taken off with one of her roomers, a mechanic. They planned to marry in Toledo, Ohio. Saxton arched a startled eyebrow. If that was true, he realized, his missing heiress had committed bigamy, a felony offense.

Wading through the Toledo marriage records, Saxton's suspicion was confirmed. Mary had a new husband, but her marriage certificate recorded no previous marriage or divorce. There was now no question that she was a bigamist. But further investigation turned up an even more amazing pattern. From her Toledo friends, Saxton discovered that Mary's second marriage had also foundered. Again she had applied for a divorce. Again she had run off with another man before the divorce was acted on.

The trail now zig-zagged through Cheyenne, Wyoming; Butte, Montana and Chicago. In all three places the same pattern was repeated. Sans divorces, Mary in turn had married a rodeo cowboy, a truck driver and, bold as brass, a private detective. The score added up to five marriages, no divorces.

The odd thing was that the girl had made no attempt to cover her tracks. She had left a mile-wide indictment in the marriage and divorce files of six states for any investigator who happened to be looking for a four-time bigamist. Fortunately for Mary, Saxton wasn't. But his thoroughness was by now an embarrassment. He had enough information to send the girl to prison. But he also had enough information to make her wealthy. It was an unwelcome dilemma.

In Chicago, Saxton flipped patiently through the marriage-bureau records and found Mary's address. He had by now painstakingly retraced the 10 years of Mary's husband-happy career since she had left San Francisco.

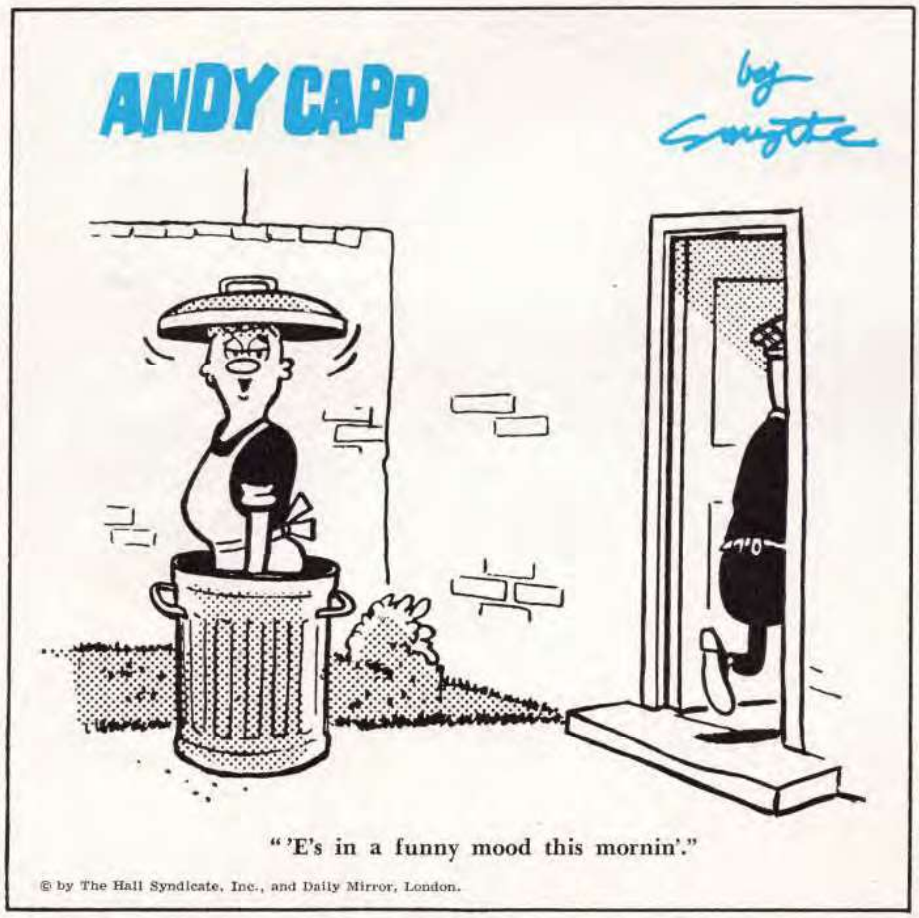
What worried Saxton most as he pressed the doorbell of Mary's pleasant suburban home was that she might panic or deny her identity as soon as she realized he knew her record.

When Mary opened the door, Saxton immediately understood her popularity with men. She had a wild crop of blond hair and the voluptuous figure of a burlesque queen.

Seated in the comfortable living room, Saxton told Mary Donaldson about her father and her inheritance. He soon realized he had underestimated her. Mary proved to be canny, poised and forthright.

She took Saxton into her confidence and admitted her four prior marriages without blinking a false eyelash. She explained that she hadn't divorced any of her previous partners because they had either skipped out and couldn't be served, or she hadn't been able to raise the money for the legal fees.

She was ashamed of what she had done, which was why she hadn't kept in touch with her foster parents. She said she now had two small children and was happily and permanently remarried. Her current husband had no idea about her previous marriages. She asked Saxton's pledge to keep her background secret. Saxton agreed, and with relief swiftly completed



"'E's in a funny mood this mornin'."

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the arrangements for turning over her inheritance.

There was one small matter that nudged Saxton's curiosity as the girl showed him to the door. "What kind of private detective work does your husband do?" he asked.

"You won't believe it," Mary said, with a wide grin. "He's with an outfit that specializes in gathering evidence for divorce cases."

Saxton was born at the turn of the century in St. Paul, Minnesota, heir to an odd professional dualism. His father was both a lawyer and the owner of a brewery. Inspired by his father's judicial activities, and fascinated by what he had read of the courtroom exploits of Clarence Darrow, young Herb chose law rather than lager for his life's work.

His college education was disrupted by World War I. Herb was an acting lieutenant commander at 21, serving aboard a subchaser in Adriatic waters. There, during the Battle of Durazzo in 1918, a shell from an Austrian shore battery knocked him off a gun turret. He suffered a severe concussion and was shipped back to Norfolk Naval Hospital.

A board of seven high-ranking doctors gravely told him he needed immediate brain surgery. There was danger that a blood clot would put fatal pressure on his heart. Without surgery, he was informed, he wouldn't live 90 days. But if he went under the knife, there was a good chance he would die on the table or recover with his brains scrambled.

Saxton refused the operation. Mulling over that time now, he says, "I've outlived all seven doctors. After facing that death sentence, nothing else in life has bothered me much."

Following his graduation from the University of Chicago law school and post-graduate work in criminology at Chicago's Institute of Applied Science, Herb migrated to Los Angeles. Passing the California bar exams, he joined an old-line firm specializing in the dry labor of authenticating patents, copyrights and trademarks.

He learned early that criminal lawyers, with the rare exception of a gifted practitioner like Darrow, were ill-paid and often ill-used. With the ingratitude shown them in mind, he labored diligently for several years in prosaic patent work. His chance to devote his career to finding missing heirs came by being in the right place at the right time—in the backwash of a bizarre English murder case.

Saxton recalls that the story began on a dank London evening in 1925. Noel Thompson and John Shrewsbury, both suitors for the hand of lovely Elaine Bowater, came boiling out from a West End pub to settle their rivalry with fists. Thompson, heir to a mining and manufacturing fortune, was a shade less drunk than Shrewsbury, which probably accounted for his landing the only blow, an uppercut that sent his rival crashing down hard against the cobblestones. Assuming the matter settled, Thompson weaved home.

Next morning, Noel Thompson read that Shrewsbury had been beaten to death in a fight outside the pub. Panic-stricken, Noel abandoned fortune, family and Elaine, and hastily shipped out on an Orient-bound steamer as a seaman.

Convinced he was a fugitive from justice, Noel changed his name and contented himself with a sailor's obscurity as he sailed from port to port throughout the Far East for three years. By then he had discovered that he could live without family and fortune, but not without his girl. He took the risk and wrote Elaine from Singapore, proposing marriage. She accepted immediately and secretly joined him in exile.

In the first four years of their marriage, they drifted from Singapore to Los Angeles, Noel working at odd jobs.

At last Elaine, unbearably homesick, secretly wrote her parents a long letter, explaining that she had run away to marry Noel. She was happy enough but longed for England, though Noel under no circumstances would consider returning to London. He had never said why.

It was a fateful letter. It arrived a few days after the death of Noel's father, who had willed his prodigal son a half share in a $2 million estate. The other half went to Noel's brother Fred. Elaine's parents, aware that the Thompson family had been desperately seeking Noel, gave Fred the California address.

Fred Thompson's solicitors in London, without mentioning the inheritance, cabled Saxton's Los Angeles firm asking verification of Noel's identity. Saxton was assigned to the investigation.

He found Noel tight-lipped and uncooperative. It was obvious Noel believed Saxton was actually a detective trying to trap him, so he kept denying his identity. But Saxton was convinced he had the right man. The few facts and the description he had from London fitted Noel perfectly. A man who has skipped once, however, may skip again, so Saxton put a 24-hour tail on Noel until he could win his confidence.

That took two weeks, then Noel broke down and owned up to his name.

With the confirmation, Saxton cabled Fred Thompson in London, who made the fastest boat and train connections available, arriving a month later in Los Angeles. Saxton reunited the brothers, and for the first time Noel revealed why he had fled England. Tired of running, he told his brother he was now ready to go back and give himself up for killing Shrewsbury.

Fred Thompson was stunned. It was several minutes before he could inform his brother that he had nothing at all to do with Shrewsbury's death.

Scotland Yard, with the aid of ample witnesses from the pub, had reconstructed the entire evening. The Yard knew Shrewsbury had fought with an unidentified man, who Fred now realized was Noel. But after his fight with Noel, Shrewsbury, unharmed, had picked himself up and gone back into the pub.

Being in an unusually disagreeable mood, he had got into a second argument at the bar, this time with two men. He challenged them to step outside. They not only accepted, but beat him so savagely that he died from the blows. They were caught and convicted of his killing.

Noel's seven years of exile, therefore, were tragically wasted. But England now awaited him with open arms and a sizable inheritance to boot.

With the affair ironed out, the grateful Thompson brothers gave Saxton a bonus of $25,000 for his help.

"That set me to thinking," Saxton says. "Suppose I had found Noel's estate on my own and had negotiated for a portion of it?"

Saxton was soon burrowing into the laws, customs and official court procedures for locating missing heirs. To his astonishment, he discovered there was no systematized way of guaranteeing that unknown heirs would be awarded their rightful inheritances.

He began tracking heirs on a part-time basis, schooling himself along the way as detective, genealogist and psychologist.

One of his earliest cases was a search for Anne Davis, the shapely 22-year-old daughter of George Davis, who had died intestate in Los Angeles, leaving an estate of $26,000.

Five years before her father's death, Anne had quarreled bitterly with him because she disapproved of her stepmother. She ran away from home and dropped out of sight. A year later, her father's second marriage went on the rocks. He divorced his wife because she was a too-devoted follower of religious leader Aimee Semple McPherson and was slowly driving him to the poor house with her lavish gifts to Aimee's temple. By the time he died, Davis had completely lost track of his daughter.

Saxton's only lead was an unclaimed letter in Davis's effects which established that he had a daughter and that he had raised her in the small Southern California town of El Centro.

In El Centro, talking with Anne's high-school classmates Saxton heard the details of the family argument that ended with her leaving home. He also learned that she had a widespread reputation for being girlishly accommodating with her sexual favors.

"She's probably a hustler by now," one of her former school chums volunteered.

Saxton played a hunch. If that assessment of her character was correct, there was a good chance Anne would be in Las Vegas, where prostitution at the time was still legal.

Going to the Nevada resort, Herb toured the red-light district. He found that a girl answering Anne's description had worked in one of the houses, but had quit six months before to try her luck in a small but booming lace-curtain palace in Wyoming.

COMING . . .

THE GREAT FUSS AND FUME OVER THE OMNIPOTENT OOM

He was athlete, bank boss, con man, and top dog in a way out love cult.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial.

They have a taste for Hiram Walker quality.

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY · 86 PROOF · 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

The palace was in a town called Kemmerer (otherwise noteworthy as the place where merchant J. C. Penny opened his first store). Kemmerer, Diamondville and Frontier were three rip-roaring, woman-hungry, coal-mining and sheep-herding towns all within a three-mile radius. The towns were served by a band of sin sisters who worked at Isobel's, a three-story whorehouse also known, because of its gaudy paint job, as the "Green House."

Isobel's was a house in the grand tradition. Self-contained, it sported a huge, mirror-hung bar, leather chairs, dance floor and dining room. Steady week-end business consisted mainly of taking care of the miners, but the big boom in activity was the semi-annual invasion of the sheepherders, who came in for a shearing with six months' pay in their smelly jeans. They ate, drank and otherwise indulged themselves at Isobel's until their money ran out and it was time to get back to the range.

The 35-40 girls at Isobel's were strategically located throughout the house according to skill and beauty. Those most in demand had their rooms on the first floor, providing them easier access to the clientele. Girls less popular brought their customers to the second floor, and the cheapest chippies commuted with their goats to the third.

Anne turned out to be a first-floor girl, a ravishing, red-haired beauty who swept in grandly to meet Saxton, presumably just another customer. When, instead, and in businesslike fashion, Herb informed her of the inheritance, Anne was the happiest hustler in town.

Glancing around the garish crib, Saxton remarked that Anne could now afford a respectable life.

"Nuts," declared the confirmed prostitute. "Now I can have what I've always wanted. I'm going to Kansas City and open my own house."

Obviously the business of hunting missing heirs had an excitement Saxton's law firm couldn't offer. In 1938 he quit his job and surrendered his lawyer's license to devote full time to finding lost heirs, an action necessitated by legal ethics, since a lawyer may not solicit clients or spend his own money drumming up business.

Of all the cases he's handled since he chucked his steady paycheck, Saxton takes the most satisfaction from the one that came to him in 1960 from a survivors' organization. It involved a dormant $40,000 bank account, and it had two unusual challenges that intrigued him. The FBI had tried and failed to locate the heirs, and by the time he was called in, Saxton had less than six months to find the beneficiaries. The money was in New York, and that state's 15-year statute of limitations was about to run out. If his search was unsuccessful, the money would default to the state.

The background to the case was composed of a tragic chain of circumstances involving a luckless civilian construction worker named Joseph Truy, who had shipped out from San Pedro, California, for Wake Island in September, 1941. When Japanese troops took Wake three months later, Truy was captured and shunted off to Prisoner of War Camp No. 1 in Fukuoka, Japan.

Truy remained a prisoner for 44 months. He lost 90 pounds from a normal weight of 198, contracted dysentery and nearly starved to death. During all his time as a POW, his salary, plus $75 a month in "agony" pay, piled up in an interest-bearing account at the Seamen's Bank for Savings in New York City.

As the war was ending, in August, 1945, the Jap guards abandoned Truy's camp. Now all he and the other prisoners had to do was wait for American aid to arrive.

A few days later, the first American planes flew over the compound to make food drops. Truy dashed across a clearing to snare one of the precious packs as they fell. After surviving everything the Japs could throw at him for 44 months, he caught square on his head a plummeting crate of canned peas with a faulty parachute. Truy died instantly.

In the years that followed, the Veterans Administration, the General Services Administration and the Department of Labor, as well as the FBI, were all unsuccessful in locating Truy's heirs.

COMING . . .

He murdered men—and really *killed* the dames.

THE CASE OF THE BLACK MARKET MURDERER

The incredible story of a man who defied the Nazis, the Reds, and the impossible.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Saxton examined the only important document in Truy's file, though it had already been scanned and dismissed by the government investigators. This was a photostat of Truy's employment application form, supplied by the firm that had originally hired him in San Pedro.

Saxton learned that Truy was born in Detroit and that he was married. But Truy had not given the name and address of his wife. Why wouldn't he put such routine information on his application form, Saxton wondered.

The next step was an on-the-spot investigation in Detroit. Saxton found a couple of people who had known Truy. But their information developed no new leads. And none of them had ever heard Truy mention a wife. Saxton was still puzzled. It just wasn't logical for a man to leave no trace of his wife.

On a gamble, Saxton checked the Detroit divorce records and hit the jackpot. He discovered that Truy's wife had divorced him before the war on grounds of desertion. The divorce certificate showed their marriage had taken place in Kentucky.

Saxton followed up the lead in Kentucky, and through relatives traced the ex-Mrs. Truy to the small town of Florence, where she was happily remarried. She supplied him with the names and addresses of Truy's three sisters, two living in Miami and one in Mexico City. Time now was running out fast. He hurriedly placed long-distance calls to the sisters, questioned them closely, and immediately wired the information to the bank in New York. Saxton had found the heirs less than 48 hours before the $40,000 would have escheated to the state. The lucky sisters thus shared an inheritance that had been waiting for them for 14 years and 363 days.

Once Saxton finds an heir, he keeps the location of the estate secret until an agreement is signed guaranteeing his fee. He always advises an heir to consult his own attorney first. Thus he leaves the door open for the heir and his legal representative to locate the estate themselves. They seldom do, nor are they often willing to be bothered with a laborious search. But many heirs have tried to cut Saxton out of the deal by threats or by clubbing information from him.

A few years ago Herb got a present of seven busted ribs from two brothers in Portland, Oregon. He had traced them through birth certificates found among their late father's effects.

When Herb informed them of the estate, worth $75,000, the brothers refused to give him a share. Rather than take the gamble of hunting the money down themselves, they warned Saxton he wouldn't leave their house until he talked.

Herb refused, so the brothers worked him over. After they beat him into unconsciousness, they left him lying while they went out for a little refreshment to restore their strength for another go.

"They almost killed me," Saxton says, "but I didn't spill." He woke up before the brothers returned and crawled from the house to the gutter, bleeding and pain-racked. A passing motorist got him to a hospital. It took him six weeks to get back on his feet.

Several months later, the brothers turned up in Saxton's office with an attorney and apologies. They were extremely sorry. They were now ready to meet the fee.

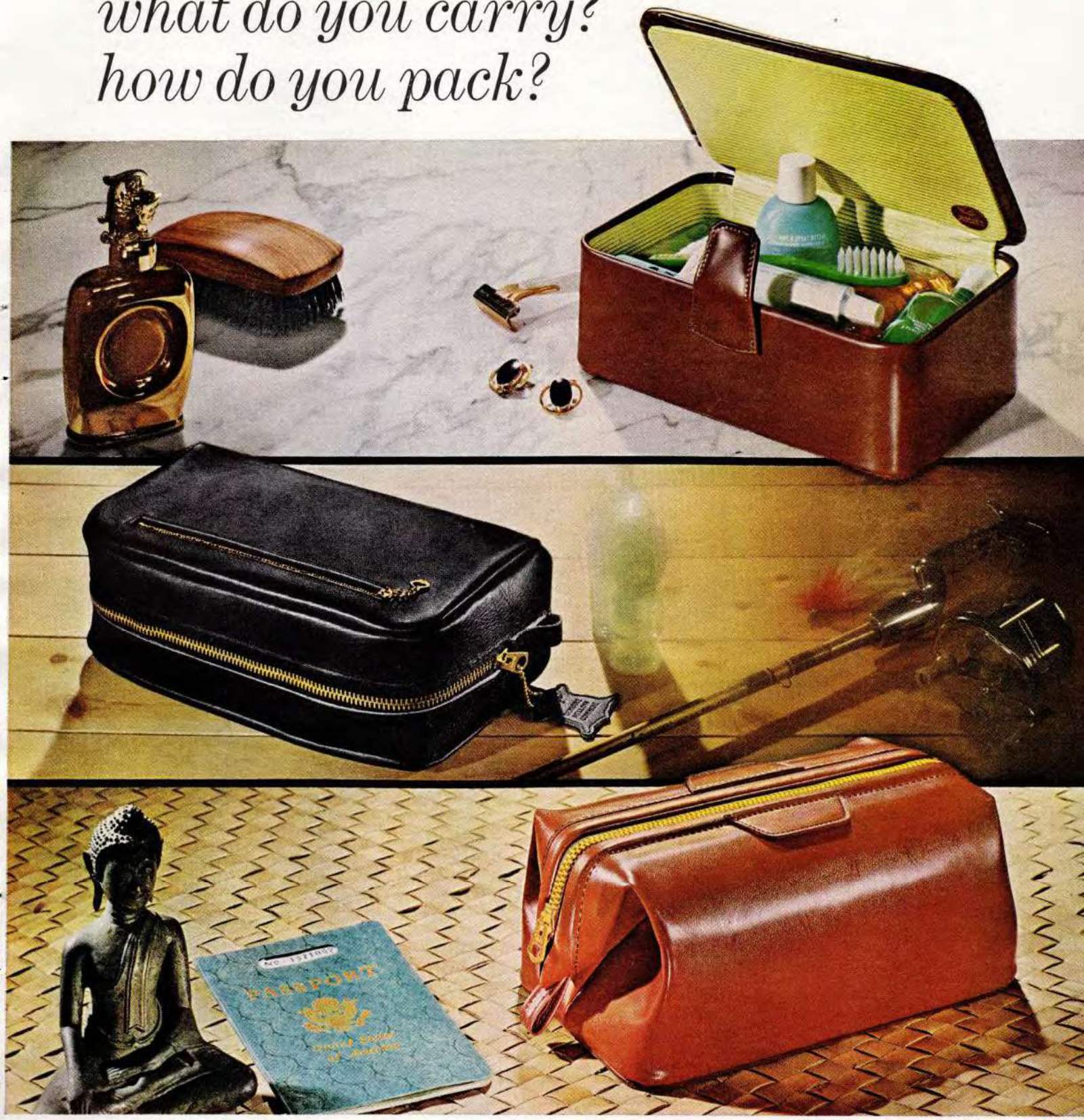
Saxton, counting his medical bills, the six weeks of hospitalization, the ribs that hadn't completely healed, informed them he was upping his share to 75 percent. The brothers screamed in anguish.

"When the case came up," Saxton recalls, "the judge asked why I was to receive 75 percent instead of the normal 50. I mentioned the 'extraordinary' expenses, including medical, that were involved. The brothers hung their heads as their attorney informed the court that his clients had no objection."

It is the only time Saxton has ever asked for that large a share.

Saxton has found, when he delivers a windfall, that many an heir wants it kept quiet because a divorce—or anxious creditors—may be in the offing. Some heirs feel guilty about coming into easy money and to salve their egos they ask him to keep the source of the funds secret so they can tell family and friends they won it playing the ponies or the stock market. One middle-aged matron in New

where do you go?
what do you carry?
how do you pack?



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*PLUS TAX

Orleans confided to Saxton that she didn't want her husband to know about her $33,000 inheritance because she was going to use it to maintain a 21-year-old lover.

Incredibly, Saxton also runs into heirs who absolutely refuse their inheritances.

He spent nine years trying to convince a Chicago housewife, whose husband earned $6,500 a year as a county employee, to accept an $80,000 bequest. The estate had been left by the woman's mother, who amassed the money speculating successfully in Texas oil leases.

Mother and daughter had argued over the daughter's choice of a husband. The fight had been so bitter that it resulted in complete separation for 18 years. Now the daughter lived in happy though moderate circumstances.

"Give it to charity, take a trip around the world," Saxton reasoned. "Why let the money go to the rich state of Texas?"

But though the mother had died the enmity hadn't, and in 1951 Texas became $80,000 richer.

Saxton says his most unique case started with another reluctant heir. At stake was $32,000, the estate of a small San Francisco businessman. His investigation turned up the names of the dead man's two brothers. Herb was unable to locate one of them, but found the other living in Atlanta, Georgia. He refused to give Saxton a share, and the money eventually escheated to California.

Several years later, Saxton picked up a case in Des Moines, Iowa. The name of the deceased rang a bell. Checking his files, he found the estate came from the brother he had not been able to locate in the earlier case. The surviving brother, who was still in Atlanta, was again the heir.

This time the Atlantan had $37,000 coming, and this time he settled readily.

"It's the only case I know of finding one heir to two different estates," Saxton says. "Generally, no one gets a second chance at a pot of gold."

Screaming tabloid headlines, blaring the news of a sensational murder trial, sometimes trigger Saxton into action. A few years back, the story of an unsavory love triangle in the Midwest, which resulted in the killing of an ex-Army sergeant by his blonde mistress, caught Herb's attention.

At the trial, the man's mistress testified that she shot him in a quarrel after he admitted he couldn't marry her because he already had a wife, although the wife had disappeared two years before. The defendant added that her lover had the sadistic habit of beating her almost senseless whenever the mood struck him. During their fatal argument, he had hit her twice before she used the gun in self-defense.

Further testimony during the trial disclosed that the victim had left an estate of $17,000.

By talking to the janitor at the building where the slain man had lived with his wife, Saxton learned that he had also beaten her on several occasions, once so cruelly that she needed hospital treatment. After that, she never came back. The janitor gave Saxton the name of the woman's doctor, and through him it was easy to locate her.

The mistress was freed on a verdict of justifiable homicide. And, thanks to Saxton, the slain slugger's wife collected the inheritance for her suffering.

It is the incredibly casual attitude of Americans toward the disposal of their estates that allows Saxton to function. Each year, according to U.S. Treasury Department figures, an astronomical $5 billion ($96 million each week) piles up in U.S. probate courts, all of it from people who die without leaving a will and all of it waiting for unknown claimants.

It's unadvertised, hidden booty that provides a rich source of income for state governments, since less than half a billion annually finds its way to the rightful heirs. The rest, more than $4,500,000,000, permanently escheats to the states. Consequently, thousands of unaware heirs, entitled to sums from hundreds to millions of dollars, lose their inheritances.

The blame lies on state governments which provide no efficient machinery for locating missing heirs. Thus Saxton and a handful of other adroit professionals have stepped into a vacuum that allows them to earn a slice of the huge melon.

Simply processing escheat cases is a tremendous task. In Chicago's Cook County alone, there are 250,000 such cases every year. In California, 150,000 unclaimed estates pile up annually, while officials in New York State are buried under a yearly avalanche of 300,000.

This torrential flow is handled in each county by a public administrator and a staff of deputies. But the public administrators' attempts to find missing heirs are limited by law, shortage of staff, and lack of investigative know-how.

Most of their efforts to locate heirs are confined to a search by mail. If a public administrator finds a lead on an heir among the effects of a deceased person, he writes a letter. If the letter comes back unclaimed or stamped "addressee unknown," that's it. The administrator has discharged his duty.

Historically, unclaimed estates have been tempting plums for corrupt public officials. Such men are plain thieves. But there's also an army of swindlers constantly focusing on all that money. "Estate gougers," says Saxton, "operating within the framework of the law, set to work like buzzards literally picking over a corpse."

Much of the gouging takes place in the form of padded legal charges against the estates. One lawyer billed $500 for writing a letter to determine whether the deceased had ever drawn jobless pay insurance.

In disposing of the effects of the deceased, public auctions are held. In many instances these are completely private and allow a few insiders to pick up jewelry and other valuables at a fraction of true worth.

Saxton's special disgust is reserved for preying morticians. He recalls the case of a panhandler who cadged meals and rent from a sympathetic landlady for years. When he died, bank books and savings bonds worth $15,000 were found in his room.

The man, says Herb, had never bought a new suit in his life, but he was buried in a $250 outfit. He also rated, by the mortician's logic, a $2,000 casket, a dozen hired mourners, a choice plot and an elaborate mausoleum. There were additional fees for flowers, chapel, soloists and minister. The final tab came to $5,000.

"The grave robbers of old were punished severely and considered beneath contempt," Saxton points out bitterly. "Today, the gougers get away with it every day with legal blessing. The only solution is laws that would guarantee tighter policing of the public administrator's office in each county."

Saxton admits that if the majority of Americans made valid wills and constructed family trees he'd be out of work. It seems unlikely, however, that he need worry, since a staggering 87 percent of Americans die without leaving a will, and a near-unanimous 99.9 percent do not have a family tree written out.

Saxton says candidly, "In all my experience, I have never found a single American who could tell me who he is. The average man doesn't know the maiden name of his mother, much less the maiden name of his grandmother, or when and where his parents were married.

"Most people know more about the pedigrees of their dogs than about their own origins. One of the most important things an individual can do is keep tabs on the location of all living relatives and build a family tree to provide a clear record of births, marriages and deaths of ancestors.

"That's even more important than leaving a valid will. All a will does is dispose of earthly possessions. But a family tree protects the individual's right to inherit during his lifetime and also protects the rights of next of kin."

Saxton pounds these points home in frequent lectures to fraternal, social and church groups. He wonders if they listen. "Until they do, I'm in business."

And business is booming. Very soon, somewhere in America, a dapper man, possibly wearing an expensive silk suit, will ring a doorbell. "My name is Herb Saxton," he will begin, "and I have reason to believe you're a missing heir. . . ."

—Walter Wagner

Is There a Fortune Here for You?

Herb Saxton is hunting for the people listed below. Precisely $766,881.51 is waiting for this group, an average of $64,000 per person. The cities named are the last known whereabouts of the heirs.

Carter, Wm. A.	San Diego, Cal.
Havlin, Louis	Portland, Ore.
Jamieson, Laura	New Orleans, La.
Janne, Marie	San Francisco, Cal.
Joseph, Dan	New York, N.Y.
Kersner, Albert	Chicago, Ill.
Lavigne, William	Dallas, Tex.
Martin, Ralph	St. Louis, Mo.
Mrakulock, Rade	Baltimore, Md.
Niemann, Hugh	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Peterson, Oscar	Minneapolis, Minn.
Saupe, Paul	Indianapolis, Ind.

New sky's-the-limit look in station wagons! To call anything as luxurious as the Vista-Cruiser a "station wagon" hardly does it justice. Family-room-on-wheels would be more appropriate. There's stretch-out room for the whole crew—even in the forward-facing third seat. Lower the tailgate and *presto*—over 100 cubic feet of cargo space that's the next best thing to your own private baggage car. Station wagon. Family wagon. Call it what you will. The only thing that tops Oldsmobile's Vista-Cruiser is its distinctive Vista-Roof.

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Vista-Cruiser by OLDSMOBILE

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THE CLIMBER THE MOUNTAINS CAN'T KILL

Already a legend in his own time, Walter Bonatti goes on year after year scaling the "impossible" mountains in "impossible" ways. He proves what all climbers feel: there is no limit to what man can do

BY ROBERT DALEY

COURMAYEUR, ITALY

■ "Mountain climbing is not a question of muscles," he said. "Up there, all that counts is what's in a man's soul. Look at me. I'm no powerfully built athlete. I'm skinny, and not very tall. I'm 34 years old, and my hair is shot with gray."

It was true. Sitting across from him, it was hard to believe that this shy, intense young man was the great Walter Bonatti, whom people called the Superman of the Alps. He sat nervously, hands twisting about, his feet beating time to a rhythm only he heard. He was small and light, about 5 feet 7 and 140 pounds, perhaps less; but in the mountains he was spoken of as some kind of god. He attacked only "impossible" mountains, often at "impossible" times of the year, and often alone. He had conquered peaks in the Himalayas, the Andes and in Patagonia. He had made dozens of "firsts" in the Alps, and one mountain near Mont Blanc now bears his name. He had

THE CLIMBER

saved the lives of countless climbers too injured or exhausted or scared to get down by themselves. He himself had survived a night in the open 27,000 feet up in the Himalayas without food or a tent or shelter of any kind. He had also survived the terrible Alpine tragedy on Freney Pillar where four men died of cold and exhaustion in a blizzard. There were seven men in all on the Pillar, one of them Bonatti's client, the others came together more or less by chance; when the storm broke, Bonatti took over leadership of the entire group. For three days the men huddled in their bivouac near the summit while the blizzard beat at them. They crouched on thin ledges above the void, unable to move, shivering with cold, half smothered by driving snow. On the fourth day, the storm pounding them as hard as ever, they started down. Bonatti led, exhorting, pleading, dragging the others.

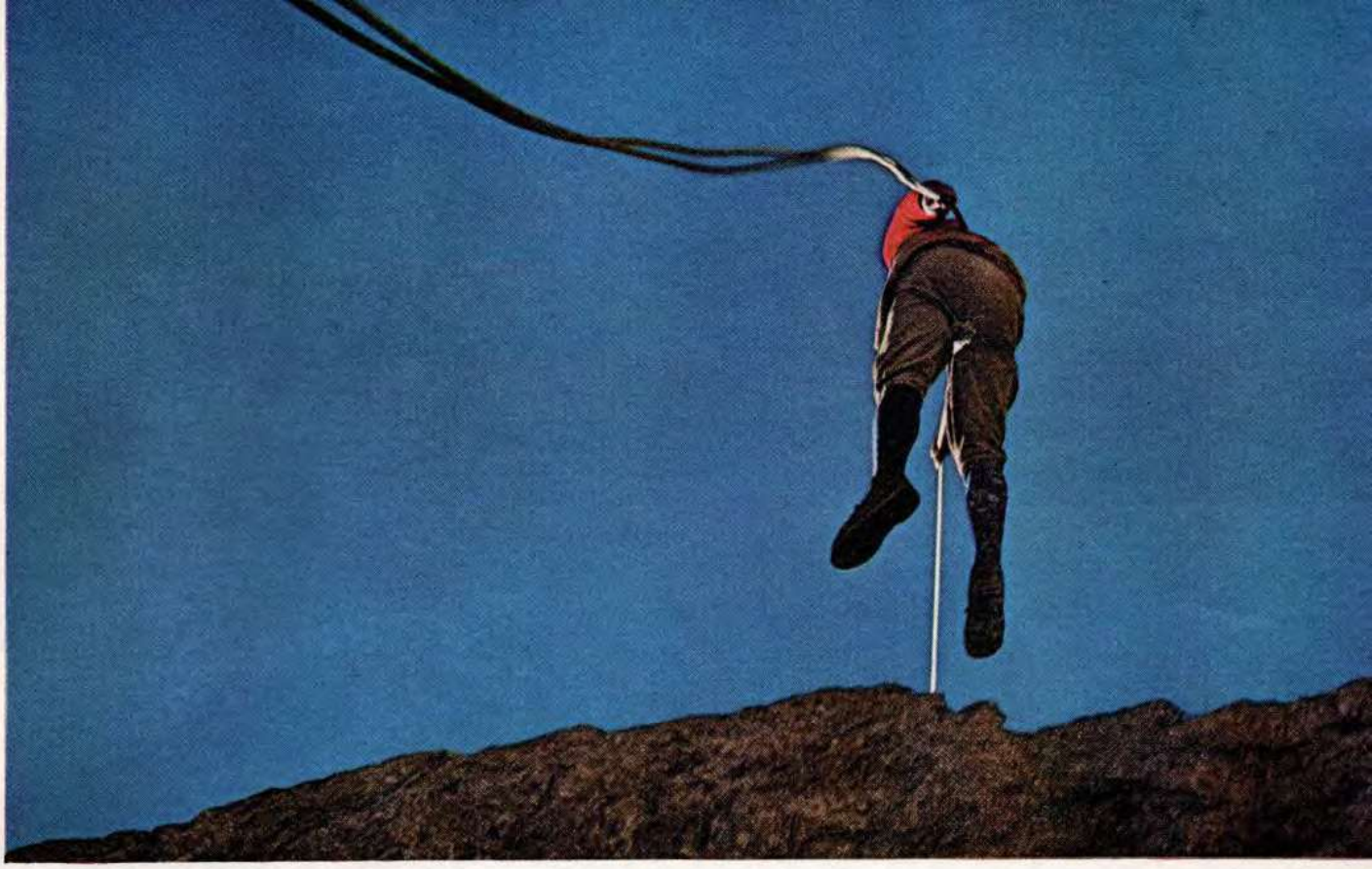
Sometimes it was slow, delicate, dangerous work. Sometimes Bonatti forced a track through snow up to his armpits. The snow fell so hard they could scarcely breathe. One by one, exhausted, men dropped behind and died. Bonatti staggered on. "I am not ready to die!" he screamed into the howling storm. "I won't die!" For two days, dragging his client with him, Bonatti forced his way down through the storm. He found the refuge hut where rescuers waited to go out once the storm let up. Bonatti stumbled inside, wrapped his client in a blanket, told the rescuers where one other survivor could be found, and then at last collapsed.

Without Bonatti, the two survivors said, they would not have got down. One of these men later went up with Bonatti to make the first climb of the Petites Jorasses.

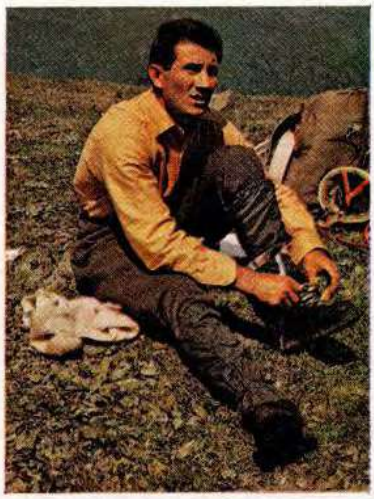
In looks Bonatti is not like most other mountain men. They have broad peasant faces and leathery skin. Bonatti's face is finer, and it is full of expression. He was not born to the mountains, he was born in a city on the plain. He reads Bertrand Russell and Thomas Mann, he listens to operas by Wagner. Because he knows how to turn the mountains to financial profit not everyone in the Alps approves of him.

"I love the mountains," Bonatti says, "passionately. I have signed a sort of contract with them, and in them I will live out my life. I love other things too, but the mountains are where nature offers her most beautiful contrasts. Nature offers the mountains to me, and I have consecrated my life to them. Without [*Continued on page* 102]

"I like to climb alone—
I don't like to
need or depend on others."

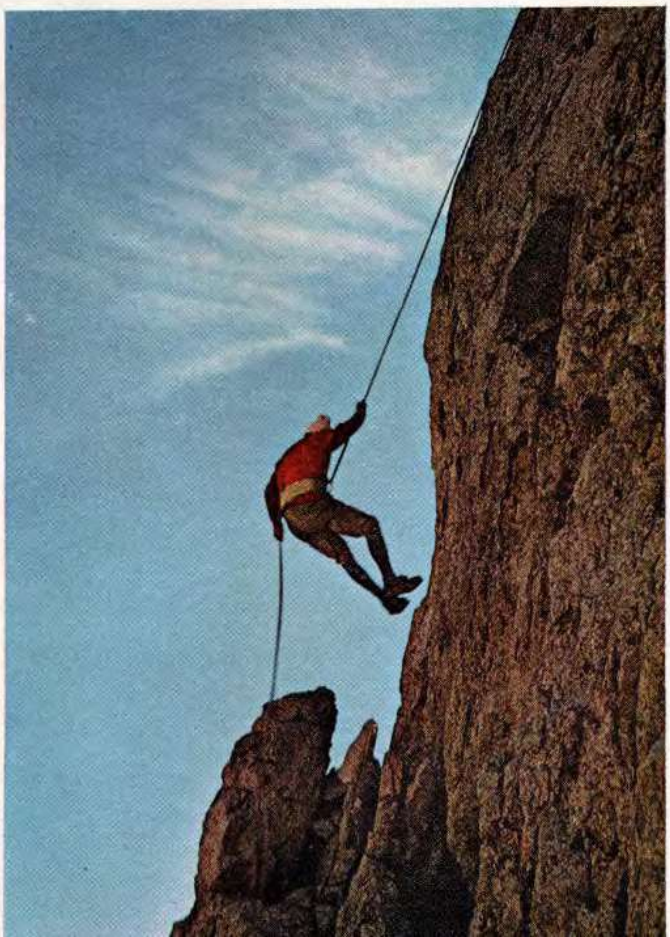


"One becomes a climber to conquer fear, to experience life to its extreme limits."



"Before a climb, for weeks my thoughts are up in the mountains."

"I love the mountains for the feeling of escape and freedom I feel only up here."



"Climbing is not a battle with the elements, it's a battle with oneself."

BY KEITH ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD TERPNING

All morning of this crisp, sunny December 23 a bearded, costumed Santa Claus strolled merrily along the sidewalks of downtown Cisco, a booming west Texas oil town of 15,000 souls. Last-minute shoppers howdied the season's greetings to the jolly old elf and he, in character, waved back jauntily and extended to each a hearty ho, ho, ho.

The beat Santa was waddling is exactly 3,393 miles, as the reindeer flies, from the North Pole, and a hundred miles west of Fort Worth. A map-maker might be even more precise, since on this morning Santa was drawn, time and again, to the vicinity of the First National Bank. It was a circumstance that struck nobody as odd.

A skein of giddy children followed in Santa's wake along the town's tinseled streets, tugging fondly at the white-furred sleeves of his resplendent red garments. Nothing in the old gentleman's demeanor suggested anything less than the fullest measure of the Christmas spirit. His aplomb in fielding the banter of the tots that day was not significantly unlike that of a Santa Claus at Marshall Field's or Macy's on any December 23. Moreover, he displayed a remarkable sense of humor. One boy, suspicious by the divine right of being 8 years old, asked coyly, "Whatcha got padding your belly, Santa Claus—a pillow?"

Kris Kringle crinkled. "That's right," he beamed. "And two pistols—loaded!"

The children, numbering fully a score, shrilled their delight at Santa's drollery.

And so the morning went until, just as the whistle at the Cisco & Northeastern roundhouse [*Continued on page* 80]

THE DAY SANTA CLAUS TOOK CISCO

Old Nick was as fat and friendly as ever—until he yanked his pistols out of that stuffing, robbed the bank and killed the cops. Then absolutely no one loved him any more.

DEC.—TRUE—M. ATL., N.E., S.E., Copy B

BY ARTHUR HERZOG
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT STENUIT

explorer of the underwater frontier

When Ed Link gets interested in a problem, he goes whole hog. The man who invented the famous Link Trainer for schooling pilots is now devoting himself to undersea exploration. He predicts that men will soon be able to live on the sea floor for weeks at a time

Link's revolutionary diving chamber, being lowered from the mother ship, houses scientists 400 feet beneath the surface.

■ Edwin Albert Link of Binghamton, New York, is a broad-shouldered man with a bald, high-domed head, wrinkled hands, eyeglasses with hearing aids built into the temples and a long, oddly slanted nose. His expression is placid, his speech deliberate and his driving pokey; he rarely exceeds 35 miles an hour. Those who know nothing of his accomplishments might think he is a small-town banker or even a farmer, and at the Navy Department, which is thinking of making Link's newest hobby a classified secret, his face is unremembered. In fact, Link is a curious combination of fish and fowl, moving with equal facility on land or sea. Aeronaut Link is a former pilot in whose invention, the Link trainer or flight simulator, more than 2 million pilots have learned to fly. Aquanaut Link, at an age when most people are growing sedentary, has become one of the world's leading experts in diving and underwater exploration, and at considerable risk to his feathers.

He has designed and built what has been called "one of the most ingenious underwater vessels ever constructed." The capsule is capable of pulling itself along the sea bottom by means of its own anchor, and can travel up and down a chain attached to its mother ship like a giant underwater bug. It has its own heating and cooling systems and serves, when pulled on deck, as a decompression chamber. Inside, Link, breathing a special compound of oxygen and helium, has stayed 60 feet beneath the surface for eight hours, emerging from the capsule to swim about on the bottom and proving for the first time that man can live and work for protracted periods at great depths, a breakthrough that some have compared with the first Russian sputnik in scientific importance.

"Ed will go down as one of aviation's greats, but the surprising thing about him is that he's a middle-aged man who suddenly got a new interest and turned it into something really significant," said Bob Peach, president of Mohawk Airlines of which Link is a sometimes dissident member of the board. Link's passion for what the late President Kennedy called "inner space" began about a decade ago—during one of his frequent attempts to retire—with sailboat racing and has proceeded, in a more or less straight line to skin-diving, wreck-exploring, treasure hunting, undersea archaeology and, finally, deep-sea diving. Some years ago, Link christened [*Continued on page* 75]

THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS

BY FRED J. COOK

Prize-winning reporter Fred Cook raises pertinent questions for all Americans delight others. But no one can remain indifferent to the awesome power

■ The young man was of medium height, compactly and solidly built. He had close-cropped dark hair, bright dark eyes, and that thoroughly clean-cut, all-American-boy look that one almost automatically associates with a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. But he was no ordinary agent. He was, indeed, virtually unique—that rarity of rarities, a former agent who was willing to talk about the FBI nobody knows.

Jack Levine was his name. A qualified lawyer, he had gone through the FBI training school and had spent nearly a year as an agent in the Detroit office. It was an experience that had been virtually the reverse of his expectations. He had been lured at the outset by the FBI's public image, by the lofty ideal it projected of honest, dedicated law enforcement and unselfish public service. He had been revolted by the reality—by his discovery that the FBI was in fact a ruthless autocracy reflecting the whims and beliefs of the one man who dominated every facet of its existence.

Such, in essence, on intimate acquaintance, had become the conclusions of Jack Levine. I asked if he could give me an overall, capsule impression of his feelings toward the FBI.

"I guess the closest I can come to it," he said slowly, "is to say that I have come out of it with a mixture of love, fear, and hate."

The disillusionment began early. Jack Levine was one of 41 special agents in the FBI's New Agents Class No. 2, 1960. They began their training in mid-September. Almost from the outset of the three-months program, Levine later reported, the men were "heavily indoctrinated with radical right-wing propaganda." He added: "This propaganda is taken by the men as the truth or 'inside story.' "

On one occasion a Bureau official, in deriding the suggestion that a National Crime Commission be established to ride herd on big-league crime, commented, according to Levine, "that 'this proposal was the product of Harvard and Yale pseudo-intellects who are presumptuous enough to think that they know more about crime and law enforcement than the Director.' He further stated that these people would be putting their energies to better use if they did something about the Communists that they have teaching at those schools. He also stated that 'they have more Communists in Harvard Yard than you can shake a stick at.' "

In September, 1960, a Bureau official commented to the class "on the growing sentiment for the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren and several other members of the United States Supreme Court." According to Levine: "He stated that the Director is very much in sympathy with this movement and that the Director feels that this country would be a lot better off without Communist sympathizers on the Court."

To Jack Levine, the right-wing indoctrination of agents went hand-in-glove with another distasteful aspect of the FBI—the dictatorial rule of its remote god, J. Edgar Hoover. New agents quickly learned that throughout the Bureau the slightest Hoover whim was the first law of the universe. They came to know the abject, almost slavish, terror inspired not only by an actual frown from the great man but even by the prospect of a possible frown. From the outset, in addition to their technical training in such matters as taking fingerprints and gathering evidence, the new agents received almost constant instruction on the likes and dislikes of the master of their destinies, and on the steps to be taken properly to placate this austere and august power.

The entire training period was pockmarked, according to

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Levine, either with the recitation of horrendous examples of misconduct or direct incidents that drove home to the new agents how circumspect they must be to avoid unwittingly giving Hoover mortal offense. One example cited to them, Levine recalled, was the fate of an Assistant Director who was forced to resign in December, 1960. The two supervisors under him were severely disciplined. Their offense: they had had the bad judgment to hire a filing clerk with pimples on his face.

Quite early in the training program, it becomes clear to most agents (indeed, they are usually frankly told by their instructors) that the FBI harbors a split personality. There is the Bureau—the central office staff dominated by Hoover and jitteringly responsive to his slightest nod—and there are the field divisions, 55 of them strategically scattered throughout the nation. The Bureau's ideological brainwashing, its virtually old-maidish prejudices about whether a man smokes or how he parts his hair, are annoying foibles that agents have to put up with while in training or close to Washington under the direct scowl of the Man. But once they are out in the field, they are told, they will find many things are different.

"And this," says Jack Levine, "is largly true. If you get a good field office, with a good SAC (Special Agent in Charge) and a good supervisor—and there are lots of them—it can be pretty nice. Also there is this great camaraderie that develops among the agents; they're rather high-class fellows, and they have this tremendous pride in just being themselves, being FBI agents. Out in the field, if you have this kind of setup and if you can just take it and not worry about the implications of certain things you see and do, it's a pretty good life, and that's why a lot of good guys stick with it."

But when a man knows that he may be severely disciplined or even driven from the service for the slightest minor misstep, he tends to avoid taking any step at all that could possibly put him in harm's way. This elementary fact of life in the FBI was impressed graphically on Jack Levine only a few months after he went to work in the Detroit office.

In July, 1961, he was riding in a Bureau car with three other agents when a bank robbery alarm came over the radio. The bank was only a short distance away in the direction that the car was traveling. To Levine's amazement, the agent who was driving, instead of speeding to the scene, whipped the car around and trod down hard on the accelerator to go as fast as possible in the opposite direction.

Several years ago, they said, an agent in another field office had sped to the scene of a bank robbery and had had the misfortune to be the first to arrive. Automatically, in such circumstances, the FBI agent first on the scene assumes charge of the case and responsibility for it. In this instance, the second and third agents to reach the scene, in trying to lift some fingerprints, had unfortunately smudged them so badly that the FBI laboratory was unable to identify them. The agents who had bungled the job were disciplined with proper severity, but—and this was the point—the first agent on the scene, himself innocent of any dereliction, had been disciplined with equal severity because he was theoretically in charge of the case and therefore responsible.

The moral, Levine's fellow agents pointed out, was obvious. There wasn't, they said, an experienced agent in the Bureau who, if he could help it, would risk his record by indiscreetly appearing first on the scene of a bank robbery. It was a case, as the intimidated investigators saw it, of all risk and no gain.

Aside from such dictatorial aspects of the Bureau's rule, there are deep-seated elements of prejudice and at times a disregard for individual rights in the sacred cause of investigation. Jack Levine quickly discovered that he, as a Jew, was a distinct novelty in the FBI. Wherever he went, circulating among other agents, his very presence caused discussion because none of them could recall ever having encountered an active Jewish agent in the Bureau previously. The same was true of Negroes. There were a couple who served as receptionists in the Director's office; some were used as chauffeurs or in strictly menial capacities. But of full-time, full-fledged Special Agents there appeared to be virtually none.

On the Negro issue, about which the Bureau was as sensitive as it was about any public display of anti-Semitism, its private attitude was even more obvious. A great number of the Bureau's agents, Levine found, were recruited from the South, and their bitter prejudice was clear in almost every thought and deed. To them a Negro was always "a nigger."

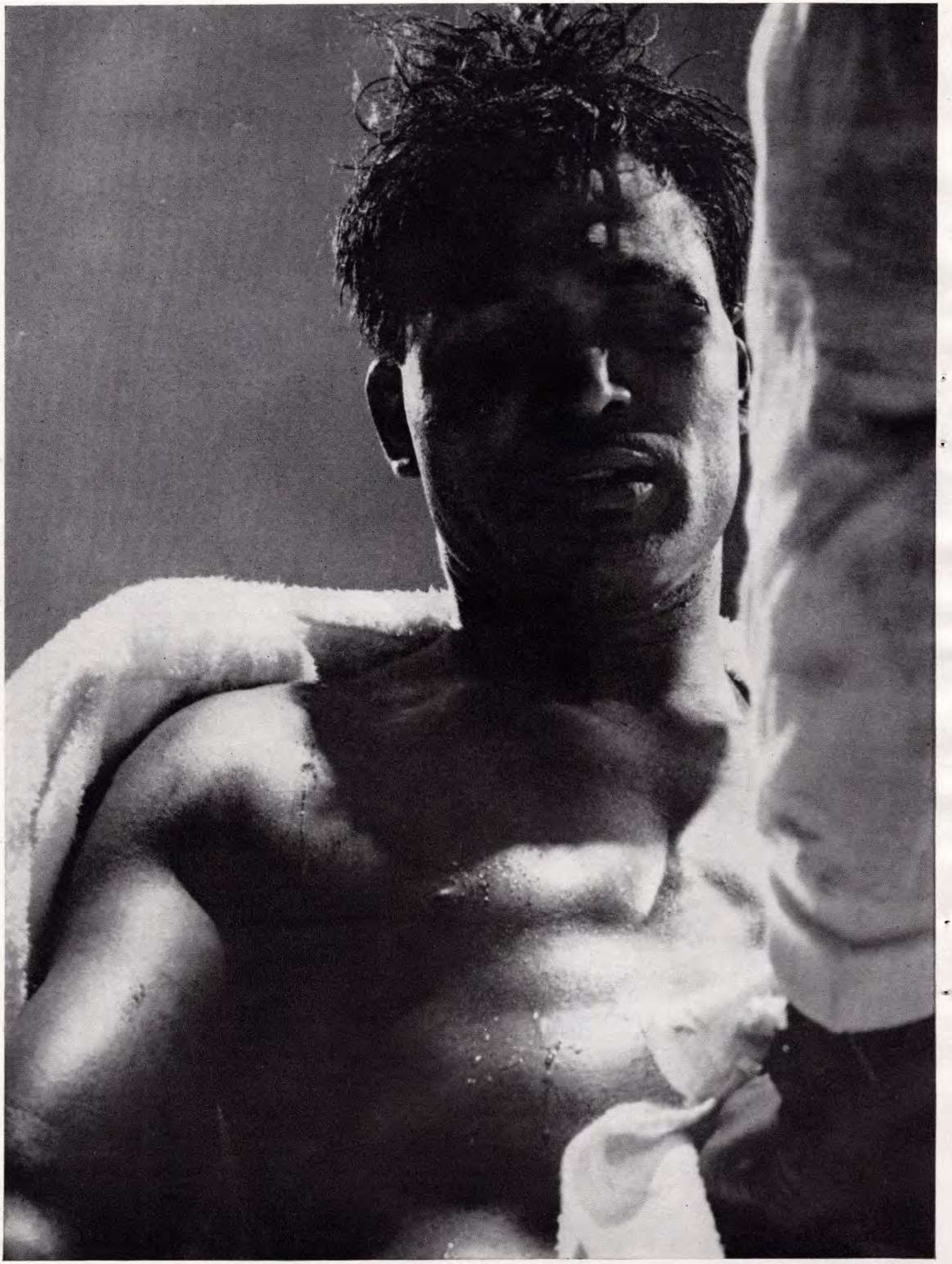
This personal attitude inevitably showed in their actions, as a number of incidents indicated. In late October, 1960, during the training period, a Bureau official was lecturing the class about techniques of interviewing and the necessity of establishing rapport with a prospective witness. Always shake hands, he advised. A new Special Agent asked whether it would be necessary for him to shake hands with "niggers." The official replied that it was the Bureau's policy to shake hands with everyone, no matter how distasteful it might be. During a recess period following the lecture, a number of the new agents discussed this mandate, and the agent remarked that he didn't care what the Bureau's policy was, he wasn't going to shake hands with "any goddamn niggers." Several of the other agents heartily agreed with him.

Throughout his tour of duty with the FBI, Levine encountered constant expressions of anti-Negro sentiment among its agents.

In addition, Levine found the pressure for convictions and the awesome reputation of the FBI both combine at times to foster actions that are carried out with scant regard for individual or human rights. The right of the individual to privacy, his right to be secure in his home and his person unless the law can show adequate reason for intruding upon him is regularly flouted in the FBI's preoccupation with obtaining convictions at whatever cost. Wiretapping, for instance, has been repeatedly held by the federal courts to be illegal, and the evidence so obtained has been banned. Yet the FBI admittedly wiretaps.

"In each of the FBI field offices," Levine stated in a report to the Justice Department, "there are carefully concealed rooms in which the wiretaps are monitored. The information received from wiretaps is credited to 'informants' which are designated by symbols and numbers. These informant records are kept in top-security files in the field offices. . . . It is a matter of common knowledge among the Bureau's agents that much of the wiretapping done by the field offices is not reported to the Bureau. This is the result of the pressure for [*Continued on page* 123]

to ponder in this bombshell of a book. Cook's thesis will outrage some, wielded by J. Edgar Hoover—and to the uses and abuses of the power



THE LONGEST DAY OF SUGAR RAY

BY DAVE ANDERSON

In the old days Ray Robinson sailed for Paris on the* Liberté *with an entourage of 17 including a masseur and barber. Now he drives to a fight in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in a station wagon with two cornermen

■ The great ones never lose their style. Even today Joe DiMaggio swings the bat majestically in the Old Timers games. Sammy Baugh can show a rookie quarterback how to lead a receiver slanting across the middle. Put Eddie Arcaro up on a three-year-old in the backstretch and the horseplayers would know him without binoculars. It's this way with Sugar Ray Robinson. Except that he's not retired. He's wearing white trunks and his black boxing shoes scratch across the resin-covered canvas. He could be fighting anybody any place but this night last summer in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, he's in with somebody named Clarence Riley in a dumpy little outdoor arena named Wahconah Park.

Suddenly Sugar Ray throws two quick left hooks and the small crowd comes alive. The left hooks always were part of his style. They remember seeing him throw left hooks like that on television when he was the biggest name in boxing.

It's like this wherever he goes. He throws the left hook and, in their minds, the spectators see him swinging at Carmen Basilio. Or he moves those slender shimmering legs and thumps a right hand into the mid-section and they see Jake LaMotta doubled-up against the ropes. But now Sugar Ray is 44 according to the book, 43 according to him. Now the style lasts only a few seconds. It used to last 15 rounds when it had to. That was when many boxing people considered him the best fighter of all time. "Pound for pound, the greatest"—that phrase was almost part of his name.

But the real boxing people haven't seen Robinson lately. It's just as well. He's a sideshow freak now. *Step right up*, an invisible carnival barker seems to be shouting whenever he fights. *Step right up and see the great Sugar Ray Robinson.* But the great Sugar Ray Robinson isn't great any more. His skill is shot. So is his bank account. One way or another he has gone through almost $3 million in purses. "I'm not desperate," he claims, "but I don't have the money like I used to."

It has to be more than the need for money, though, that sends him back into the ring for peanut purses against unknowns like Clarence Riley. It's ego and the love of applause and the need for adulation as well. But mostly ego. It's a big thing with him.

It always was. One night in 1950 Sugar Ray pranced out to listen to the referee's instructions before a 10-rounder with a tough middleweight named George (Sugar) Costner. Earlier in the week Costner had been popping off about how—when he won—*he* would be *the* Sugar. Now, as Robinson stood in the ring, wearing a blue satin robe and his face hooded in a towel, he peered at Costner. When the referee was finished, he said, "Listen, Costner, there's only *one* Sugar. And that's me. So let's touch the gloves now because this is your last round."

Sugar Ray caught him with a left hook and a straight right hand and Costner was on his back. KO 1, it reads in the book.

Sugar Ray held the middleweight title five times. Earlier he held the welterweight title. But as early as three years *before* he was a champion, Henry Armstrong made it clear how good Sugar Ray was. They didn't come much better than Henry Armstrong. He's the only one ever to hold three titles simultaneously —welterweight, lightweight and featherweight. At Madison Square Garden one night in 1943, near the end of his career, Armstrong went 10 rounds with Sugar Ray. Everybody had Sugar Ray winning almost every round. He jabbed. He hooked. He threw the right hand into the mid-section. But every time Armstrong started to sag, Sugar Ray would clinch and hold him up. Out of respect, he refused to knock him out. Later Armstrong was sitting on a rubbing table and somebody tried to console him.

"It's too bad," the man said, "that you never had a chance to fight Robinson when you were at your peak."

Armstrong smiled and shook his head. "I couldn't have beaten Robinson on the best night I ever saw."

Sugar Ray almost won the light-heavyweight title, too. He was way ahead of Joey Maxim on points in 1952 at Yankee Stadium. But it was a brutally hot, humid [*Continued on page* 116]

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BIG CONGRESSIONAL SPENDING SPREE

IT COSTS MORE THAN $300,000 A YEAR TO MAINTAIN ONE LAWMAKER IN THE STYLE TO WHICH CONGRESSMEN ARE ACCUSTOMED. THIS IS THE BIG SPENDING ISSUE CONGRESS DOESN'T TALK ABOUT

BY C. P. GILMORE

DRAWING BY OTTO VAN EERSEL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

■ Interested in renting a congressman's front porch? You'd better be because you and the rest of the nation's taxpayers are paying $1,200 a year for one. Indiana Congressman Randall Harmon needed a congressional office in his home town of Muncie, Indiana. It sounds a reasonable way to keep in touch with the grass roots. Congressman Harmon, a very practical man, rented his own front porch to himself for an office and pocketed the $1,200 rent allowance. He also hired his wife, at a salary of $4,424, to run his office. When newsmen came around to inquire how he justified this caper, the Hoosier lawmaker told them "I don't care what you say about me, I don't read anything in the newspapers except the funnies." He further took the occasion to complain that congressional salaries should be tripled. Apparently, he found his own efforts to increase his income still insufficient.

While Harmon's porch-renting gambit was unique, his wife-hiring was not. Congressional nepotism—putting relatives on the payroll—has been condemned for 200 years, but it still goes on. Representative Steven V. Carter of Iowa hired his 19-year-old son, a college freshman, at more than $11,000 a year. Scores of other sons, daughters, wives, brothers-in-law and various other close relatives dot the congressional payroll.

They are just fringe benefits compared with the total of what congressmen do for themselves. You can call congressmen a lot of things but you can't call them cheap. Free-spending lawmakers, in fact, go first class all the way.

Watch a typical member—call him Senator Bucksworth—struggle through the trying hours of an average day.

Scene 1. Bucksworth arrives at work and parks his car in the garage of the new Senate Office Building, a $30-million white marble monument to the dignity of lawmakers. It was built in the late 1950's despite the protests of a few troublemakers who called the whole thing a waste of money.

The senator takes the elevator and strides into his plush suite of offices. His footsteps—quieter on the deep carpet than the discreet rustle of thousand-dollar bills—take him into the walnut-paneled inner sanctum. He hardly glances at the huge safe set in one wall. He has no use for it and frequently forgets it's there.

Scene 2. Senator Bucksworth thumbs through the Congressional Record and smiles as he reads the stirring speech he made the previous day about the retiring head of the ASPCA in his home state. Fellow senators didn't bother to stay and listen. But no matter—the speech wasn't meant for them. He makes a note to have copies printed and sent to constituents under his free mail privilege. It's as good as regular campaign literature. And with the public picking up most of the tab, it's a lot cheaper.

Scene 3. On the way to a committee meeting, the senator admires the corridor set with some of the 19 varieties of marble used to give the building the proper lavishness. Then, entering the committee room (which one of his uncharitable colleagues criticized for being big enough for two basketball games) he takes his place in a massive red leather chair behind the sweeping rostrum. Some of the shorter senators have complained that they sink so deeply into the luxurious chairs that they can't see over the king-sized rostrum.

Scene 4. After the committee meeting, Bucksworth ambles into the Senate dining room. He always enjoys lunch, untroubled by the thought that the tab would be considerably higher were it not for the subsidy he and his colleagues thoughtfully vote their restaurants out of the public till each year.

Scene 5. Time now to relax—and maybe lose a little paunch. The senator stops by the "health suite" for a workout in the gym and a dip in the pool. No time for the sun deck today, just a few minutes for a brief rubdown by one of the four masseurs provided at public expense.

Scene 6. A glance in the mirror tells Bucksworth that the snowy senatorial locks are a bit shaggy. The Senate barber shop provides a quick trim and shine—all the more pleasant because they're free. (Underprivileged House members pay 75¢.)

Scene 7. Properly shorn and polished, Bucksworth boards the new $6-million subway (original cost estimate, $2 million) for the Capitol. After the day's session on the Senate floor and a few corridor conferences, he retires to his new "hideaway" office built into the east front of the Capitol when it was reconstructed a few years ago. The unnecessary rebuilding job needlessly destroyed one of the few remaining historical portions [*Continued on page* 89]

The old muzzleloader a friend gave me became a challenge: Would it shoot well, and how effectively? I had to find out. Feeling like a pioneer, I took to the woods and discovered...

DANIEL BOONE HAD SPORTY SHOOTING, BUT—

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

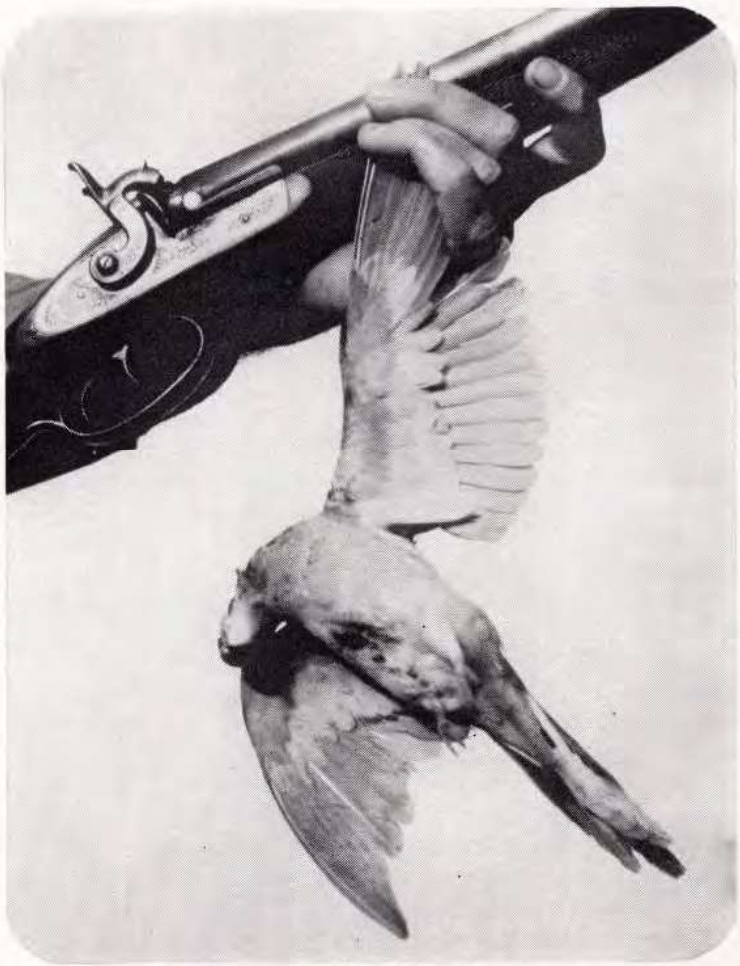
■ A buck! He was standing near some timber about 200 yards ahead. I wanted to kill him and I had a loaded rifle lying across the pommel of my saddle, but there wasn't a thing I could do about it immediately. Dick Sterling, Phil Fairbanks, and I were riding around a steep, snow-covered slope above the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in central Idaho. Dick was in the lead. Following him were three pack mules. I was behind the mules and Phil brought up the rear. And Dick, who was gazing up the mountain toward the distant spot where we had noticed several other deer a few minutes before, had not yet seen this one.

The horses and mules plodded ahead. The buck, a forked-horn mule deer, stood broadside watching us. He was obviously more curious than alarmed, but a couple of bounds would put him in the timber and I knew that he would certainly jump if I spoke to Dick. No other sound is so terrifying to wild creatures as the human voice.

I was doubly anxious because I was hunting with a muzzleloading, caplock rifle. I had hunted deer with it several times before and each trip had been a series of frustrations. Now this. At last, Dick saw the buck. He reined his horse to a halt, the mules stopped, and I swung out of the saddle.

I started walking ahead; I had to get ahead of Dick because I didn't dare shoot past the mules. The trail was slick and narrow, the mountain steep. It was no place to stampede them. Besides, I needed to get just a little closer. When I started hunting deer with the old Kentucky rifle, I had resolved not to risk a running shot nor one longer than 100 yards and we were still somewhat farther than that.

As I edged around the hillside, setting each foot carefully in the slick, wet snow, it occurred to me that I must feel very much as Daniel Boone had felt under similar circumstances 200 years before. I would



Doves were first game for author's century-old muzzleloader.

I found the old shotgun a mixed delight. Though it handled superbly and was deadly at 30 yards, reloading was agonizingly slow

get one shot. It would take me nearly a minute to reload. My rifle was accurate—I was confident of that—but my first shot *had* to be good. And occasionally I did get a hangfire. If it happened now the buck would undoubtedly leap into the trees and disappear.

Finally I passed Dick's horse and stepped into the trail. The buck was still motionless—but how much longer would he stand (there was no cover behind which I could advance)? I set the trigger and slowly took a few more steps. The buck stamped his foot. I sat down in the trail, cocked the hammer, rested elbows on knees, and aligned the sights low and close behind the front shoulder. I touched the hair trigger. The old rifle cracked sharply. White smoke drifted away.

The buck leaped ahead, slowed to a walk after 20 yards, and lay down in an opening among the trees. Elation surged through me. A heart shot is seldom instantly fatal with any rifle. I was confident my hold had been good. He was dying.

Nevertheless, I reloaded, and when his head didn't drop after a short wait, I shot again, once more aiming for his heart. He leaped up, dashed a few yards, and went down in a heap behind some brush. This time he was surely dead—but I reloaded before I started toward him, just in case.

There is, I now realized much more acutely than I ever had in shooting small game or targets, a lot of difference between simply working a bolt and reloading a muzzleloader. Each time I had to measure a powder charge and pour it down the barrel, lay a patch over the muzzle, center a ball on it, push the ball down with the ramrod, and replace it under the barrel. Finally, I had to put a fresh cap on the nipple. Even then, before I could shoot, I had to pull the set trigger and cock the hammer.

When I was 20 yards from the buck and could see around the brush

In wingshooting, the smoke cloud was troublesome on going-away shots as it hid the target and other birds flying nearby.

Occasionally I'd get a hangfire, a problem of all muzzleloaders. Otherwise my antique guns proved to be surprisingly dependable

I discovered that he was lying in the snow looking at me. Hell! I shot at his neck. Nothing happened. With a sinking feeling, I reloaded quickly and shot at it again. Still nothing!

A couple of days before, when I fired a five-shot group at 100 yards to check the sights, the center of impact had been about six inches low. The temperature was close to zero and while I wondered if this might be responsible, I made the necessary correction to bring the balls into the black, anyway. Now, on a warm winter day, I decided I'd made a mistake. I held very low on his neck and shot again. His head dropped.

I heaved a sigh of relief, but reloaded from habit. When I was 15 feet away, he raised his head once more and I shot him at the butt of the ear and he was dead. I felt sick. Unfortunately, once you start a bungled job like this by making a bad first hit there is no alternative but to continue trying with the hope that each succeeding shot will be the last.

The first ball, at 100 paced yards—a city block—had struck 18 inches to the right and nearly a foot high. The second had been high in the lungs. Either the third or fourth had passed through one ear while the other had nicked the nose. The fifth had gone through the neck but missed the vertebrae, while the fatal sixth shot had shattered the first vertebra at the base of the skull. All balls had passed completely through, making exit holes no larger than where they entered.

Subsequent targeting revealed that I had, indeed, made a mistake when I raised the rear sight. The rifle shot seven inches high at 100 yards, but this wasn't enough to account for any of my bad hits, with the possible exception of the second. The only logical explanation was poor shooting.

And why was I hunting deer with a gun that became obsolete nearly a century ago? I was curious, for one thing. I'd read all sorts of stories about muzzleloader accuracy and lack of accuracy, killing power and

Trueblood's dog retrieves bird. To Ted's amazement, he killed six Hungarian partridge in six shots with his 11 gauge shotgun.

My Kentucky rifle was only effective to 100 yards but at that range was as accurate in placing its shots as many more modern rifles

lack of killing power, flat shooting and trajectory like a passed football. I wanted to find out for myself. Furthermore, the guns of our pioneer forefathers have always held a romantic fascination for me. I'm not alone in this feeling, either. There are muzzleloader shooters and muzzleloader clubs all over the country. There is even a national organization of such shooters.

The National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association was conceived in 1931 and its organization was completed in 1933. Last year, more than 10,000 spectators watched 676 shooters compete in the 30th annual national matches on the Walter Cline Range near Friendship, Indiana. Many of them, including 1963 National Champion Robert Morris, used rifles or pistols they had built themselves, though William A. Roberts, Jr., won the trapshooting championship with a 10 gauge Patrick Muller.

The Association maintains headquarters at Shelbyville, Indiana, and publishes a monthly magazine that goes to the 7,800 members. *Muzzle Blasts* is devoted exclusively to muzzleloading rifles, shotguns and pistols, and features articles on their construction and use. Its advertising, too, is directed at the muzzleloader fan and affords visible proof of the widespread interest in shooting the old guns. You can find anything from an authentic patch box to a complete new flintlock or percussion rifle. These guns of modern manufacture, incidentally, are made of better steel, on better machinery, than anything the old-time rifle makers even dreamed of.

Despite the fact that you can buy an excellent new Kentucky-style flintlock or percussion rifle for about $100, old guns that are still serviceable bring high prices. I was lucky. A sweet old guy gave me mine. "Here's something to hang over the mantel," he said. "Dad made it in the mountains of Tennessee and it's been in the family ever since."

That mantel bit left me cold. Here [*Continued on page* 64]

Approaching the young buck that died hard, Ted reflected on how much more potent a modern rifle is than guns of Daniel Boone.

Anything a man cooks will taste better with the addition of a little liquor. An expert in the field of cooking with booze now distills his knowledge for you—and for the woman in your life

HOW TO BE A 100-PROOF CHEF

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

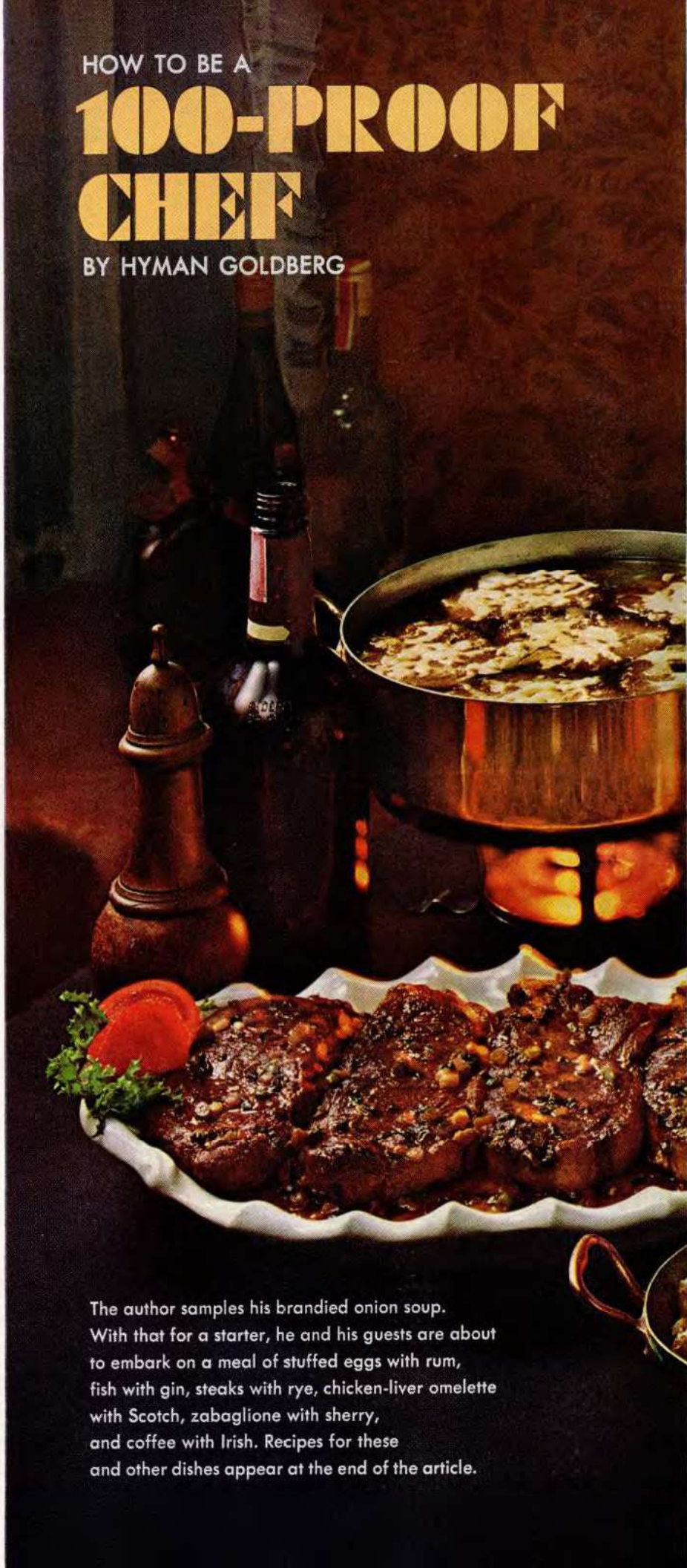
■ When I was 16 years old and working as a police reporter for a New York newspaper, my father said one night that my mother was ill and he would make breakfast in the morning. I was delighted by the strange, unwomanly aromas that came drifting in as I roused out of bed the next day. When I went into the kitchen, there on the table was a half-filled bottle of Bourbon, a three-ounce shot glass filled to the brim with the lovely stuff, a steak sandwich on pumpernickel bread, and a large pot of coffee. "What's this, Pop?" I asked. He looked over his morning newspaper at me.

"Your breakfast," he said. "What the hell do you *think* it is?"

Booze for breakfast for a teen-ager would, of course, be frowned upon severely in most quarters, but my father, who was then a retired restaurateur and hotel-keeper, and never a hard, but always a steady drinker, firmly believed that liquor went with food, and that cooking meals with good firewater brought out the best. At one time, in his restaurant, he spent a great deal of effort experimenting with eggs into which he injected a minute amount of brandy before boiling them. My mother, who worked in the restaurant with him, made him quit this gambit.

It was in my father's restaurant that I learned to cook—I was an expert chicken-liver-chopper at the age of 6—and acquired the manly art of using booze of infinite variety to bring added zest to almost every kind of food. I have been cooking like that for almost 50 years, and last June, after 39 years as a reporter for various New York newspapers, for which I covered fires, murders, kidnapings, gang wars and murder trials, and interviewed a couple of thousand movie queens and Broadway actresses, I suddenly became a syndicated cooking writer and hot-stove editor. The change occurred when the lady food expert of the *New York Mirror* died one night. I asked for the job, and got it when I told the bosses upstairs about my restaurant background. When the *Mirror* died, just as abruptly as the lady expert, I spent a couple of months on another journal before settling down to write a cooking column called "Man in the Kitchen" for the *New York Post* and a number of other papers.

In my column I often give recipes for dishes cooked with wine, [*Continued on page* 112]



The author samples his brandied onion soup. With that for a starter, he and his guests are about to embark on a meal of stuffed eggs with rum, fish with gin, steaks with rye, chicken-liver omelette with Scotch, zabaglione with sherry, and coffee with Irish. Recipes for these and other dishes appear at the end of the article.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TONI FICALORA
Irish Coffee

THEY LEARN TO SUCCEED IN THE JUNGLE WITHOUT REALLY DYING

JOIN U. S. AIRMEN IN A SURVIVAL COURSE THAT SHOWS PRACTICAL WAYS TO CONQUER THE WILDERNESS

Albrook AFB, Canal Zone

INSTRUCTOR SHOWS STUDENT HOW TO DRINK FROM WATER VINE. THE JUNGLE IS FULL OF PLANTS CONTAINING LIFE-SAVING LIQUIDS.

THESE JUNGLE PRODUCTS ARE ALL EDIBLE. TRAINEES ARE TAUGHT TO LIVE OFF THE LAND EVEN IF STRANDED WITHOUT EQUIPMENT.

■ New students at the Air Force Tropic Survival School get the heartening word right away that "the jungle is not to be feared; thousands of men live there and you can, too." Furthermore, it says in the manual, most stories about the nameless terrors of the jungle are pure bunk.

Thus reassured, thousands of U.S. airmen, Latin American military personnel and a number of astronauts have learned how to crash land or bail out over jungle territory and survive until they're rescued or they walk out.

The Tropic Survival School was organized and is headed by a civilian anthropologist, H. Morgan Smith. Basic to Smith's survival teaching is the belief that modern man can survive in an alien environment—primitive men adapt and so can we. Trainees learn that man plus his equipment mean survival, but man is most important. Electronic gear, firearms, even food are considered expendable luxuries.

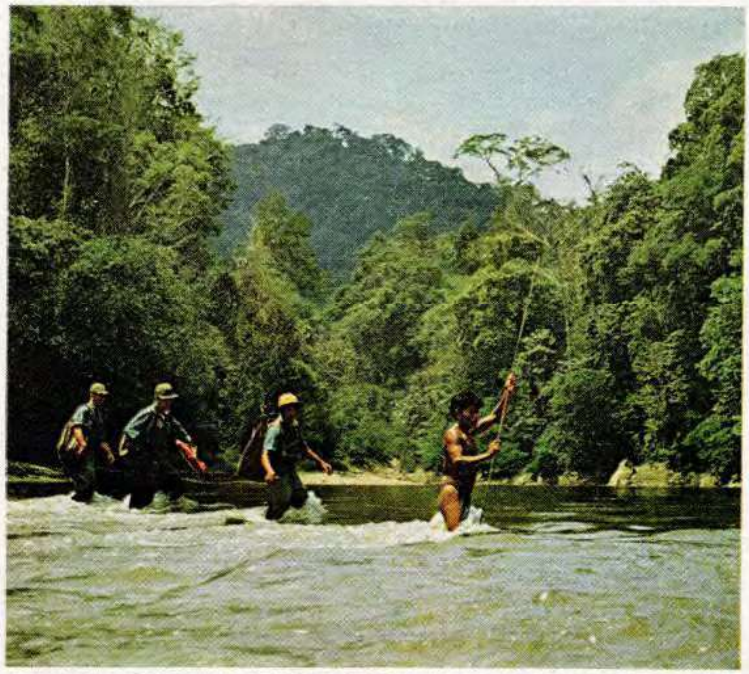
Good shoes, the soldier's friend; a hammock, you can make one from your parachute; first-aid kit, to prevent infection; compass, take it out of the plane if you can; and the invaluable machete are the most useful aids to travel in the tropics. Students are taught how and where to rig

ANIMAL COMING ALONG TRAIL WILL TRIP THE PRE-SET BOW, RELEASING SHARP BAMBOO ARROW.

THEY LEARN TO SUCCEED IN THE JUNGLE

PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES
TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SID LATHAM

WATER TRAVEL IS OFTEN FASTER THAN HACKING A PATH THROUGH JUNGLE. HERE, TRAINEE LEARNS TO LASH RAFT WITH VINE THONGS.



INDIAN GUIDE PROBES FOR SAFE FOOTING TO CROSS RIVER. TRAINEES MUST LEARN TO DEAL WITH INDIGENOUS PEOPLE FOR HELP.

signals for rescuers. In dense jungle you may not be found—it is advisable to start moving. Whether you wait for rescue or walk out, you need shelter and food. Trainees learn to use leaves, bark, grass for shelters. They learn to build fires fast as a boy scout and to set snares and traps. They are taught which plants contain water, which plants and animals are poisonous.

Dealing with natives is an important part of survival and travel. Trainees are expected to know how to find and get help from people in the jungle.

Weeks of book learning are tested when trainees are sent out into the field for four to eight days and are expected to sustain themselves. Not all Indians they meet turn out to be very helpful. The Indians are on the Air Force payroll and their response—good or bad—depends on the students' approach.

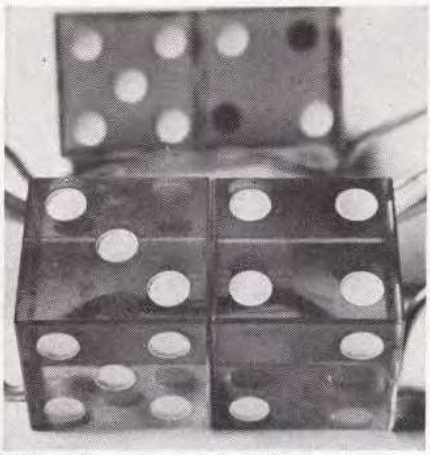
Actual experiences of men who survived ordeals in World War II and recently in Southeast Asia are drawn on to check practicality of the course. Instructors are mostly jungle-wise Panamanians and Indians. Perhaps the biggest learning incentive is the fact that several graduates already have been forced to put their knowledge to use—and they survived in the jungle. ■ ■ ■

NATIVE INSTRUCTOR CLEANS OUT A LENGTH OF BAMBOO FOR TRAINEE TO USE AS WATER CONTAINER.

SO THIS IS HOW YOUR

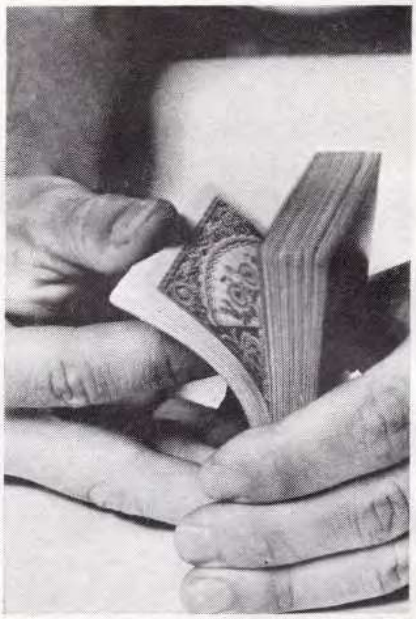
BY CHARLES REMSBERG

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY PETER N. GOLD

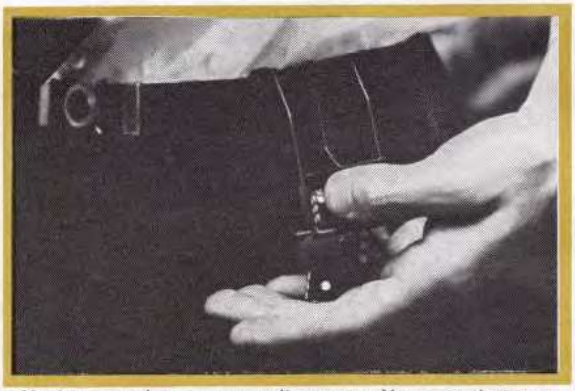


1. Your "friend" suggests a little game. Take a look at dice. Mirror shows double-numbering.

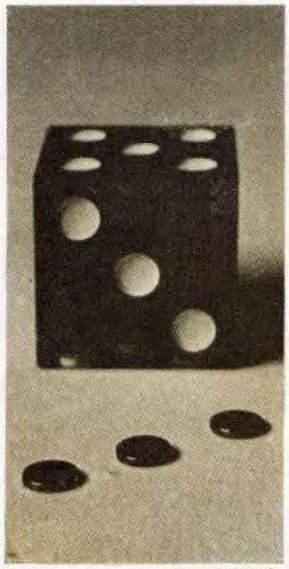
2. Or he takes out a deck. His glasses—or contacts—would show him every marked card.



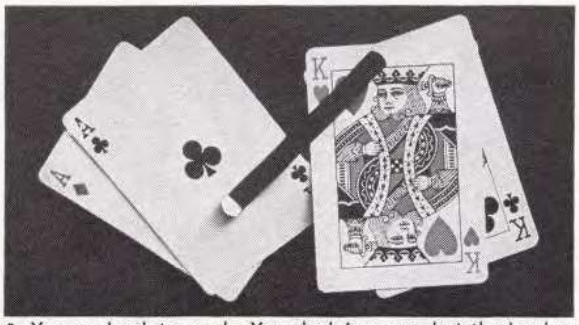
3. If you suspect a design-marked deck, riffle the cards. The back pattern ought to hold steady. Any jump means one thing: go home.



6. You've moved on to a new dice game. You note that every time your neighbor gets the cubes he wins. This little device, by which he switches loads for honest dice, could be the answer.



7. How were dice fixed? With these weights put in matching holes. There are other ways.

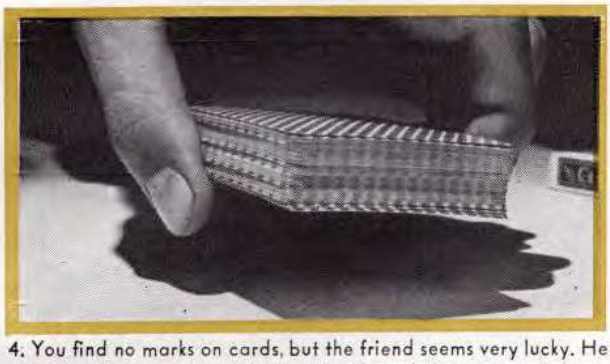


8. You go back to cards. Your luck is worse, but the banker does okay. You drop a chip, and when you pick it up you see why—a spring clip holds fill-in cards for him under the table.

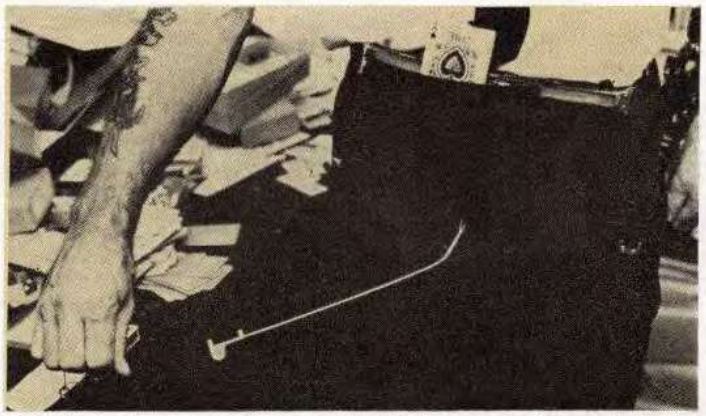
9. Protesting innocence, the banker spreads his hands— a mistake. Pull off a bandage and find a tiny thumbtack for marking cards.

MONEY WENT!

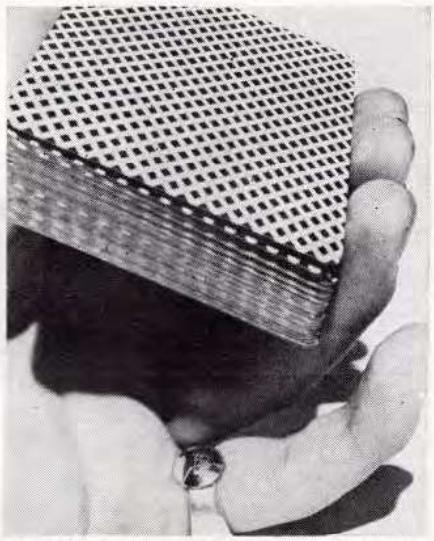
Ever felt you were unlucky at poker? Wondered why the dice tipped the wrong way? Friend, the chances are good you were being suckered by experts using the one-time products of Paul Karnov and his K. C. Card Company



4. You find no marks on cards, but the friend seems very lucky. He may be using a stripper deck, with all cards but aces cut down.



5. You're in the game. Friend scratches his belly—and with a cold-decking machine switches to a prepared stack. The only luck from now on will be his.



10. This guy is loaded with fancy helps. On his little finger he wears a ring shiner, so that as he deals a hand he sees every card.

11. He even has an arm-pressure hold-out up his sleeve to flick the pot-taking cards into his palm. You can't win.

■ As he strode through the jungle of strip-tease dives and tattoo dens near Chicago's Loop one March Monday last year, Bill Witsman dreamed up a sad little story. He rehearsed it while he was riding the elevator to the fifth floor of an old red-brick building on South Wabash Avenue. From that point on there were to be two versions of what the story was, but on certain basic facts both agree.

Witsman stepped off the elevator into the headquarters of the K.C. Card Co., and was greeted by a beefy, moon-faced 50-year-old character named Paul Karnov, identified by Senate investigators some time before as one of the nation's leading peddlers of apparatus used by gamblers. According to Witsman, this is what happened:

He poured out a tale of heartbreak to Karnov. "I have a poker game in Southern Illinois. I've been losing money while running this game, and I'd like to have some cards which I could tell what they were from the back to better the advantage of the poker game."

Karnov said, "We have many types." He suggested a kind which required the use of special contact lenses or glasses. But these were too expensive for Witsman, who wanted something simpler. Karnov went to a shelf and brought down two sealed decks and an open one. With the open deck he showed Witsman how K.C.'s skilled artists had added pinpoints of paint to certain parts of the complex diamond design on the cards' backs. With a little practice, Witsman could learn the secret code and would be able to read the face value of every card by a glance at its back.

Witsman paid $8.50 for two [Continued on page 96]

A THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO

THE TIMES OF YOUR LIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MC INTYRE

BY MAXWELL C. ROSS

at **20** *a man believes*

That work is a lot of fun.

That a man is as young as he looks.

Marital relations are wonderful.

That a financial genius is a man who can make money.

That we are only young once.

That he'll never make both ends meet.

If at first you don't succeed try again.

That life begins at 30.

That he who laughs last, laughs best.

Boys will be boys.

That some day he will retire a millionaire.

That the best things in life are few.

That he would like to learn how to take care of his health.

THE THINKING MAN'S FUTURE

at **30** *a man believes*	*at* **40** *a man believes*
That fun is a lot of fun.	That fun is a lot of work.
That a man is as young as he feels.	That a man is as young as he feels, but seldom as important.
Marital relations are all right.	Marital relations are okay—until they come to live with you.
That a financial genius is a man who can make money fast.	That a financial genius is a man who can make money faster than his family can spend it.
That we are only young once—but once is enough if you work it right.	That we are only young once. After that it becomes necessary to think up an entirely new set of excuses.
That some day soon he can make both ends meet.	That just as he finally could make both ends meet, somebody moved the ends.
If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.	If at first you don't succeed, quit—there's no sense making a damned fool of yourself.
That life begins at 40.	That life begins at 40 . . . to be increasingly difficult.
That he who laughs last, laughs loudest.	That he who laughs, lasts.
Boys will be boys.	Boys will be boys, but these days girls are running them a close second.
That some day he will retire a rich man.	That some day he will retire.
That the best things in life are free.	That the best things in life are free, and the next best things are expensive.
That he knows how to take care of his health.	That he knows how to take care of his health—and intends to, one of these days.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JULIAN WASSER

John Hearst

THE V-8 SNAKE THAT EATS FERRARIS

BY DON ROSENDALE

Carroll Shelby was a broken-down racing driver with a bad heart. Then he put some dreams together. Today, the drawling Texan is coining fame and money. His revolutionary Cobra proves that an American-built sports car can win in international competition

VENICE, CALIF.

■ The orange trees quivered as the boom of the big V-8 engine thundered out over the old, darkened runways and through the groves. The exhaust note drowned out the occasional rasp of a Florida bug and even the swelling applause as the pale blue coupe was herded around for the 209th lap, its brakes glowing crimson in the darkness as it slowed for a corner, the headlights flooding the straightaways.

They were rewriting the book that Saturday night last March. According to the script, the skies should be sunny, the women beautiful, and the Ferraris winning. Ferraris are the New York Yankees of road racing. It's a rare day when anything but a blood-scarlet bundle of steel and rubber and aluminum with the prancing stallion of Sefac-Ferrari on its flanks is rolled into the winner's circle of an international road race.

It was a rare day, indeed, that Saturday last March at Sebring, Florida. The blue coupe—a Ford Cobra, it said in the program, for those who might not recognize a strange new car—came around lazily that last lap. A cigar-smoking auto dealer from Pennsylvania, Bob Holbert, was at the wheel. His codriver, California's Dave MacDonald, later to die a flaming death at Indianapolis, was back in the pits nursing legs seared by the heat inside the Cobra coupe.

Holbert hurried the Cobra through the last corner, and it leapt forward toward the finish line like nothing else on four wheels. He slammed the gearshift into second, then third, then top gear, until the car was little more than a blue flash as it passed the waving checkered flag.

In the Cobra pits there was the weariness that comes after 12 hours of sun and work, the quiet grogginess of a fighter who is too stunned to realize that, at long last, he's the champion. And then all hell broke loose.

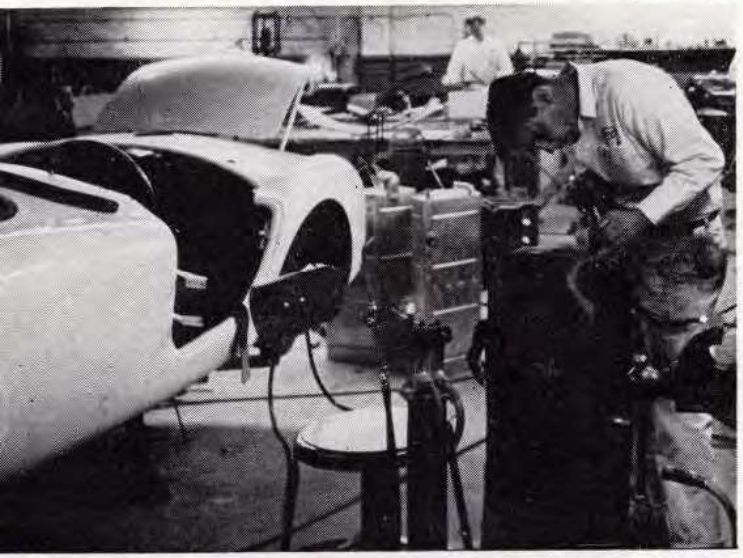
For the Cobra coupe had just won the Grand Touring category—the international designation for what most Americans know as sports cars—at Sebring, the biggest American sports car race of them all. And other Cobras were second, third, fifth and seventh in the GT standings, with five Cobras in the top 10 overall.

The man who made it all possible was sitting in the pits in a wheel chair. He has a bad knee, one that's been operated on a half-dozen times, but he wouldn't stay off his feet and the doctors had given him crutches and a wheelchair. He wore his "lucky" hat, a droopy black sombrero that looks as if it were stolen from a Navajo in a third-rate cowboy and Indian picture.

The man is Carroll Shelby, a cornball Texan who had just succeeded where millionaires and large corporations had failed. He built an American sports car—"Amuhrican," Shelby would say—that whipped the best Europe has to offer. The losers had no excuses.

Shelby proved his luck at Sebring was no fluke. Two months later, a Cobra

Jesse Alexander



At Shelby's plant in California, Cobra production is now three a day. The car is largely hand-built.

Norman Thomas

During a quick pit stop at Sebring this year, driver Phil Hill fires instructions to the Cobra mechanics.

won the Grand Touring class in the 24-hour contest at LeMans, France, the longest, most grueling automobile race yet devised, and finished fourth overall.

If his little plant in Venice, California, turned out can openers or electric toasters instead of sports cars, Shelby might have been on the pages of *Fortune* by now. Three years ago, he admits quite candidly, Shelby American Inc., consisted of "me and an answering service," and couldn't afford a $90 magazine ad.

Today it has sales over $5 million a year, assets of several hundred thousand dollars. Shelby has a new home, near his plant and overlooking the Pacific. He drives to and from work in a new Thunderbird, equipped with everything including a stereophonic tape player. Not that he's often found at home or in his T-Bird. "All Shel needs in California is a bathroom," says a friend. Shelby is usually on a jet, enroute to New York or London, LeMans or the Targa in Sicily, perhaps the Bahamas or Sebring.

Everywhere he goes, the sight of Shelby or a Cobra will swivel a teen-ager's head like the sight of Ringo Starr's unbarbered mop. In pre-Beatle days, the kids pushed a record titled *Hey Little Cobra* to the top of the best-seller lists. Written by a Cobra owner, the song's lyrics tell of victories over Ferraris, Corvettes and Jaguars. The lyrics may not be polished, but the story is true.

The climb, in three years, from a nearly-broke racing driver—forced from behind the wheel by a bad heart—to an automobile tycoon may have been a dizzying one. But Shelby still has the same droll wit, the same cornbread-thick Texas drawl and the same driving energy he had when he was just another driver.

The Cobra is a little like Shelby. It's not very fancy and it doesn't have a lot of airs. The car is as ugly as a groundhog and as mean as a snapping turtle. It is more of a hodgepodge than an integral design. Shelby himself has only a high school education and what engineering he knows he learned at the wheel of a racing car. He has really designed nothing that goes into his car. He merely took an engine from a Ford sedan, a chassis from an English firm that faced extinction, body lines from a Ferrari, and the name from a dream.

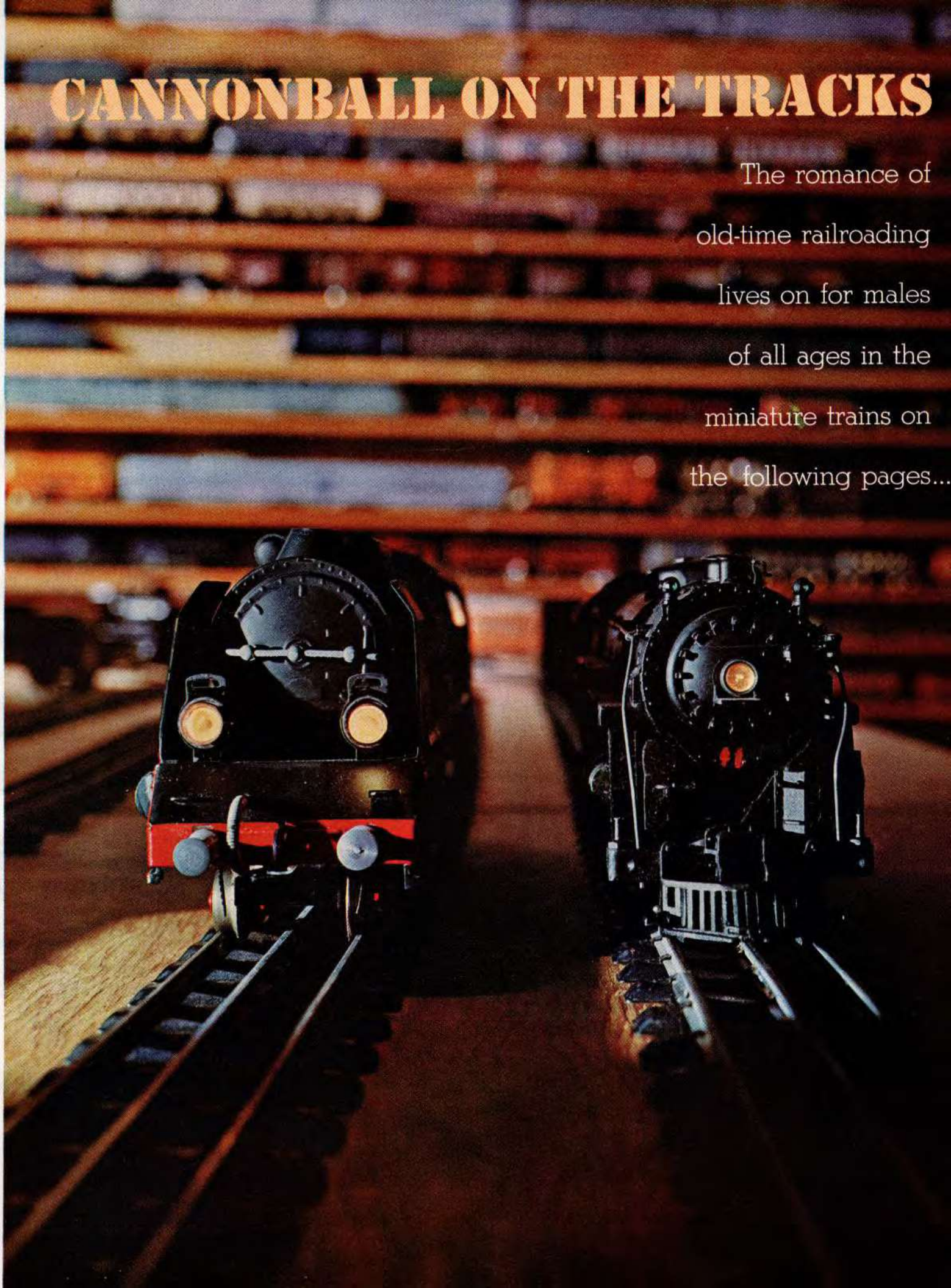
There are sports car snobs who wear ascots, drive Aston-Martins, and talk about handling. "Handling's the thing, old boy," they'll tell you over a Scotch. "Make a car go well in the corners. Anybody can make a car go quickly on the straights." The theory doesn't work on a Cobra. There are any number of good sports car that will corner faster than Shelby's Cobras. But the Cobra wins races because it thunders down the straightaways faster than sometimes appears possible.

For years, a handful of Americans had stubbornly insisted that all it took to beat a Ferrari or a Maserati or a Jaguar was a big American V-8 and some good old American know-how. So Briggs Cunningham and Lance Reventlow and even General Motors tried. And Enzo Ferrari just laughed, built faster Ferraris and kept on winning.

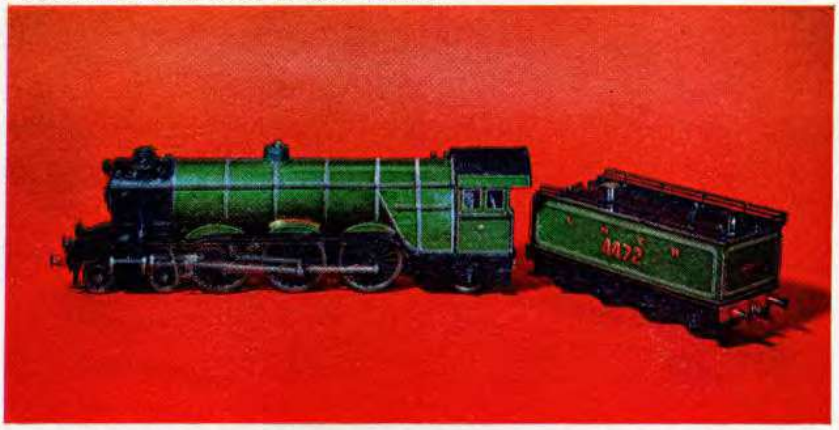
It took Carroll Shelby and his unlovely American hot rod to prove Ferrari could be beaten. Shelby had proved it first in the summer of 1963 when under skies the color of an old gray blanket at Bridgehampton, New York, a Cobra became the [*Continued on page* 108]

CANNONBALL ON THE TRACKS

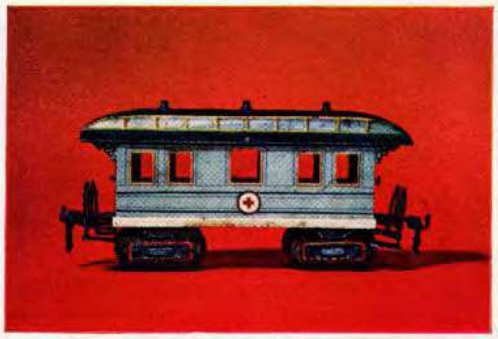
The romance of old-time railroading lives on for males of all ages in the miniature trains on the following pages...



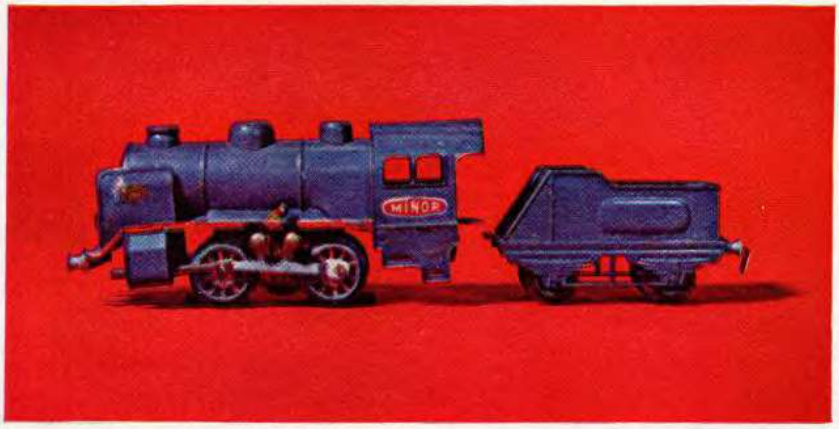
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DON W. JONES



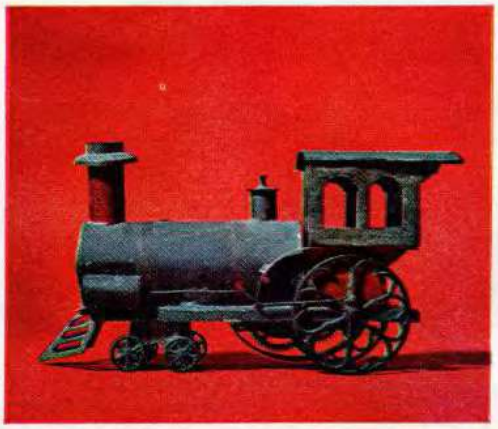
ENGLISH PRE-1920 #1 GAUGE STEAM-DRIVEN "FLYING SCOTSMAN" MODEL.



GERMAN #1 GAUGE RED CROSS CAR OF ABOUT 1900.



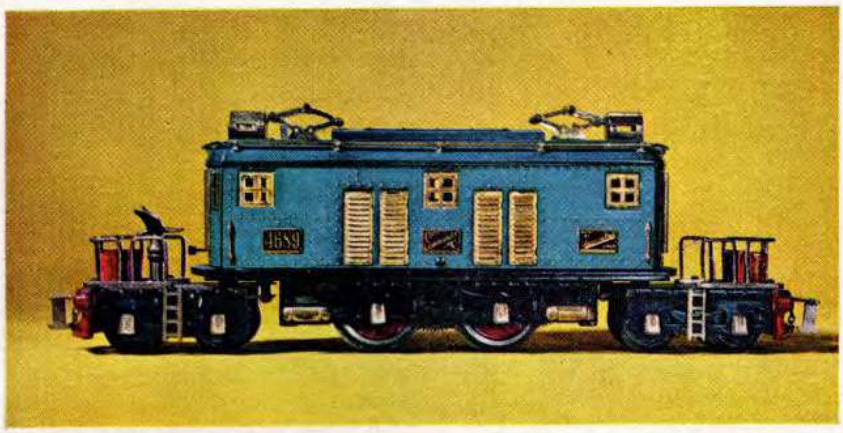
CZECH-MADE #0 GAUGE ELECTRIC "MINOR" ENGINE OF UNKNOWN DATE.



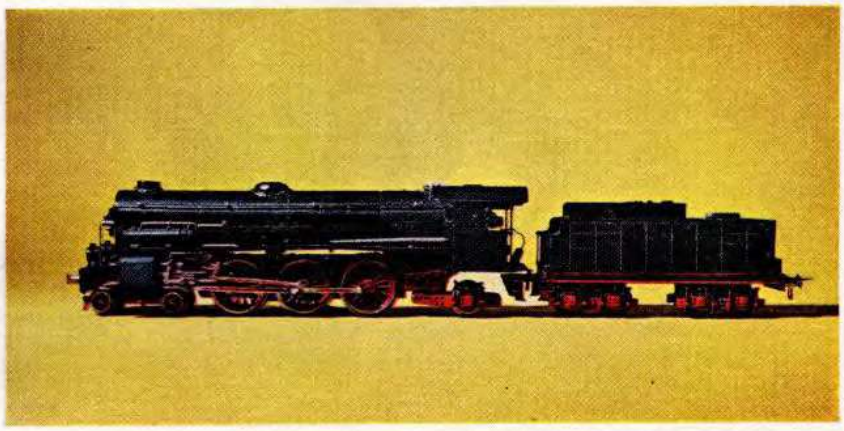
VERY RARE CLOCKWORK TRACKLESS ENGINE, 1870.

TWIN-MOTOR SWISS ELECTRIC "CROCODILE" #0 GAUGE 3-RAIL ENGINE.

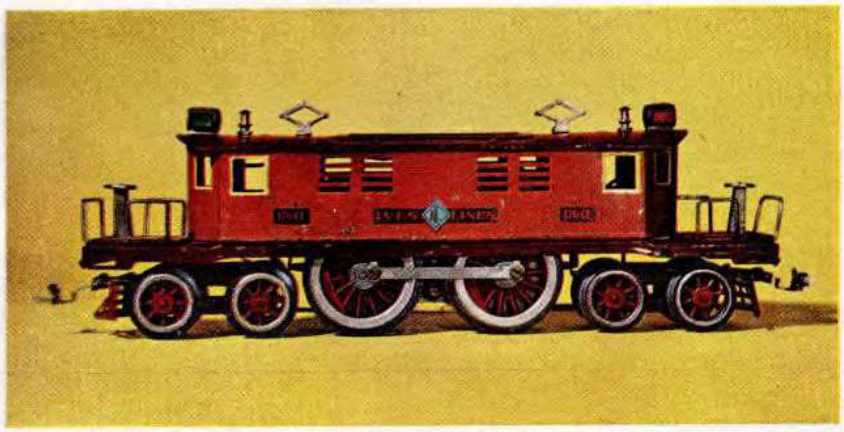
As Cmdr. William R. Lowndes picked up his son's Lionel train at a repair counter, he noticed several 1918 toy trains in the shop. He was hooked. Five years later he owned 200 little trains and was a member of the National Train Collectors Association. Lowndes finds his rare trains in junk shops, city dumps and likely looking attics.



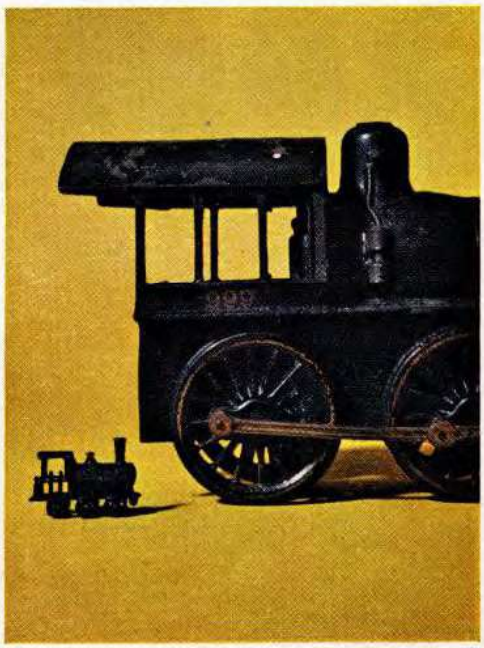
STANDARD GAUGE 1929 AMERICAN FLYER "PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL" LOCOMOTIVE.



MODERN ITALIAN LIMITED PRODUCTION ELECTRIC, BUILT TO DETAILED SCALE.



HIGHLY PRIZED 1932 STANDARD GAUGE LOCOMOTIVE, LAST IVES TRAIN.

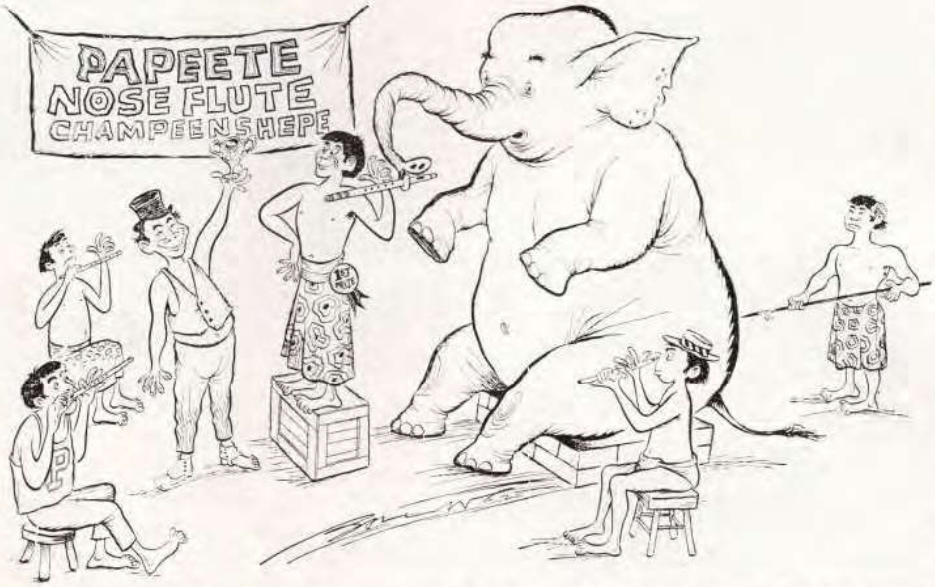


TINY FRENCH, LARGEST U.S. TRACKLESS ENGINES.

Old Red Cross car (opposite page) is a favorite item. It is completely fitted down to wounded soldiers on stretchers. Lowndes thinks his best train is his internally fired "Flying Scotsman" that can get up 155 pounds of pressure. Trains on the opening page are prewar steam type (left) and a scarce semi-scale Lionel that was made only in 1950.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



The nose flute is a musical instrument to which man has been pressing his nose since the late stone age, practically all over the world. The nose flute, still heard in a few undeveloped regions—and until recently in German Bavaria—usually was a man's instrument, forbidden to women. A tube of reed, wood or bone like the mouth flute, it was played by blowing nostril breath across an end or side hole. Natives of Tahiti provided an odd sight by closing one nostril with the thumb while waggling the other fingers sidewise on note holes along the tube. Some island clans chose the left nostril, others the right. Nose music, anthropologists have concluded, probably arose from primitive mankind's belief that the soul entered and left the body through the nose—a belief that has an echo today in the exclamation "God bless you" when someone sneezes—and that nostril breath therefore possessed magic power. *By Ludwig Roth, Ypsilanti, Mich.*

The buggy-whip business has no future —as market tipsters touting stock issues in new "growth" industries like to point out humorously, for comparison—but it had a distinguished past that goes unappreciated. The manufacture of horsewhips was a triumph of American enterprise. It began early in the 1800's and soon centered in Westfield, Massachusetts, which became the "Whip City." From Westfield flowed 90 percent of the world's supply of horsewhips. By 1835, their value reached $400,000 annually; by 1860 it was nearly $900,000; and by 1900, several million dollars. In that year, 40 firms using 7,500 workers turned out 20 million whips in 150 styles and sizes. Best seller was the carriage or buggy whip. On a quarter-inch-thick core of imported water-buffalo rawhide were glued 8 rattan strips; a machine rounded them to a taper. An expert whipmaker next tested the whip for an even bend, corrected faults with a hand plane, and weighted the handle with iron for balance. It was then rubber-coated, braid-wrapped by a plaiting machine, varnished and ferruled. This work of art sold for 50¢—though you could pay up to $25 for a silver-mounted beauty of whalebone with silk snapper. The horsewhip was an essential part of American life until the motor car took over. Today, for people who have need to whip a horse—mostly jockeys and trotting drivers —one Westfield firm still does business at the old stand.

Franked mail from a U.S. congressman legally bears his signature in place of a postage stamp. It is a free-mailing privilege that few private individuals would bother to counterfeit—and if so, it would be a minor crime. England, however, once took a very dim view of false franking. A notorious con man, one John Hatfield, in 1802 had climaxed a long career of money swindles and wife desertions by a bold hoax. Assuming the identity of a real Member of Parliament, the Hon. Alexander Hope, he lodged luxuriously in rural England as if on vacation and promptly married a local beauty. Genially Hatfield played the role of an M.P. by franking letters for friends, signing Hope's name. Exposed at last, he could have been jailed indefinitely for debt or bigamy. Instead he was tried for the mail dodge. On three counts of forging Hope's signature on envelopes and thereby doing the government out of some 75 cents' postage, Hatfield was condemned . . . and hanged. England went on to end Parliamentary franking in 1840. Unlike U.S. congressmen who send their official mail free, all British M.P.'s today pay their own postage.

The imitation naval battle that the emperor Claudius staged for a Roman celebration in the year 53 was the biggest show that had ever been put on, but it came curiously close to being a flop. Its setting was Lake Fucinus in central Italy. To honor himself for completing a public-works program, Claudius decided to produce a really gala spectacle. Fifty warships — many-oared *triremes* and *quadriremes*—were built and launched on the lake. For crews, the prisons of Italy were emptied of 19,000 convicts; the ships were divided into two fleets, the "Sicilians" and the "Rhodians," to fight with weapons until one side won. On the appointed day, half a million spectators thronged the hillsides; armed soldiers on rafts ringed the shore to prevent escapes. Claudius, in golden armor, sat his throne on a point of land, before which the rival fleets lined up. Their leaders shouted the customary greeting, "Hail, Caesar! We salute you who are about to die." Claudius answered jovially, "Or not, as the case may be"; he liked to joke. Thereupon, amid spreading cheers, they refused to fight. They claimed that by his remark he had pardoned them. The emperor got hopping mad. He jumped from his seat, ran to the water's edge with shaking fist and raved that he'd burn them all unless they fought. Under threat of massacre, they finally began. What with rammings, sinkings and boardings that left decks dripping blood, thousands drowned or butchered each other. It was the greatest Roman holiday ever—though it had almost been spoiled by a wisecrack.

In New Year observances, the Old Year—now usually cartooned as an old man—was sometimes regarded instead as an old woman. Her sex didn't save her from being ritually murdered. A folk tradition widespread in Europe held that the old year had to be forcibly disposed of before the new could start, and a crude human effigy was ceremoniously killed. Spain and Italy considered the dying year female. Until recent times, New Year revelers paraded through streets in these countries with a wooden puppet dressed to represent the oldest woman in town, and then gleefully sawed her in half. In Scotland, Highlanders called a skirted straw dummy "the old wife" and threw her into a fire.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86
(except the people who give it)

They're modern people. But they go for an old-fashioned Christmas—and give the old-fashioned bourbon. It even comes in an old-fashioned decanter (not that we won't sell you the regular bottle). Gift wrapping for both? Of course! Extra charge? Of course not! Give bottles of Old Taylor 86 this Christmas. Who knows? If you've been good all year, maybe somebody will give you one.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

DANIEL BOONE HAD SPORTY SHOOTING BUT—

[*Continued from page* 45]

was my chance to find out whether rifles made in backwoods shops with the simplest of tools would actually drive a tack at 100 paces, as the romanticists claimed, or whether they were hopelessly inaccurate by modern standards. I examined the old gun carefully.

It was, as I have mentioned, percussion. A brass or copper cap containing an explosive charge—it corresponds to the primer in a modern cartridge—is fitted on a nipple near the breech for each shot. When the hammer falls on the cap, a jet of flame shoots through a narrow orifice to ignite the powder charge inside the barrel.

This system was an improvement on the flintlock, which Boone used. Powder and ball were loaded from the muzzle in both, but the flintlock had a little pan near the breech in which a separate priming charge of fine powder was placed. When the hammer, which held a flint in its viselike jaws, fell and struck the frizzen above the pan, sparks showered into the priming powder. If the flame burned through the hole into the breech and ignited the main powder charge, the gun went off. If not, the result was just a flash in the pan.

My rifle had a 43½-inch octagonal barrel, weighed 10¼ pounds, and appeared to be about .38 caliber. The full-length stock was maple. Butt plate, trigger guard, patch box, thimbles to hold the ramrod, and nose cap at the muzzle were brass, with a little brass rabbit inlaid in the stock opposite the patch box and a brass nameplate on the bottom.

The double set triggers worked perfectly, but the lock plate, hammer and barrel were rusty. I put a patch on the ramrod and pushed it through the bore, however, and it felt good. The rifling took it well and I could feel no roughness. A miracle! The rifle must have been rebored sometime, greased heavily, set away and forgotten. It would be accurate—at least as accurate as it ever was.

I had the bug, but bad. I joined the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association and a local muzzleloading club. Then I bought a muzzleloading shotgun!

This was a double-barreled 11 gauge, made in England by John Probin more than 100 years ago—and a case of love at first sight. The stock was beautifully grained dark walnut with the clean lines characteristic of English guns. The locks, hammers, trigger guard and other metal parts were nicely engraved. The barrels were 28½ inches long and the gun weighed—believe it or not—two ounces under seven pounds! This was a shock. I'd always thought short barrels and light weight were modern inovations.

So . . . I had two guns and knew nothing whatever about their use. I bought a couple of books, *The Muzzle-Loading Cap Lock Rifle* by Ned H. Roberts (Stackpole), and *The Muzzle Loading Shotgun, Its Care and Use,* written and sold by V. M. Starr, of Eden, South Dakota.

The shotgun presented no problem since the friend from whom I bought it had been shooting it right along. I had no bullet mold for the rifle, however, and while I knew it was made to fire a round ball, I didn't know what size.

The first step was to take the rifle apart, screw out the breech plug, and drive a soft lead slug through the barrel. Miking the slug gave me a bore diameter of .386 inch and, according to Roberts' book, the ball should be bore diameter less one thickness of patch material.

Virtually all American flintlock and percussion rifles shot patched balls. The patch cleaned the bore during reloading, prevented leading, engaged the rifling and, perhaps most important, made it possible to push the ball home without being deformed. But how thick a patch should I use?

This stumped me. I mailed the slug and a check to the Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee (they specialize in muzzleloaders) and asked Turner Kirkland to give me a mold of the proper size. He sent one that cast a .380 ball.

While I had the rifle apart, I discovered that the barrel was, indeed, perfect. It was rifled with seven lands and grooves of equal width, with one turn in 48 inches. This extremely slow pitch was virtually standard in Kentucky rifles. It spun the ball fast enough, yet permitted a heavy powder charge behind the soft, patched projectile. Modern rifles require a much faster twist to stabilize their long bullets—one turn in 10 inches in the Springfield, for example—and bullets with tough jackets to engage the rifling without stripping at high velocity.

After making minor repairs, reassembling the rifle, and casting a supply of balls, I still had a long way to go. It would take a lot of experimenting to find the proper powder charge, patch, cap, ball hardness, and the best loading technique. This was slow, but fascinating. I don't know when I've enjoyed any other shooting so much. The report was sharp, but different from a modern gun. The recoil was mild. I liked the odor of the white smoke. And the results, almost from the start, were better than I'd hoped for.

After hundreds of shots at 50 and 100 yards, changing one thing at a time and keeping a careful record, I finally settled on 32 grains of FFFg black powder, a soft, pure-lead ball, and a linen patch .008-inch thick. Whether it was wet with saliva or oiled seemed to make no difference, though powder fouling built up more quickly with oiled patches.

This gradual relearning of things well known during muzzleloader days required several months. Meanwhile, I concluded that my eyes weren't good enough to realize the accuracy potential of the rifle's original open sights so I installed a flat-top, Patridge-type front and substituted a peep sight for the open rear.

Following this improvement, I found that I could keep 10 shots at 50 feet in one ragged hole. My best 10-shot group at 50 yards measured 2¼ inches from center to center of the widest shots, while the best for 10 shots at 100 yards was four inches, center to center. This wasn't exactly driving the fabled tack, but it was surprisingly good, just the same. As a matter of fact, few 1964 deer hunters can shoot a four-inch, 10-shot group at 100 yards with iron-sighted modern rifles.

Despite this gratifying accuracy, I really didn't have much of a rifle by current standards. The .380 ball weighed 84 grains—about the same as the old .32-20 bullet—and shed velocity rapidly because of its great air resistance in relation to weight. I discovered that it would shoot through seven copies of *The Ladies Home Journal* at 25 feet, but only three at 100 yards. A sphere is a poor projectile. Midrange trajectory was about 2½ inches when sighted for 100 yards, but beyond that distance the ball dropped rapidly. And if I increased the powder charge, I lost accuracy.

Nevertheless, as soon as I knew what the old gun would do I was eager to start hunting with it. I should have hunted squirrels, of course. Daniel Boone hunted squirrels with a rifle similar to mine. Unfortunately, there aren't any where I live, but there are plenty of cottontails. They'd do.

I eased quietly along a brush row. If I didn't spot a bunny before he took to his heels, I'd never get a shot in this dense cover. Suddenly I saw one crouched low, ears over its back, 50 feet away.

Slowly I raised the old rifle, setting the trigger and cocking the hammer as I brought it up. I put the flat-top sight at the bottom of its eye and touched the hair trigger. At the crack of the old gun the rabbit leapt into the air and flopped over on its back.

To my amazement, the animal was literally beheaded! The soft, lead ball was devastating at this range. Later, when I hunted jackrabbits in the desert where shots were longer, the rapid fall-off of velocity was apparent. At 75 yards, the ball merely punched a neat hole through a jack. I decided to shoot a deer, but resolved not to risk a running shot nor one longer than 100 yards.

Deer hunting soon taught me what the rifleman of 150 years ago was up against. During the first four-day hunt I saw 12 deer. I got close enough to six to have killed them with a modern rifle, and my companion did kill one at about 200 yards with a .270, but I failed to get within my self-prescribed 100-yard limit.

On a two-day hunt a week later, I did my best until late in the afternoon of the second day and finally got a standing shot at a doe at 80 yards. She was up a steep slope and I had to shoot offhand—and I got a hangfire! The cap fired, then possibly half a second later the powder charge

[*Continued on page* 70]

COMING . . .

A startling report on
Air Force censorship of

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

New evidence in the
flying saucer mystery.

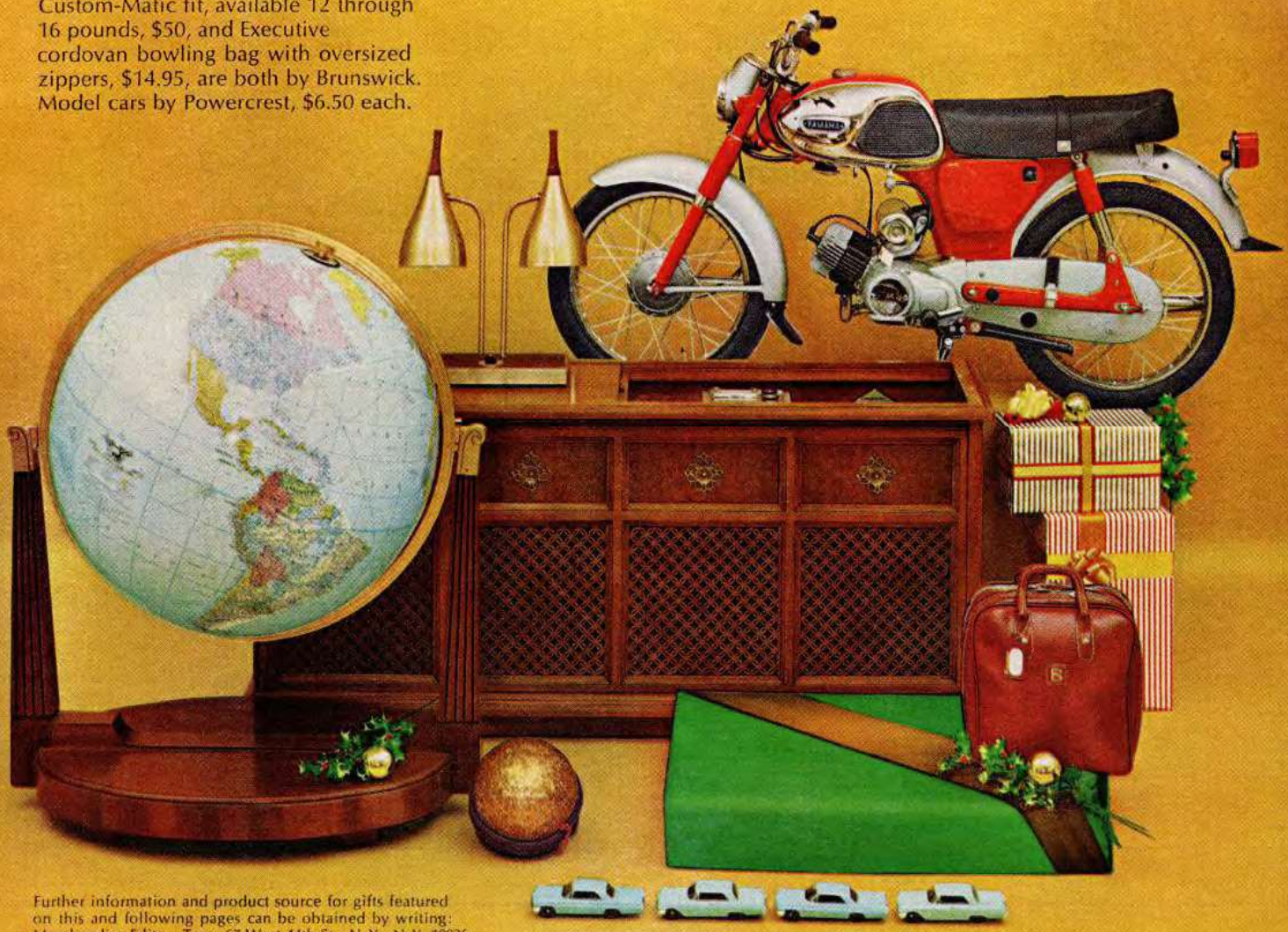
NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A WIDE WORLD OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR A WORLD OF MEN

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

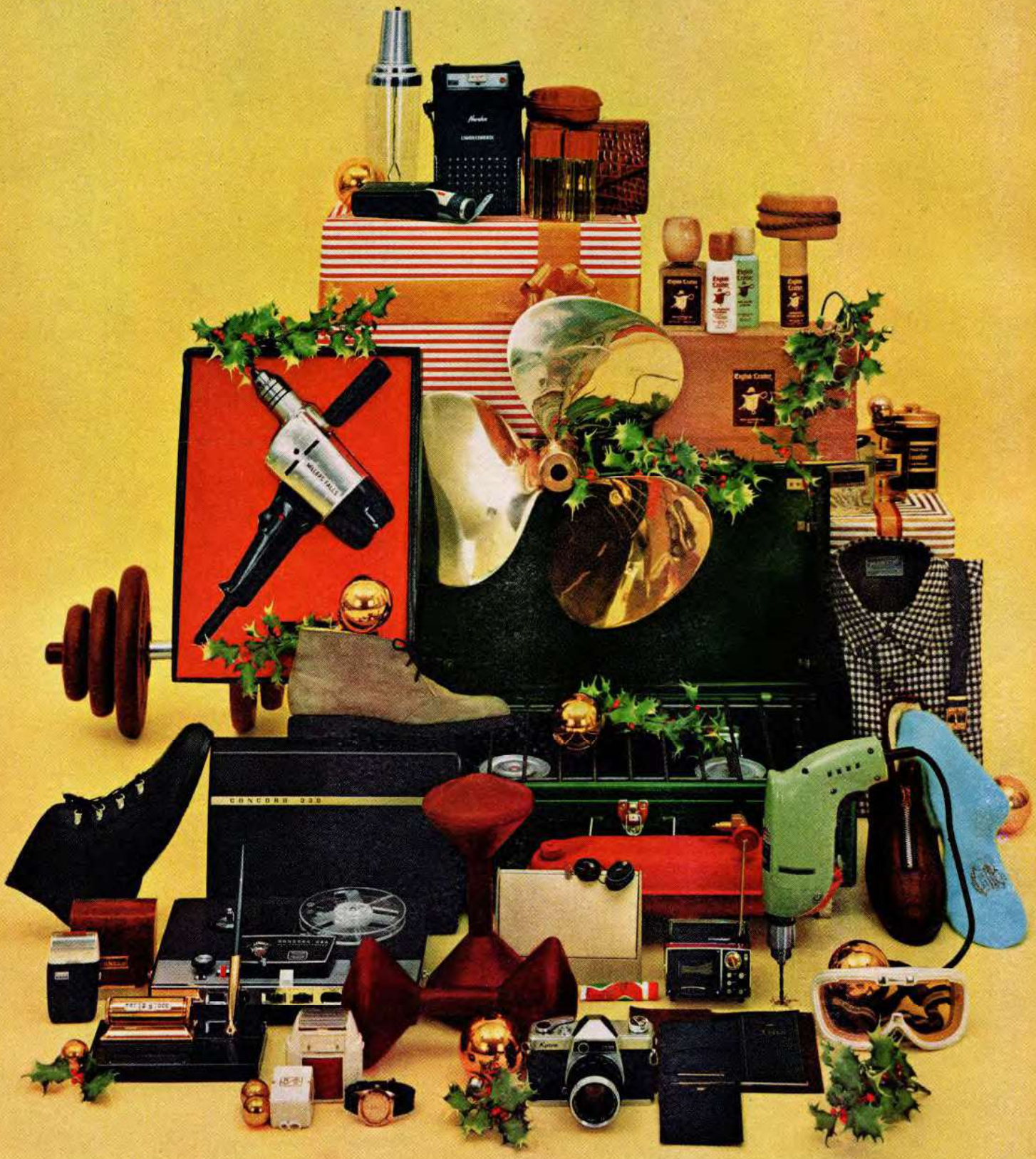
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

True's selection of special Christmas gifts designed for men of the world, and a world of men, begins appropriately with a Diplomat Classic globe. It has a solid brass meridian and walnut finished base, contains over 20,000 place names and it lights from within, by Hammacher Schlemmer, N. Y., $1,000. Executive sun and desk lamp is by Sea and Ski, $50. Astro-Sonic completely transistorized stereo high fidelity radio-phonograph combination with FM stereo, comes in Mediterranean-styled pecan cabinet, by Magnavox, $695. Motor bike is a lightweight Rotary Jet 80, with four-speed gear box, by Yamaha, $350, POE. Gold Crown bowling ball with Custom-Matic fit, available 12 through 16 pounds, $50, and Executive cordovan bowling bag with oversized zippers, $14.95, are both by Brunswick. Model cars by Powercrest, $6.50 each.



Further information and product source for gifts featured on this and following pages can be obtained by writing: Merchandise Editor, True, 67 West 44th St., N. Y., N. Y. 10036.

World of Christmas gifts continues, left to right, from top, with battery-operated blender by Shields, $5.95. Tape recorder is cartridge Carry-Corder 150, by Norelco, with case, about $125. Monsieur Lanvin gift set with cologne, after shave and soap, in case, $8.75. English Leather toiletries, by MEM, $10. Power tool kit with 3/8 inch drill, attachments, by Millers Falls, $119.55. Mako propeller for inboard pleasure craft, by Columbian Bronze, $70. Two-burner camp stove by Coleman, less than $24. Max Factor Signature set, $5.50. Health-Disc barbell set, 110 pounds, $24.95 and Olympic dumbbells, shown center foreground, $7, by Diversified Prods. Wool shirt by Pendleton, $14.95. Belt, with initial buckle, by Paris, $5. Yukon fleece lined boots, speed lace closure at left and zipper closure at far right, both by Red Ball, about $15. Pigskin Hush Puppies, center, by Wolverine, about $11. Concord 330 portable battery-operated self-threading tape recorder, $199.95. Portable sun lamp, shown boxed, with lotion and glasses, by Sea and Ski, $42.50. TV cigarette lighter, also lights for color slide viewing, by Swank, $9.95. Green Line 1/4 inch power drill, by Rockwell, $14.88. Cashmerloft stretch socks, Jerks, $1. Ronson's 200 electric shaver, at left, $19.95. Sheaffer desk set, $35. Remington Lektronic II rechargeable shaver, $37.95. Vantage skin diver's watch, $29.95. Kowa SE Camera, F 1.9 lens, automatic setting, built-in meter, with case, $129.95. Wallet, $6.50, notebook case, $5.50, by Rolfs. Ski Goggles by Sea and Ski, $7.50.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Pipe rack, with brass name plate, is by Wally Frank Ltd., $4.95. Pipes in rack are (l. to r.): Dr. Grabow pre-smoked Viscount, $5.95; Crest Filigree by Medico, $15; Weber charcoal filter pipe, $5. Corday Jet Traveler cologne and after shave, with case, $5. Sun Up cologne and after shave, gift packed, $1.95. Commuter 3" attache case, shown upright, and Statesman 2" case, lying flat, by Samsonite, $24.95 each. Gold brocade necktie by Countess Mara, $25. Wemlon necktie by Sir Wembley, $3.50. Classic 4711 cologne, $5. Butane pipe lighter by Kaywoodie, $9.95. Hobbyist's 15X microscope for three-dimensional viewing, by Bausch & Lomb, $88. Cigars, boxes are $2 and up. Pipes at lower left are by Yello-Bole, gift set of two, with box, $13.95. Cavendish pipe tobacco by Kaywoodie, $1.95. Remington 25 electric shaver, $29.95. Caravelle alarm clock by Bulova, $16.95. Pens in foreground: red with chrome caps, slim, regular and husky grip, are $1.95 each, others are $2.95 each, all by Paper Mate Pen Co.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

More global gifts, left to right, from top: Travel-Master battery-powered portable dictating machine, weighs less than five pounds, by Dictaphone Corp., $340; case is $29.50. Deluxe Scrabble set with revolving board, $10. Motion picture projector, automatic with reel to reel loading, multiscope lens, by Argus, less than $110. Classic VIII Osterizer blender by Oster, less than $63. Sportsman products: after shave, $1.25, cologne, $1.50, pre-electric shave, $1.25, and D-Bar deodorant, at far left, $1, Warner-Lambert. Bowling shoes with full calfskin lining, by Brunswick. $14.95. Rechargeable flashlight, converts from spotlight to floodlight, by Gulton, $12.95. Schick adjustable razor with comfort control dial, all drug counters, $1.50.

Golf clubs are Louisville Slugger Model 125 woods, by Hillerich & Brabsby $26.50 each; full sets available. Golden House reversible ascot is by Wembley, $5. Golden Clasp ties, eliminate need for tie clip, by Mr. Sid, $5 each. Crazy Clock Game by Ideal, $6. V-8 building kit duplicates car's running gear in operating quarter scale model, by Renwal, $19.95. Max Factor gift set, $3.95. Weather station, thermometer, barometer, and humidity meter by Springfield Instruments, $10. Jetpak luggage, designed to fit under seat of any jet plane, by Samsonite, $19.95. Wollensak 1280 tape recorder for four-track stereo and monaural recording and playback, $199. Titleist golf balls, personalized when twelve or more are purchased, by Acushnet, $14.85 dozen. Instamatic 500 Camera, retracting lens, automatic setting, by Kodak, $95. V-RROOM, guide-whip racers, will make racing car sound when wheels turn, by Mattel, $5 each. Custom cue stick, fully interchangeable shafts, choice of initials, $24.95, and deluxe case with full length zipper opening, Orlon pile interior, brown vinyl finish, $12.95, both by Brunswick.

[Continued from page 64]
fired. The sights were way off by the time the ball left the muzzle.

Finally, after seeing many more deer that I could have killed with my .270—some were more than 100 yards away and some were close enough, but moving—I killed the forked-horn buck.

My rifle's best feature was its accuracy, better than I'd expected. Its drawbacks, aside from the slow loading, were its high trajectory—hitting anything beyond 125 yards required expert judgment of distance and holding higher and higher as the range increased—and the lack of shock effect.

Shock results from high velocity, heightened of course by an expanding bullet. Either of my first two shots on the forked-horn would have been fatal with a modern rifle, even a comparatively light one such as the .257 Roberts.

The early Kentucky rifles—incidentally, most of them were made in Pennsylvania—were flintlocks. This method of igniting a powder charge was devised in the early 1600's and was used for 200 years—twice as long as we've been shooting breech loaders. By comparison, the reign of the caplock gun was short. The percussion cap was invented about 1813 by Joshua Shaw, of Lincolnshire, England, later of Philadelphia, and was perfected during the following decade.

It provided quicker and surer ignition, particularly in wet weather, and percussion arms gradually replaced flintlocks, many of which were converted to the new system. The changeover was virtually complete by 1840, though some flintlocks were pressed into service during the Civil War. Meanwhile, various systems of loading from the breech had been tried with limited success for many years. Most American breech loaders of the 1850's used cloth or paper cartridges combining only powder and bullet, with ignition being provided by a percussion cap on an outside nipple, the same as in muzzleloaders.

The first really successful, completely self-contained metallic cartridges—with bullet, powder *and* primer—were rimfire. Then, as now, the amount of powder that could be used in a rimfire case was limited, but Smith and Wesson revolvers were chambered for .22 and .32 rimfire cartridges beginning in 1858, and the rimfire .44 Henry and .56 Spencer repeating rifles were both used during the Civil War.

Not until the most potent center-fire cartridges (first used in single-shot rifles, then in repeaters) were developed, however, did the buffalo hunters and mountain men lay aside their big-bore, muzzleloading plains rifles in favor of the new development. At the same time, eastern sportsmen were debating the virtues of the new breech-loading shotguns, and the transition was well underway by 1870. Five years later, the Winchester Repeating Arms Company carried in stock 25 different rimfire cartridges, 24 center-fire cartridges, eight brass shotshells for reloading, and four paper shotshells.

Thus the era of the muzzleloading, percussion gun lasted only about 40 years from 1830 to 1870. Target shooters, backwoodsmen, and hunters in remote country continued to use them another 20 years or so for varying reasons. But their fate was sealed with the development of the completely self-contained cartridge, which made both breech loading and magazine repeating arms practical for the first time.

Compared to getting started with the rifle, the shotgun was a picnic—all fun and no work. V. M. Starr recommended loading with equal volumes of shot and powder. I first tried 1¼ ounces of 7½ shot and the same volume of Fg black powder, 3 drams. And the first hunt was for mourning doves because the dove season was the first to open.

This load, I soon noticed, was markedly slower than the 3¼-1¼-7½ load I'd been using in my modern 12 gauge. I had trouble finding the right lead. I tallied up when I'd killed five doves and discovered I'd fired 16 shots. But by that time I was beginning to get the hang of it—a fast swing and more space ahead of the target when I pulled the trigger—and I hit the next five straight.

This made my limit: 10 doves in 21 shots. I was flabbergasted. I seldom do as well with a modern gun. And the next shooting, on Hungarian partridge, almost made me sell my breech loaders: I killed six in six shots, although this actually wasn't quite so good as it sounds.

I hit one and missed one on the covey rise. On the second flush, over a solid point, I made a clean double. The third time, I killed one with the right barrel and then accidentally caught two crossing with the left and got them both.

On both these first hunts, the black-powder smoke came as a surprise: I had scarcely noticed it with the rifle which, for one thing, burned only about a third as much powder. For another, there was no chance of a quick second shot anyway . . . if I missed a straight-away bird I couldn't shoot again because of the dense cloud of white smoke the old gun belched out. And sometimes I couldn't tell whether I had hit or missed a low flier. The smoke made no difference on crossing birds or on a spreading covey rise, of course.

I'd done as well on both doves and Huns as I could have hoped to do with a modern gun. Hunting chukars and quail was equally gratifying. But when I had killed a few ruffed grouse in heavy cover, I suddenly realized that I was using the best grouse gun it had ever been my privilege to shoot. It fitted me well, it was light and fast, and the open boring gave big deadly patterns at 15 to 25 yards, where most grouse are killed. All I had to do was to swing in the direction one was going and pull the trigger—and if a thick-leaved alder happened to be in the way, it didn't make much difference.

That fall I killed eight different kinds of upland birds, both in dense cover and in open country. I had some difficulties, of course. Hangfires and sometimes misfires, in which the cap failed to ignite the powder at all, occurred much too often and were unpredictable.

In case of a misfire, I used a short piece of steel wire with a loop on one end to clean out the hole through the nipple. This too is called a nipple pick, and I carried it stuck through the webbing strap of my hunting vest. One day a girl in the party noticed it and said, "What's that?"

"That's my nipple pick," I replied.

She said, "Oh?" and gave me an odd look.

It occurred to me that she didn't know the name of the little gadgets that hold the caps on a percussion gun. I added, "I have a nipple wrench, too."

"My God!" she said.

Eventually I solved this problem with both rifle and shotgun by changing to nipples of a different type. Too bad I didn't try them before I went deer hunting!

Frank Forester, who died in 1858, was America's first popular writer on hunting and fishing. He reported that his 14 gauge percussion gun, loaded with 3½ drams of powder and 1½ ounces of No. 8 shot, would consistently shoot 40-yard patterns in which no woodcock, quail, or single snipe could escape unhit. My patterns are too open at that range to kill quail, but they will do it at 30 yards, and I've killed many crows stone dead that were 40 yards away when I pulled the trigger.

While the best muzzleloading rifles did give fine accuracy—groups fired at 100 and 200 yards during their last days were beaten only comparatively recently by bench-rest shooters using the best modern rifles and cartridges—there is a tremendous difference when it comes to hunting or warfare. Modern rifles give rapidity of fire, better long-range accuracy, and flatter trajectory, which makes it possible to take advantage of that accuracy at uncertain distances. They have greater killing power at long range, too, and smokeless powder ended fouling.

Shotguns have never shown comparable improvement. If you had lived a century and a half ago, you could have bought a double-barreled side-by-side or over-and-under shotgun that drove a charge of shot as far, as fast, and as evenly distributed as any gun can today. The patterns wouldn't have been so tight because choke boring—if it was known at all—certainly wasn't widely used. Most guns were cylinder bored, with barrels the same diameter from breech to muzzle, and they were 40-yard guns.

But before the passing of the muzzleloaders, choke boring *was* known. Fred Kimble, who has been called the greatest waterfowl shot of all time, achieved that reputation, at least partly, by shooting muzzleloading, choke-bored guns during the 1860's and '70's. And he killed ducks as far with them as anybody kills ducks today. **—Ted Trueblood**

COMING . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

the man's mixer

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EXPLORER OF THE UNDERWATER FRONTIER

[*Continued from page* 35]

the *Sea Diver*, a 91-foot trawler designed by Link, who had no previous experience in boat building. It is the only ship in the world specifically built and equipped for undersea investigation. "When Link gets interested in a problem he becomes almost obsessive about it," a friend said.

Link spends eight months a year at sea, losing the 15 pounds he has gained ashore, exploring and deep-dive experimenting in the Caribbean, the Mediterranean or, last summer, at Key West and in the Bahamas. The four winter months are passed at Binghamton, where Link is a $10,000-a-year consultant to the Link Division of General Precision Equipment Corporation, an outfit to which he sold his company, in exchange for stock, as the only way to stop being a businessman, once and for all. His office is utterly unpretentious, the silent testimony, one supposes, of a man who means it when he says he doesn't like business: a small room, an old desk, a couch, a few model planes, an enormous head of a moose on the wall that Link shot in Canada.

Link, in a baggy sports jacket and old trousers, suggested lunch in the company dining room, a cafeteria at which everybody from the executive floor on down eats side by side. His face puckered as he strained to hear over the clatter of cutlery. He has not been to college and his English is not always the king's: "There was a storm that come up at sea." He mispronounces the name of an aquatic colleague, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, who is perhaps a rival: "Crousteau," he says, inserting an "r."

Link's undersea activity has been financed largely out of his own pocket, although he has received substantial support from the National Geographic Society and the co-operation of the Smithsonian Institution. "I know there's gold in the sea because I put it there," he said. Into the sea he puts annually between $30,000 and $40,000 which, he said, was the bulk of his income. For larger expenditures, such as the second *Sea Diver*, which cost $500,000, and the diving capsule, $50,000, Link sells stock. "I've never been much interested in making money, though you have to survive. I fixed my own salary as a consultant purposely low because I didn't want stockholders asking, 'Where's Link?' I've got between three and four million dollars left and I'm spending it as fast as I can. What I can't spend I'm giving away as quickly as taxes let me. I've more than enough to last me. I don't think people should leave substantial sums to their kids, and my two sons agree."

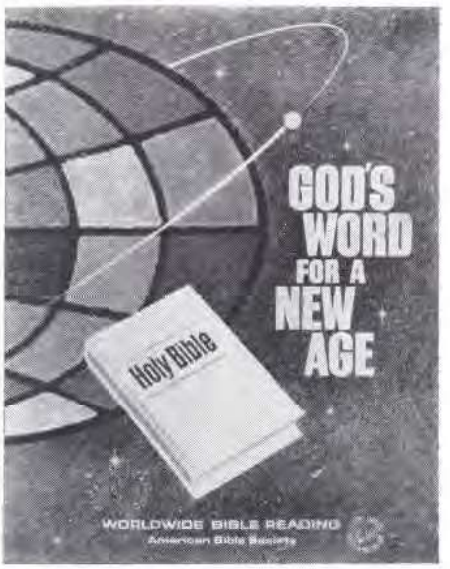
I asked Link what held his varied career together. "In the air and in the water the main problem is navigation, and navigation is what fascinates me. All my interests stem from that, although you could say that I'm interested in new frontiers and also what helps to further the study of man." He stacked his dishes, picked up his tray and carried it to the disposal window.

"I'd summarize Ed," said Col. George A. Vaughn, an American ace of World War I, and an old pal of Link's, "as humble, socially shy, gentle, kind and a country boy through and through.

There's no doubt that he's an engineering and mechanical genius, a man of great imagination and practically no nerves."

Link demonstrated his nervelessness not long ago when a friend's seaplane, with Link as a passenger, overturned on landing and began to sink in Long Island Sound. Link, taking a gulp of air, kicked out a door and dragged his unconscious friend to the surface, taking with him a life jacket and fastening it on his friend. He then went below again, with a rope and a buoy which he attached to the plane so that it could be found and brought up.

Throughout his career, Link has shown what his friends see as an almost uncanny ability to think out a problem in advance. In 1949, Link entered his newly purchased yacht, the *Blue Heron*, in the St. Petersburg-Havana race. Link normally doesn't like competitive sports



Free Christmas story booklet & bookmark are obtainable from the American Bible Society, 450 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

("I took up golf once and put it back down very gently," he told a reporter), and had raced only a single time before, but he had a navigational theory he wanted to try. The other boats headed south, the normal route to Havana around the Florida Keys, but Link sailed due west, 90 degrees in the wrong direction and was soon reported lost, with search planes sent to look for him. Link, though, had decided to navigate by aeronautical rather than Coast Guard weather reports because the former gave the weather over a larger area. Link plotted his route by figuring the prevailing winds over the whole course, and sailed into Havana first in his class and, only because of his handicap, second in the race.

A few years later Link and his wife Marion were aboard the *Blue Heron* in Florida, ready to start on a Caribbean cruise. A friend mentioned that he had spotted what looked like an old wreck off the Florida Keys. Link, who happened to have some untried diving equipment in his locker, went down to investigate and came up a changed man, having found a Spanish cannon dated 1617. He canceled his cruise.

Overnight, the Links became treasure hunters, scudding about the Caribbean and bringing up pieces-of-eight, ballast and other cannons—finds they would probably think fairly commonplace today; in smart skin-diving circles an old cannon, unless it happens to be an English bronze or a rare Spanish gun, coated with platinum and worth its weight in income tax, is not a very sophisticated find. Link, however, was just getting started.

"When Ed sets his mind on an objective," Marion Link says, "every other consideration fades into the background." Link, in order to try more ambitious projects, sold his sailboat and bought a 65-foot shrimp boat, the first *Sea Diver*, in which he hunted a Spanish treasure ship in the dangerous reef-filled waters of the Silver shoals, off Haiti, very nearly sinking his boat. He made the first accurate map of the original location of Port Royal, a Caribbean pirate stronghold destroyed by earthquake and flood in the mid-17th century. He also discovered in Haitian waters an anchor which may have come from Columbus' flagship, the *Santa Maria*.

After several years of sailing about the Caribbean, interrupted by flying business trips to Binghamton, Link had seen enough of the islands to decide that one widely-accepted theory about Columbus was subject to debate. The idea, advanced most recently by the noted naval historian, Samuel Eliot Morison, was that the Great Navigator had made his first landfall in the New World on Watling Island, (since officially renamed San Salvador) in the Bahamas, an event commemorated on Watling with a monument. Link doubted it for several reasons, among them that there are no islands before Watling from which Columbus could have seen a light from far out at sea, and no cluster of surrounding islands—characteristics recorded by Columbus in his diaries about the place where he made his original landing.

Link set out to investigate these discrepancies with his usual persistence. His wife spent, she says, weeks in libraries, reading up. The Links sojourned in Spain and Cuba so that they could talk with Spanish historians. "I found out," Link says, "that no one even knew what a league was in Columbus' day—whether it was one mile or three. The only way to prove anything was to sail the islands at the same speed we calculated that Columbus did, checking the time elapsed, as Columbus recorded it, against our own, and against the landmarks Columbus saw." Link scouted the area in his plane, a 20-year-old Grumman Widgeon, an amphibian, and sailed, in *Sea Diver*, all possible Columbus routes, finally deciding that Columbus had landed not on Watling but on Grand Caicos, to the southwest. The Link theory, published by the Smithsonian Institution, caused anguished shouts from Watling, with its monument, but Link sticks by his observations, and many specialists are with him.

Link's aquatic experiences led him to realize that there was still another world to be explored—in the Mediterranean alone, authorities estimate, there are hundreds of thousands of uninvestigated ancient wrecks—but he needed the right equipment. In 1959, Link christened the second *Sea Diver*, two years in building, the dream vessel of the amateur archaeologist turning pro. "My aim," Link says, "was scientific self-sufficiency." Virtually unsinkable because of its steel double hull, *Sea Diver* has a range of 7,000 miles. A fresh water plant tapping the sea, and cavernous food storage space, including two large freezers, mean that Link can stay out of port as long as fuel lasts.

Sea Diver's broad afterdeck is capable of taking Link's seaplane and the ship can turn in its own length—an invaluable ability in coral waters—because of high velocity water jets in the bow. The pilot house has virtually everything an ocean liner has: radar, gyroscope, sonar, loran, echo-ranging depth finders and an automatic pilot. *Sea Diver* even has an underwater observation room with a thick glass porthole.

Link describes his ship as a workboat, and, though he is a member of the New York Yacht Club—which entitles him to use yacht club facilities anywhere—he has been sometimes waved away because attendants think his must be a proletarian vessel of some kind. On such occasions Link leads his tormentors below and points out a full electric kitchen, with a dishwasher and a washing machine, a cherry-paneled salon that has a wood-burning fireplace and four heads, each with a shower. *Sea Diver* has six cabins, sleeping 13, and the bunks are another Link innovation. Against the protest of the fitters, he had them installed at right angles to the sides of the ship, instead of parallel, as in other vessels, so that the sleeper wouldn't be tossed out of bed when the boat rolled. Link says that the arrangement works well.

Sea Diver is primarily an archaeological vessel. She carries an 19-foot auxiliary craft, *Reef Diver*, equipped with a Link-designed water-jet engine that eliminates the need for a propeller and permits *Reef Diver* to negotiate shallow reefs. In the stern, *Sea Diver* has a special water-tight compartment that opens just above water level so that divers can slip directly into the sea. They go down either with SCUBA equipment stored in the chamber or with special lines attached to tanks on board.

Once down, the diver has what is probably the most advanced underwater archaeological equipment in the world to work with, most of it designed by Link. There is an underwater chariot for towing divers, and 10-inch-diameter airlifts, underwater vacuum cleaners used for clearing sand from around buried undersea objects. There are pneumatic tools and complete dredging gear. There is a Link-invented underwater metal detector so sensitive that it can pick up buried tin cans, which is often a nuisance, and even a self-propelled underwater television camera that can be directed from shipboard by remote control.

With this equipment, Link was ready for bigger archaeological game and he took his undersea probes to the Mediterranean, where he made history. He brought up, for instance, an entire shipload of carved Greek columns that had been bound for an island city, and, exploring the harbor of the Roman port of Caesarea, in Israel, he found a Caesarian commerative medal which told scholars how the ancient port had looked. In the Sea of Galilee, Link brought up the only unbroken 1st Century A.D. Roman pottery of its kind ever found, as well as other unique pieces. Link's excursions, said a specialist, have laid the basis "for Israel's greatest archaeological expedition of all times."

Scholars have long known that the sea bottom is the world's largest museum because preserved there are those objects from the past which have largely disappeared on land. Undersea archaeology, a new field, may triple man's knowledge of the past, one authority estimates. What Link contributed was the technical ability to get down and search efficiently for this archaeological treasure but he was still not satisfied. Now he's concerned with the most difficult problem of all, how to keep a diver down long enough, and at great enough depths, to do important work.

"This project," he wrote in a newsletter that he sends his friends from the *Sea Diver*, "has an ultimate aim enabling man to live in the water at depths and periods of time not even considered feasible today and certainly not considered safe. Eventually, by using mixed gases, it is probably quite possible that depths of 1,000 feet and, perhaps, even more can be safely attained."

Link's solution to the two basic problems of deep diving—the bends and nitrogen (or, as some suspect, carbon dioxide) narcosis—was to use a helium-oxygen breathing mixture. Helium has been tried for diving before, both by the U.S. Navy and by Hannes Keller, a Swiss mathematician, aided by I.B.M., but Link was the first to try helium both at great depths and for long periods of time.

"I'm my own captain and chief diver," Link says. "I wouldn't ask anyone to do a dangerous dive until I've tried it myself. I have my own approach to dangerous situations. I nibble away at a problem until I feel I've understood it. I read, ask questions, pester people. When I feel I've understood something, I try to figure out its limits. I pass those limits only when I'm sure I safely can. I guess that's why I'm still alive."

He thought he knew those limits when he went down in his first test-dive in his diving cylinder. It is made of aluminum, 37 inches in diameter, 11 feet long, and divided into two compartments, the main chamber and an airlock. There are three hatches, one of which is on the bottom—the cylinder descends into the water vertically—and which can be left open when the capsule is down so that the diver can get in and out, the pressure inside keeping out the sea. On his test dive Link forgot to close the hatch as the capsule went down and the pressure of the descent caused some water to enter the capsule, enough to tip the weight balance. The cylinder plunged to the bottom with water rising to Link's neck. He got out of this scrape by turning up the pressure but turned it too high

TRUE

"I'll take it."

so that the capsule shot to the surface "like the missile from a Polaris submarine," Link says. Tipping, the cylinder released its air on the surface and started down again but this time Link got the hatch closed and his ballast correct. "If it had been deeper water," Link says, "I would have drowned."

Link stayed down eight hours at 60 feet, setting a record for a stay at this depth, and wanted to do the next step himself, a two-day dive at 200 feet. But doctors from a Navy submarine rescue ship, sent to assist in the experiment, told him he was too old. "I didn't think so," Link says, "but maybe they were right and, anyway, I didn't think I should hog all the glory."

It turned out that the new record-breaking dive was made by a Belgian, Robert Stenuit, who also had something of a close squeak but for a different reason. Stenuit was living happily in Link's "house in the sea," as the newspapers called it, his meals sent down in plastic containers. Every now and then he would duck out and work on the bottom. A strange aspect of helium is that, because it is a lighter density gas than nitrogen, the voice of a person breathing it comes out as an unintelligible chirp. Stenuit communicated with the surface by syallables—"No" (one syallable) and "Okay" (two). From below Stenuit said "Okay," but above things were far from okay. A storm had come up, capsizing Link's *Reef Diver*, which was carrying a supply of helium from the pier. Stocks left on board were limited and Link had to bring Stenuit up immediately and begin decompressing him inside the chamber. The helium lasted but just barely.

"He stayed down at 200 feet for 24 hours, 15 minutes," Link says, "with no ill effects. He could as easily have stayed a week. We proved our point. We proved it again the next day when, using the cylinder, we raised *Reef Diver* from 240 feet down, deeper than the *Andrea Doria* is."

Originally, Link had planned to work with Jacques-Yves Cousteau, on a project in which two men would live far down in an underwater house with Link's cylinder functioning as an elevator. Cousteau, however, went ahead on his own, building a house in the sea at 33 feet in which two men lived a week, breathing ordinary air. Link doesn't believe Cousteau proved anything, and neither did a sober scientific magazine which, in a veiled attack on Cousteau, said that Link "is the true pioneer of underwater housing."

"Link has two characteristics that have helped him enormously," said William W. Wood, Jr., formerly president of the Simulation and Control Group of General Precision. "He can stay cool as hell in an emergency of which there have been plenty. And he can concentrate on a project regardless of the opposition—look how long it took to get his trainer accepted."

Link was born, in 1904, in Huntington, Indiana, moving to Binghamton when he was 4. "He's typical of this part of the world," a local newspaper reporter said. "The man's generous to the extreme

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about big sums of money but try to gyp him out of 50 cents and he'll make a federal case. His sense of humor's right in line, too. He'll give a slide show of one of his expeditions for the folks around here—he's an excellent photographer, you know—and right in the middle of the fabulous underwater shots he'll throw in a slide of a girl in a non-existent bikini. They love it.

Link was a poor student in high school and did not go to college, partly because there were no aviation courses, the only subject that really interested him. "When the barnstormers came through I'd offer to wipe grease off the planes, anything to get near them," he says. Link's father owned a pipe organ and player piano factory, and Link took out his first patent, on the piano, at 19. While only 25, he and his brother George took over the operation of the faltering business but the obstacles were too great. For one thing the organs were used in silent movie houses, and talkies were coming in.

The business collapsed in 1930, but in the meantime Link had learned to fly and had also started a flying school. "It was just too dangerous for student and instructor," Link says. "I wondered if it was possible to invent a plane that didn't fly. That was how I began." He built the first Link trainer in the basement of the factory, using parts that normally went in the organs. There were other flight simulators in those days, but Link's, being operated by air by means of organ bellows, was the only one that gave the true feel of a plane. It was so realistic that some of its early users actually became airsick.

Link began using his trainer as part of his school, guaranteeing to teach all comers to fly for $85. "We did it, too," Link says, "although maybe after they soloed we told them they should never fly again." His own brother soloed, using Link's trainer, with a little more than an hour in the air. Even so, business was bad and Link and his wife—a newspaper reporter who met her husband when she was sent to do a story about him—lived on hot dogs and hamburgers a good deal of the time.

In 1931, Link took his trainer on a model-T truck to an air show at St. Louis where it was totally ignored except for one man who suggested that Link use it at carnivals. For the next few years the only Link trainers in use were those outfitted with a coin machine for children and armchair pilots. Link picked up some money as a barnstormer and also started an aerial advertising business with lighted signs beneath the wings. "It was about the most dangerous flying imaginable," one of Link's early associates said, "less than a thousand feet up, too low to bail out at night, and in country too rough to land."

Link was basically interested in his trainer and, at one point being desperate for cash, he offered to sell a half interest in the business for $500, a story told ruefully in Binghamton because there were no takers. He also offered to pay his handful of employees stock instead of a salary, and one man accepted. He still owns it, and Link estimates that he is worth a half-million dollars today. Link tried, too, to get loans from the local banks and was turned down flat. Later, when the banks were clamoring to lend him money, he refused to borrow. He has never quite forgiven the banks.

Link's time came in 1934 when the Army Air Corps took over the job of flying the mail. Army pilots were not trained on instruments, and within a month a dozen Army pilots died in night flights over the Alleghenies. Link had already seen that the future of his trainer lay in teaching instrument flying, and he had outfitted the cockpit with an altimeter, a gyroscope, a bank indicator and a hood. He offered to teach instrument flying to the Army fliers and flew to Newark Airport where Army officials had gathered for a demonstration. The field was socked in, but Link got there on instruments which convinced the Army that he knew his trade. Link trained the pilots and the crashes stopped.

During this period, a Wall Street brokerage firm approached Link and urged him to sell his stock publicly, telling him he could clean up. Link said no. "I wasn't that sure of the business yet," he says, "and I didn't want to make anybody lose money."

Link's first big customer for his trainers were the Japanese, followed by the English and finally the Americans. The trainers, however, were not really accepted as a valuable teaching aid in this country until after World War II began, when they were recognized for what they were, a unique, safe and inexpensive way to teach men to fly. Link's Blue Box, as it was called, the AN-T-18 Basic Trainer, was used by all the Allies, including Soviet Russia, and Winston Churchill has credited it publicly with helping to win the Battle of Britain.

After the war, Link went on developing trainers which became steadily more complicated as airplanes did. The trainers simulating the Boeing (707, 720 and 727) or the Douglas DC-8, for instance, have cockpits identical to the real planes and cost upwards of a million dollars. Outside, there may be a screen that to the student looks exactly like a landing field rolling beneath his window, and which goes suddenly and startlingly blank if he "crashes." (The wartime trainers were even more dramatic: a red light flashed and a bell went off.) The company is also building trainers for missile launching and for the spaceships that will land on the moon.

(Although the U.S. contemplates no lunar landings before 1967, the astronauts will take a test trip in an Apollo simulator built by General Precision's Link Division in 1964. In addition to the $9,500,000 contract for the two Apollo simulators, Link has won $39 million in new orders, including a $1,300,000 award to build the computer for the Gemini simulator and $3,500,000 for a general-purpose space-flight simulator.)

"Link never was really happy in business," Colonel Vaughn says. "That he had a growing, prosperous company was entirely secondary to him. He likes developing."

Link tried to retire after the war, but business troubles brought him back. He tried a second time, selling out to General Precision, but in 1958, the company, one of the hundred largest in the U.S., asked him to be president. Link agreed to do it for a limited time. "I did it because I felt I had to," he says. In 1959, he semi-retired for the third and, he hopes, the last time.

Link's plant has something of the flavor of the man himself—it is a casual relaxed place where people call each other by

their first names. There is a picture of Link on the wall, showing him with a sort of half smile, they call the Mona Lisa. Link dislikes stop watches, and it is a company policy not to run time-motion studies. Some Link engineers, in fact, feel that the plant is a little *too* relaxed and might be run more efficiently.

Link's function is to assist with developmental problems, and one that occupies his time is air traffic control. Link assisted in working out a system called High Density Air Navigation, or HIDAN, which he feels is the only answer to airport traffic congestion and crashes, and he has fought hard and long for it, even opposing the acquisition of jets by Mohawk Airlines because they would only increase the trouble. "Neither the pilots nor the control tower," he says, "have a quick and simple way of determining accurately by instruments, the angle of drift caused by the wind or the true ground speed, and hence have no true knowledge of the plane's exact position. At the speed of modern aircraft there is too much room for error and too little time for correction." Link would install equipment aboard that would tell exactly where the plane is but, so far, he has not convinced the government.

Most of Link's time, however, is occupied with the sea, and both the U.S. Navy and General Precision Equipment Corporation are following his work with extreme interest. The Navy, Link says, is considering making his researches a classified secret because of their potential in undersea warfare. General Precision believes that the work may have vast commercial possibilities. "We ourselves will be ultimately involved in production of underwater equipment," said Hermann Place, formerly president and board chairman of General Precision and now a board member. "Link has opened up a new field, there's no doubt of it."

Last summer Link spent some of his time working in 400- to 600-foot depths in the Bahamas, testing his newest invention, a portable, inflatable device which will be his two divers' undersea home for a week. Officially, it's a Submersible Portable Inflatable Dwelling (SPID); more commonly it's referred to as "the sausage with a goiter," and resembles an upside-down submarine. Eight feet high, nine long and four feet in diameter, it's made of black, tough rubber and is kept rigid by the inside pressure of a mixture of helium and oxygen—97 percent helium actually. Jon Lindbergh, an adventurer like his famous father, was one of the divers who tested living in the underwater dwelling for extended periods of time.

"Our work is the sea," Link says, "is in the same state that aviation was when I started in it. I don't think anyone knows yet what the potentials are. Before a decade has passed, it will be commonplace for men to live under the sea. They will search for minerals, drill for oil, repair cables and run fish ranches. Tomorrow's undersea farmer will wear an aqualung. Before I'm through, I hope to reach 1,000 feet, maybe more, and live there awhile. The sea is the last great unexplored frontier on earth, and I'm glad to be there." —Arthur Herzog

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THE DAY SANTA CLAUS TOOK CISCO

[*Continued from page* 32]

shricked noon, Santa stepped into the First National Bank, pausing at its door to wave a cheery farewell to his suddenly lunch-bound retinue. Alex Spears, cashier of the bank, called out warmly, "Howdy, Santa."

"Merry Christmas!" boomed Santa Claus. Ambling across the lobby toward the cashier, he fumbled at his capacious tummy. From inside his jacket he brought forth—of all things!—a pistol. "Stick 'em up," he said gruffly.

Marion Olson, a Harvard law student home for the holidays, was at the cashier's side. He guffawed loudly at what he took to be a fine holiday joke to carry back to school. But his laughter thinned and died when the man in the red suit gestured violently with his pistol, barking with utmost menace, "I mean it. Get those hands up, both of you. This is on the level." Had helium been coursing through their veins, four hands couldn't have gone up faster. Hands in adjacent cages were going up, too, in the shadows of three other pistol-waving characters in plain clothes. The trio had entered the bank and drawn weapons unnoticed in the excitement of good Saint Nick's arrival. Of the foursome, only Santa Claus was masked.

Across Avenue D, little Frances Blasengame saw Santa enter the bank. To her mother the 6-year-old insisted, "I've gotta talk to Santa Claus." They entered the bank just as an unmasked gunman was snarling, "Get 'em up, big boy, or I'll kill you!"

Such a threat could mean just one thing to Christmas-conscious Frances. "They're going to shoot Santa Claus!" screamed the child, heartbroken. Thinking fast, Mrs. Blasengame grabbed Frances by the wrist and pulled her bodily across the bank lobby to an alley exit. To the child's utter astonishment, Santa Claus yelled, as if he meant it, "Stop or I'll shoot!"

The warning notwithstanding, mother and child did not stop until they reached City Hall a half-block away. Breathlessly, Mrs. Blasengame sobbed to Police Chief G. E. Bedford, "Santa Claus is robbing the First National." The chief and two officers were unloading a box of new rifles. They seized three of them and bolted toward the bank.

Inside the First National, Santa and his helpers efficiently executed a well-planned heist. The huskiest gunman beaded a revolver down on Jewel Poe, a teller, and ordered him into the cashier's office. Santa frisked the teller briskly and nudged him. "Let's go to the vault." Over his shoulder he commanded, "Grab those kids!"

Two of the gunmen corralled Emma May Robinson, 10, and Laverne Comer, 12, inside the bank's living-room-size lobby as they tried to tiptoe out the main door. "Stick around, kids," one of the marauders growled, "you may come in handy." The way it turned out, he was right.

Santa Claus marched the teller into the open bank vault, motioned to a safe, and snapped, "Open it." Poe carried out the command without objection. Old Saint Nick reached inside his red jacket. Instead of a pillow, he pulled forth a towsack which he forthwith began stuffing with money and securities. He didn't stop stuffing until the safe was empty and his bag held $162,000 in currency and gold certificates.

Bolting back to the lobby, Santa fired one shot in the air. It was obviously a prearranged signal meaning, "Let's get out of here."

Amazingly, a shot from outside the bank echoed in answer. Santa Claus was dumbfounded. "What the hell?" quoth the temporary saint. In his excitement he had forgotten the hasty departure of Mrs. Blasengame and her daughter.

As bullets began to rain into the bank, Santa streaked to the rear exit with his sack and one of his aides. The getaway car—a new blue Buick stolen especially for the occasion—was parked just ahead, in the alley. Santa poked his face outside the door—and very nearly got his false whiskers ripped off by a slug from Chief Bedford's new rifle. "God *damn*," chortled Santa Claus, ducking back inside.

He clutched his bulging sack like the traditional bagful of toys and glanced wildly about. Then, with a ballet sprint enlivened by the bullets and buckshot ricocheting about the bank lobby, he zigzagged across the white tiles to the bookkeeping room. "You," he said, addressing his henchmen, "bring those kids and the grownups, too, for hostages. Nobody will fire on them."

No?

Outside, there was a population explosion. By now a score of aroused citizens, armed to their dentures, had stormed zealously to posts commanding a view of the bank's rear door. And more were on the way. Let us not conjecture that these worthies were motivated by anything less than duty's call, but let us also be reminded that the Texas Bankers Association at that time was advertising a bounty of $5,000 cash to the *slayer*—not the captor—of any known bank robber. Whatever their call to courage, intrepid townsfolk were spilling shots with such zest that the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* later reckoned the total action in about five minutes of pandemonium at better than 300 rounds.

Ahead of them into this cacophony the gunmen summarily shoved cashier Alex Spears—his hands up, horror in his bespectacled eyes, and on his lips, "Don't shoot, fellows, it's me!" Whereupon the banker caught a mouthful of lead from a shot to his jaw. He staggered and reeled painfully to safety around the corner.

The holdup quartet laid down a barrage of bullets and one of them forced Harvard student Olson out the door. Zap! Olson felt a load of shot in his right leg. He leaped into the car. And leaped right out again on the opposite side, using the Buick for cover to run limping to asylum.

Citizens swarmed about the bank building like bees. In the tight little alley bullets sang a merry trill, finding assorted and unexpected marks: a laborer stopped one with his thigh; another citizen caught one in his shin bone; a cafe operator suffered a scalp wound—but more would be heard of this one despite that mishap.

"Here comes Santa Claus!" whooped a Gene Autry type from Garner's Department Store across the alley. From windows and doorways gun barrels bristled. Remarkably, instead of an eruption of fire, the shooting ceased.

Out of love for Santa Claus? Not a bit. Out of respect for womanhood. Santa

TRUE

"I know you've all been wondering about your Christmas bonuses . . ."

How Bosworth makes the 8:04

Smart lad, Bosworth. Mavis recalls how he gently took her old snow shovel from her and pressed into her palm the key to her shining B-10 tractor. "It clears a path a full yard wide," he whispered.

"Darling, you shouldn't have—," Mavis protested. "But now I'll have time to prepare breakfast as you like it—the grapefruit with scalloped edges, the eggs Benedict—won't it be simply divine!"

Bosworth knows a great name when he sees one. So he chose a B-10 tractor by Allis-Chalmers—the people who build the big tractors and the new SNO-BEE. (Mavis could almost as easily trot behind this new self-propelled SNO-BEE, opening a 26-inch path as she goes, but Bosworth deals in split seconds.)

How long since you were as thoughtful of *your* wife? Try a little tenderness—send in the coupon right now!

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was hiding behind the skirts of Freda Stroebel, a bookkeeper.

He made it to the Buick unscathed with Freda's slim wrist gripped in his hand. "Get in," he ordered. Freda ignored him, wrenched herself from his grasp, and clickety-clicked her high heels in panic down the alley and around the corner to safety near the post office.

The gunfire of banditry and citizenry remained miraculously stilled when, next, the two little girls were shoved headlong to the open door of the Buick. The hairy arm of Santa Claus snaked out and snatched the struggling children into the car beside him in the back seat. They crouched low as Santa shrieked to his cohorts, "Come on, damn it, come *on*!"

The three gunmen emerged behind the rest of the hostages as the citizens' hail of bullets and shot resumed its wayward wailing. Teller Poe dashed *around* the Buick, a clever move, and did a bullet-dodging buck-and-wing along the path blazed by Miss Stroebel. As he scurried to safety, two of the holdup men made helter-skelter sprints to the car, clambering in unharmed.

The third zipped after them, but he was running a collision course. A bullet spun him around. Clutching his side, coughing up blood, he sprawled into the car's open door.

"Let's get going!" roared Santa Claus.

"Won't start," moaned the driver.

Santa began a profane prayer. And at that very moment, the aforementioned cafe man displayed his scalp wound at the Buick's rear window. He squinted down the line of a borrowed double-barreled shotgun. The muzzles were so close to Santa's face it was like looking through a telescopic sight.

"I'm going to blow your head off, Santa Claus," the wounded man said matter-of-factly, and Santa Claus whined, "Oh, God. . . ."

The restaurateur squeezed the trigger deliberately. Snap. Nothing.

"How in hell do you *work* this thing?" he said, manifestly frustrated. He turned from the car. The shotgun roared, blowing a hole as big as your fist in the side of the bank building. The cafe man skedaddled.

Suddenly the sedan's engine found meaning in life and purred its willingness to serve. The bandits laid down a screen of artillery fire fore and aft as the Buick, turned tank, crept the 50 feet to Avenue D, Cisco's principal thoroughfare. And while they negotiated those 50 feet, they wreaked the real havoc of the holdup.

One of their bullets sought out Police Officer George Carmichael's forehead as he showed himself in the alley behind the departing sedan. He slumped and fell, mortally wounded, in his 60th year. In front of the Buick, Chief Bedford—a prodigious target at 6 feet 4 and 220 pounds—stepped formidably into the mouth of the alley and swung up his new rifle to open fire. The gun jammed. The chief went for his sidearm. It was his last act as a fully conscious human being. A volley of shots, five in quick cadence, belted Bedford's hulking body. He sprawled at the side of the alley, dying. "That'll teach you, old man," a voice spat from the car. Witnesses swore later it was that of Santa Claus.

At the first sound of shooting, the town's assistant postmaster, W. P. Coldwell, had boiled out of Cisco's temporary post office behind the bank. Crouching at the far end of the alley, Coldwell now squeezed the last three rounds from his government-issue automatic. The departing auto careened into the main thoroughfare, heading south toward the little town of Rising Star. "I think I hit one of their tires," Coldwell yelped.

He had. Barreling down the street in front of the bank in a downpour of misspent ammo, the bandits felt the car lurch to the right, bounce onto a curb, crunch again onto the street. The driver bit off an oath, got control of the vehicle, and sped on toward Cisco's outskirts. "We'll have to get another car," he said, "or they'll catch us sure as hell."

Hunkered low for protection from the bullets astern, Santa Claus promised, "I'll find us a car. Just get us out of this mess first."

The townspeople frenetically reconnoitered, seeking transport in which to take up the chase, while the Buick limped gamely out of the crowded business area. It had fishtailed 14 blocks on its bum tire when Santa ordered the driver to stop. He hacked out staccato instructions. "Helms, take care of Davis. Hill, bring the kids. I'll take the dough."

Bag on his shoulder, Santa Claus leaped from the sedan. He stepped confidently into the middle of the road. A new Oldsmobile approached from the south. At Santa's jaunty wave, it screeched to an innocent stop. Brandishing pistols menacingly, the bandits poured from the Buick. "We're taking your car," said Santa. "Out. Fast!"

The driver of the Olds was Woodrow Wilson Harris, just 14. He couldn't believe his ears. "You're kidding," he suggested tentatively.

Santa Claus opened the car door, yanked the youth halfway out, and bashed him across the face with his pistol. "No, I'm not," he said.

The youngster yielded reluctantly, all the same. The Olds was his first car, a gift that very day from his father, who sat alongside him. His mother and 80-year-old grandmother were in the back seat. Unnoticed by the shaky Santa, Woodrow Wilson Harris locked the ignition and took the keys.

Townward, shots firecrackered in the distance. The two able gunmen hauled the women from the rear set. When the grandmother refused to budge further, one of the bandits lifted her in his arms and ran her to the porch of a nearby house. The other passengers sprinted in the same direction. The boy flung his keys behind a mound of earth en route.

The bandits shoved their wounded as-

"It's not that you didn't campaign energetically and, at times, brilliantly. It's just that people seem to hate your guts."

sociate and the two little girls into the back seat of the Olds. No sooner had they scrambled in than the driver caterwauled, "Oh, Lord, the kid took the keys!" Like a film running backwards, they scrambled right out.

"What about Davis?" The youngest gunman was asking about the wounded man.

"Leave him," Santa decided. "He's a goner anyways." Santa had a knack for prophecy. Louis Davis, 33, died of multiple gunshot wounds the next day.

The three men and the two struggling children sprinted once more to the ruptured Buick. With the tire flapping like a broken wing, they varoomed down the street and disappeared over the southern horizon. The sedan slithered erratically down U.S. 183 a mile or so and skidded precariously onto a country road in a cloud of sandy loam.

"We're nearly out of gas," the driver announced. The Buick cleared its throat.

"What?" snarled Santa Claus. "I thought you filled it up."

"I thought *you* did." They drove on, and the driver said, "You get the loot?"

"I thought *you* did," wailed Santa Claus. "We left it in that kid's Olds!"

In the moments that followed, a good ear auditing the scene might have discerned occasional shards of pregnant silence amidst a babel of blasphemy. At length the driver asked, as if he didn't care particularly, "Either of you hurt?"

"Got a slug in my chin," said Santa Claus, "and some shot in my leg."

"Tough," sympathized the driver.

Emma May, the child in the front seat, turned around to see. Santa, still masked, laid one on her with his pistol. "Turn around, you little brat," he snarled.

The Buick and its desperate occupants swung onto a constricted lane and jolted a dusty mile before the rasping carburetor gave up the ghost. Their circuitous route had taken them a half-mile, as the vulture might fly, from Cisco.

"We'll walk from here," declared Santa Claus, a man with a real command of the obvious. To the children he said with conviction, "Lie down on the floorboard and don't look which way we go. If you do, I'll shoot you dead."

A quarter-hour later W. M. Miller, a Cisco police officer, led a posse to the abandoned car and the two children. Except for the superficial crease Santa's gun barrel had made on Emma May's forehead, the girls were unharmed. But their faith in Santa Claus had been shattered forevermore.

Miller and his hastily commissioned special deputies—already more than 40 and growing—trailed the rag-tag trio two miles to a creek. There the route pooped. Nary hide nor hair of Santa's gang was discovered all night long by a posse that swelled to nearly 1,000 men.

When Texas Ranger Tom Hickman arrived on the scene with a pack of bloodhounds next morning, the pups' noses boggled. Not only was the trail as cold as the weather, but the possemen in their nightlong milling about had trampled it beyond smelling.

Culled to about 50, the posse crisscrossed that cold, bleak country all Christmas Eve without sighting cross Kris.

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ENGINEERING WITH IMAGINATION

And even though Hickman stirred up a couple of airplanes to conduct the first airborne manhunt in Texas history, the fortunes of the yuletide continued to favor old Nick.

Where was Santa Claus? Well, as you would expect, he was one busy guy on Christmas Eve. He'd dang near frozen his ho, ho, ho off the night before, and, what with a chin wound and an aching leg and the forgotten 160 grand and all, he woke up out of sorts. "Go steal a car," he suggested that afternoon. His voice sounded hollowly within the little copse of mesquite trees which had miraculously concealed the trio from the blunderings of the populous posse.

"Steal a car *where*, Chief?" the eldest helper asked innocently.

"In Cisco—where else? They'd never expect any of *us* to show up there after that business yesterday."

"Chief, you're a genius."

The man hiked into Cisco, casually stole a coupe from a residential driveway, and was back an hour later. The three men traveled country lanes to an oil-lease cottage, changed clothes, waited until nightfall, then sallied southward into the night. "This car is hot as a pistol," Santa Claus ventured. "We'd better. . . ."

At that moment the car plunged off a cattle bridge and crashed into a ditch. "Gee, I'm sorry, Chief," said the driver. "What were you saying?"

Santa Claus was eloquently disconsolate.

The lights of a farm dwelling beckoned in the distance, and lamely the trio hiked thither. When young Carl Wylie came tooling home from a date about 2:30 a.m. on Christmas morning, the bandits commandeered his car and kidnaped the youth. They drove the countryside north of Cisco all day, skirting main roads and snatching sleep here and there under culverts that night. Santa Claus moaned repeatedly, "It's a hell of a way to spend Christmas." Next day was more of the same, and Santa Claus kept muttering that it was a hell of a way to spend the day *after* Christmas. A day later, Tuesday morning, they drove into a town. They stole a convenient car and wished young Wylie godspeed. "You're in Breckenridge," Santa said.

But Wylie wasn't any such thing. He drove straight to police headquarters and spilled his incensed guts—notably the tidings that Santa Claus and his coterie were heading north from the fair city of Breckenridge.

"Breckenridge?" whooped the officer. "Man, you're in Cisco, where this whole shooting match started!" Santa Claus, the old codger, had fibbed.

An hour later the Santa Claus gang's newly begotten roadster screeched to a halt outside the little oil town of South Bend. Alerted by Cisco police, Sheriff Jim Foster had hastily erected a barricade. Behind it, like porcupines, bristled two carloads of armed lawmen. "Egad," or something like that, said Santa Claus, "turn this heap around and let's get out of here!"

The roadster skidded about on two wheels and peeled off rubber for a country mile, with bullets etching its course like a cartoonist's speed lines. It slammed off the road to a halt in a pasture, a hundred yards from the cedar brakes bordering the Brazos River. The brigands piled out and sprinted toward the woods, adeptly picking a path through the bullets trilling from the weapons of 10 good men.

One of the gang fell. The other two vanished into the thick cedars.

Brandishing their arms, the lawmen cautiously approached the prone form of the fallen man. Deputy Si Bradford booted him over gingerly. "He's still alive," he said, "and I know who he is."

The wounded man opened one eye painfully in a grotesque wink. He made an ugly effort to grin. "Just call me Santa Claus," he gasped before he blacked out.

"Pardners," said Bradford, "meet Marshall Ratliff, alias Santa Claus." He quickly filled in his companions on their unconscious captive. Santa's mother, Rilla Carter, had run a cafe in Cisco for quite a while. But Marshall was well known on his own. He and his brother Lee had been sentenced to 18 years for holding up a bank at Valera, Texas. Marshall had been prematurely paroled, and his face was sure familiar.

"That explains why he was the only one who wore a disguise now," a lawman pointed out perceptively.

"Right," said Bradford. "He played Santa Claus because just about everybody in Cisco knows him. You better search him before he comes to."

Ratliff was armed with six automatics, a Bowie knife, a doublebarreled shotgun and three belts filled with cartridges. "Good thing he comes just once a year," muttered Bradford.

Santa's buddies eluded capture for two days. But on Friday, December 30, the day before the end of 1927, they were picked up without a struggle in the little town of Graham, just nine miles north of Saint Nick's downfall. The elder of the pair, Henry Helms, was riddled with seven bullet holes, but they closed up nicely—which was, perhaps, unfortunate. His partner, Robert Hill, was not wounded.

Helms stood trial for murder and armed robbery and was finally executed in the electric chair at Huntsville on September 6, 1929.

Robert Hill drew a life sentence, mostly on the testimony of teen-ager Woodrow Wilson Harris. The youngster testified that Hill, only 21, had been kind to his grandmother as Santa Claus sought to cop Woodie's Olds—that Hill had shielded her from the posse's fire and had fired his own weapon harmlessly in the air. In 1950 Hill was paroled from the state penitentiary. A successful businessman with a family, he lives today under an assumed name not 50 miles from the site of the Santa Claus bank robbery.

Now Santa Claus himself—he was a different sort of chap. He'd been 29 years old at the time of the robbery, and he was still a long way from dead. He stood trial twice. The first jury gave him life for armed robbery. The second gave him

TRUE

"Well, the curse is starting to work. My wife is on her way out here."

the electric chair for the murder of Chief Bedford. But Marshall Ratliff, alias Santa Claus, wasn't a man to settle down to his last meal just because his goose was cooked. In his way, he had a lot of moxie.

Under Texas law, an insane man cannot be executed. Realizing this, Ratliff put on an act in Huntsville Prison's death row that in a later day could well have won him an Oscar. His mother petitioned a sanity hearing for him.

Transferred back to Eastland County Jail, the prisoner continued the performance. He played the part of a vegetable—and beautifully. Glazed of eye, matted of hair, he stared endlessly into space. Questions drew no response, nor did an occasional slap on the face. His jailers were naturally suspicious. Once guards E. P. Kilborn and "Uncle Tom" Jones let the prisoner fall, kersplat, from a standing position onto the concrete floor of his jail cell. He didn't move a muscle to break the fall. Very convincing.

Uncle Tom took pity on the pathetic prisoner. He bathed him, dressed him, fed him. (Strangely, only food appeared to brighten Ratliff's dull eyes.) If he weren't watched, he would rip off his clothes and lie in a naked trance. From time to time he babbled meaningless bits of scripture. *Very* convincing.

So convincing, in fact, that the guards began to take their charge's catatonic condition for granted. Just 25 days after being carried, virtually lifeless, into the jail, Marshall Ratliff sprang to life. Uncle Tom had left the cell door open.

The Santa Claus bandit slipped downstairs while Uncle Tom was assisting Kilborn in his nightly check of prisoners. Ratliff entered the jail office, opened a desk drawer, and grabbed up Uncle Tom's .38 Colt. Then he raced back upstairs, waiting behind a steel door. Uncle Tom passed him and went on. In a moment Kilborn appeared, and Ratliff leaped into his path. "Your keys or you're dead," he growled.

Kilborn couldn't believe his eyes—a vegetable holding a gun and talking like a man! But 30 years as a peace officer endowed him with good reflexes. He ran.

Ratliff streaked after him, cursing. He fired and missed. Kilborn disappeared around a corner at the end of the jail corridor. Ratliff turned back to head him off. He needed those keys.

Uncle Tom couldn't help but hear the ruckus. Doubling back, he threw a flying tackle at the desperate convict. Old and unarmed, he was nevertheless all tiger. Ratliff reeled back and squeezed the trigger. A bullet hit the guard's stomach, but he kept coming. Ratliff fired two more shots. Uncle Tom slumped to the floor.

Kilborn hurried back, still unarmed. He rushed the prisoner, belted him with a one-two, wrestled the .38 from his hand. He pushed its muzzle into Ratliff's distorted face and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. The gun was empty. "Don't kill me," Ratliff pleaded. "Please don't kill me."

"I ought to," Kilborn said, "for what you've done to that good old man." But he shoved the prisoner into his cell and slammed the door. Ratliff slumped on his cot, a vegetable once more.

They took Uncle Tom to the city hospital to ease his dying. Next day, as his condition grew increasingly grave, friends talked of avenging him. Word spread throughout the county.

All day Santa Claus vegetated. It was November 19, 1929.

Crowds began forming near Eastland County Jail at 6 p.m. Two hours later the moonlit streets leading to it were barricaded by the growing mob. By 9 p.m. the assembly had swelled to fully 1,500 men, with a sizeable scattering of females. A voice boomed out. "We want action!"

Kilborn appeared at the door of the jail. "Go home," he said. "The judge will act on Ratliff's case tomorrow. Leave him to the state."

But the crowd wasn't having it that way. Someone clutched Kilborn and spun him into the crowd. A 10-man delegation stormed into the jail up to Ratliff's cell. Struggling and begging for mercy, Ratliff was hauled down the stairs and into the growling mob. It swept him across the street and onto a vacant lot behind the Majestic Theater.

The lynchers looped a rope about Ratliff's neck, and one of them pitched the end over the horizontal guy wires between two telephone poles. A hundred men jerked mightily.

The rope broke. Another rope snaked into the air, and eager hands knotted it about Ratliff's neck.

Someone shouted, "Wait! He wants to say something."

Ratliff groaned. "Let me down and I'll talk," he mumbled. But whatever he had in mind, his words came out an incoherent babble.

Once again the mob grasped the dangling end of the death rope, and in a moment Ratliff was 15 feet in the air. His body swung for 20 minutes in the biting November wind, then County Judge Clyde Garrett arrived and ordered it cut down. Some of the lynchers would be called before a grand jury the following month, but "lack of evidence" was to prevent the filing of any charges.

As the crowd scattered, two of its younger members paired off. Mused one: "I wonder what he was trying to say when they let him talk back there?"

The other pondered the question a moment and replied, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

—Keith Elliott

Illustrated
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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Wide World

Called history's greatest matador, Manuel Manolete lies gored and dying in bullring.

Why, and how, if Manolete was such a great bullfighter, did he get killed in the arena?

Terry McCarter
Lancashire, England

We asked our bullfighting expert, Barnaby Conrad, to explain the death of "the perfect matador."

Manolete, in 1946, was exhausted. The top torero in the world, he had been fighting bulls since he was 12 years old and had made some four million dollars in his eight years as a full matador. Now he was almost 30. He was scarred and tired and he wanted to enjoy the money he'd made from creating a new style while killing some 1,200 fighting bulls.

So, when he came back to Spain after a grueling but fabulously successful Latin American tour, he announced his retirement. However, the crowds that had made him into an idol were just as eager to destroy him. The press attacked him for retiring, saying that he was afraid to meet the competition of Dominguin, the 21-year-old new star. Manolete couldn't ignore this. He announced that he would come out of retirement to fight with Dominguin.

All Spain focused on their meeting in the town of Linares on August 27, 1947. Here they were to fight Miura bulls, the famous "bulls of death."

The first bull was a difficult one, but Manolete extracted many fine passes from it and then killed it well, yet part of the crowd booed. They demanded daily miracles from the great Manolete.

Dominguin drew a good bull, and he did every flashy pass in his repertory. It took him three sword thrusts to kill, but the wildly cheering crowd insisted that young Dominguin be awarded both ears.

Manolete's second bull, named Islero, hurtled into the arena, hooking in a highly dangerous manner. But Manolete the craftsman was out to show this crowd what true bullfighting was. He did every pass that Dominguin did, but better.

Finally, he placed the bull in the correct position to be killed. Since he had a weak wrist he used to perform his passes with an imitation sword made of wood. Now he came to the fence, exchanged it for the real sword and went back to the bull. But it had turned around and was facing the wrong way. It is of prime importance that a bull have the fence to its right when a man tries to kill it, because at the moment of contact it will usually swerve away from the solid boards and hence away from the man. For some inexplicable reason Manolete chose to ignore this basic tenet which the rawest beginning torero learns. It would have been no problem to cape the bull around to face the proper way. Why didn't he? Maybe because it was his last bull of the afternoon and he'd worked so hard—perhaps he said to himself: "I am Manolete—I can get away with breaking this basic rule for once." Or perhaps: "What the hell, it's late. I want to get out of here and get a bath and a drink, so let's just take a chance."

In any event, he sighted down the curved blade of his sword, and flung himself on the animal where it stood. The animal hooked into the man and the crowd screamed as they saw Manolete and Islero kill each other.

"The people kept demanding more and more from him," it was said later, "and more was his life—so he gave it to them."

Q: Is it true that some people have the ability to distinguish color by feeling colored objects while blindfolded? ***William Sturdevant, Cincinnati, Ohio.***

A: An ability to see with one's skin may appear to be a kind of carnival trick, but some of the top scientists of the world are now quite convinced that "dermo-optical-perception" (DOP) is real. No one has yet explained it satisfactorily and reports of studies have stirred up arguments in scientific circles all over the world. While Russian scientists have explored the phenomenon heavily, the first real U.S. interest in DOP began last year when an American scientist described an American subject who seemed to have the amazing ability to perceive color with fingertips. A Soviet doctor has said, "We know that many lower organisms have light sensors all over their bodies. If man has some kind of light-sensing mechanism in his skin which he has been unaware of—a sensing mechanism perhaps left over as a vestige of some earlier stage of evolution—it should not come as a great surprise."

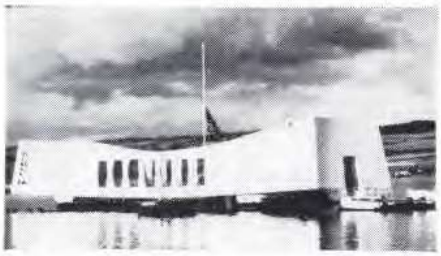
Q: If a presidential candidate died prior to election day, would the vice-presidential nominee become the presidential candidate? ***Anthony M. Yorio, Manhasset, N. Y.***

A: Not necessarily. If a presidential nominee should die before election day, his party would select a new candidate in his place. It could be anyone. If the President-elect should die after election day but before the balloting of the electoral college, on December 14, the electors could vote as they desire. They would still not be obliged to select the Vice President on the winning ticket.

Q: How did the saloons of the Old West cool their beer? ***Frank Moenart, St. Clair Shores, Mich.***

A: The beer was kept in huge copper containers which were wrapped in wet sacks. Evaporation of moisture from the sacks in warm weather cooled the beer, much in the same way as evaporating sweat cools our bodies.

Wide World



Q: How long is the monument to the men of the *U.S.S. Arizona* expected to stand before the ship is corroded away and unable to support it any longer? *Joseph Perro, Minneapolis, Minn.*

A: The memorial, spanning the hull of the *U.S.S. Arizona*, which was sunk at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, taking 1,102 officers and men to their death, is supported by piles. The deterioration of the ship is not a consideration.

Q: In the movie about the *Titanic*, what song were the men on the decks singing while the famous ocean liner was sinking? *Mrs. Jim Earl, Jr., Florence, Ore.*

A: In the Twentieth Century-Fox film, *Titanic*, the band was playing "Londonderry Air," then changed to "Nearer My God to Thee," when the people joined in singing. There is much conflicting evidence as to what the band was actually playing, however. In Walter Lord's account of the disaster, "A Night To Remember," he says, "The legend is, of course, that the band went down playing 'Nearer My God to Thee.' Many survivors still insist that this was so, and there's no reason to doubt their sincerity. Others maintain the band played only ragtime. One man says he clearly remembers the band in its last moments, and it was not playing at all. In the maze of conflicting evidence, Junior Wireless Operator Harold Bride's story somehow stands out. He was a trained observer, meticulously accurate, and on board to the last. He clearly recalled that, as the boat deck dipped under, the band was playing the Episcopal hymn, 'Autumn.' "

Q: I have heard that a cottontail rabbit leaves no soil around the top of his burrow when he is digging. What happens to the surplus soil? *Mrs. A.C. Baker, Vancover, B. C., Canada*

A: Cottontail rabits use old burrows made by other mammals, particularly woodchucks, for escape or during cold weather. They also use hollow logs or trees for the same purpose. Cottontails give birth to their young in shallow depressions only two or three inches deep scratched in the surface soil and lined with hair from the belly area of the female. The small amount of soil disturbed in construction may be scattered for a distance of several feet and, after drying, would scarcely be noticeable.

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RESIL'FLEX T.M.

Q: Did Jake Schaefer, Sr., the great balkline billiard player known as The Wizard, ever play a match with Willie Hoppe? If so, who won? ***E. D. Woodward, Washington, D. C.***

A: Yes. Hoppe accepted a challenge from the senior Schaefer for an 18.2 match on March 11, 1908. Although Schaefer, because of illness, was but a shadow of his old self, he beat Hoppe, 500 to 423. Later he went to Colorado in the hope of regaining his health. He died in Denver, March, 1910. Ironically, his son, Jacob Schaefer, Jr., was for many years Hoppe's stoutest rival at 18.2 play.

Q: What was the height and weight of Albie Booth, the Yale football player? ***Arthur R. Moore, Cranston, R. I.***

A: What set Albie Booth apart from other football heroes of the Golden 20's was that in a game of physical giants he was the smallest man. Known as "The Mighty Atom," he weighed 145 pounds and was 5 feet 7 inches tall.

Q: Under what circumstances can a man collect alimony from his wife? ***P. L. Emit, Chicago, Ill.***

A: Depending on court decisions, of course, and only in the seven states of California, Illinois, Massachusetts, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma and Oregon, a man may collect alimony from his wife for the following reason: when it is proved that the husband cannot work and has no income of his own and the wife does have income or property.

Q: What are the Seven Deadly Sins? ***Adair Bowman, Westbury, N. Y.***

A: Traditionally, they are pride, covetousness, lust, envy, gluttony, anger, and sloth.

Q. Does aging beef really make it better or is it just a way to get people to think that it is better because of the difficulty in delivering fresh meat daily? ***H. K. Wilson, Santa Monica, Calif.***

A: There is a valid reason for aging beef. It tenderizes the meat. But the beef must be aged under rigidly controlled temperature and humidity conditions. Under these controlled conditions, a bacterial action takes place which tends to break down the hard muscle fibers of the beef, thereby making it more tender. It does not always follow that the fresher something is the better it is. Cheese, prunes, raisins and wine, for instance, are other foods that become more palatable with controlled aging processes.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

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Q: What causes white caps on the sea? ***Carroll Votaw, Yuma, Ariz.***

A: The white caps, also found on fresh water lakes, are masses of bubbles formed by turbulence when wind-lashed waves form and break.

Q: Why was the half dollar selected for the Kennedy commemorative coin rather than, say, a one cent piece? ***Orville Chase, Waterford, Penna.***

A: The Kennedy half dollar is not a commemorative coin. Commemorative coins are authorized by special acts of Congress, manufactured in limited quantities and sold at a profit by the private organizations sponsoring the issue. The Kennedy coin, on the other hand, is minted for regular distribution and the design will remain in effect for 25 years, as prescribed by law, unless the Congress authorizes a change in the interim. The half dollar was selected to add another Presidential portrait to a coin of regular issue. It takes the place of the Franklin design, which first appeared in 1948.

Q: Where was the first Martini made? ***Ed Butler, Norwich, Conn.***

A: At New York's old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel sometime in the 1890's. In fact, it was first known as the Waldorf-Astoria cocktail. Its name is believed to have come from a Mr. Martinez of New Orleans, perhaps because he was the first person to suggest the drink to a Waldorf-Astoria bartender.

Q: What is the longest straight stretch of railroad track in the United States? ***F. A. Rogers, Asheville, N. C.***

A: It's the Seaboard Air Line Railroad that runs for 78.86 miles between Wilmington and Hamlet, North Carolina.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-12, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

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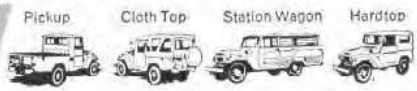

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BIG CONGRESSIONAL SPENDING SPREE

[*Continued from page* 41]

of the original Capitol, but the $24 million spent on it bought a lot of prestige for the few privileged lawmakers who were assigned the status-symbol offices the job created.

Scene 8. With the day's work done, Bucksworth begins his drive back home. On the ride he recalls with satisfaction a few of the other fringe benefits congressmen generously bestow on themselves with public money, such as:

☞ Free flowers for lawmakers and their wives. Taxpayers don't mind. After all, not one in a million knows.

☞ Free literature—from brochures on asparagus culture to pamphlets on baby care—to send to voters. Never hurts to keep your name in circulation.

☞ Free vacations in Europe when the session is over. It's a dull congressman who can't think of something to investigate.

Congress, with touching solicitude for its own comfort and convenience, has raised the technique of the free ride to a high art. In effect, lawmakers vote themselves an inexhaustible supply of blank checks. They fill them in for any amount, then sign the taxpayer's name.

It's a cozy system. And congressmen make the most of it. While screaming in public for economy in government, free-spending lawmakers quietly vote millions to surround themselves with enough of the attributes of high living to make a maharajah envious. At the same time, they don't overlook a few of the necessities of life such as campaign aids and those jobs for friends and relatives all paid for by the taxpayer.

Said Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, one of the few members disgusted by Congress's wild spending on itself: "Extravagance in our branch of government is becoming a national joke."

The only thing is: who's laughing? Long-suffering taxpayers aren't amused by figures such as these:

☞ The national budget rose from $65 to $98 billion over the last decade—an increase of about 56 percent. But congressmen upped their spending on themselves during the same period from $59 to $168 million—*a staggering 185 percent.*

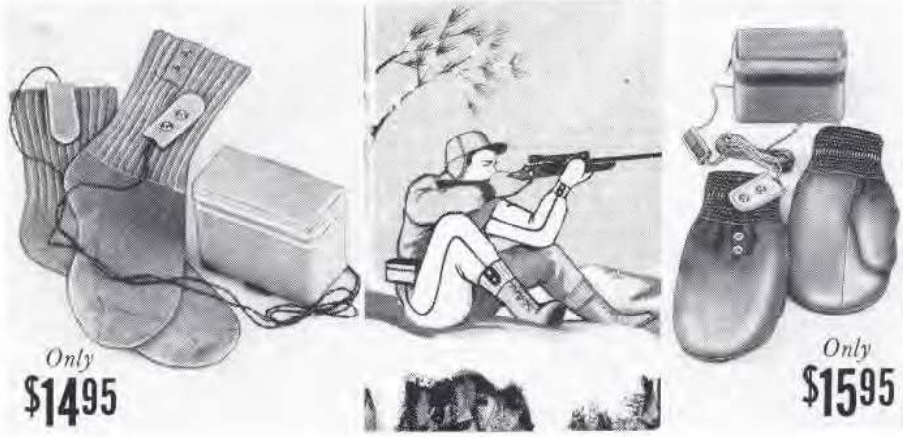
☞ The cost of maintaining a single lawmaker in Washington for one year in the style to which he has become accustomed has soared to more than *$300,000.* Over his six-year term, a single senator costs the taxpayers *almost $2 million.*

And money isn't the only thing involved. Unnecessary squandering of public funds by Congress—the agency that should be setting the example for the rest of government—is a scornful rejection of moral responsibility.

"The rule around here," said one representative who refused to be identified, "is that economy never starts at home." He's right. The cynical congressional double standard extends into many areas.

☞ During last year's budget hearings, Congress announced its firm intention of holding the line on government spend-

Attention Skiers, Hunters, Fishermen, All Outdoors Men and Women!



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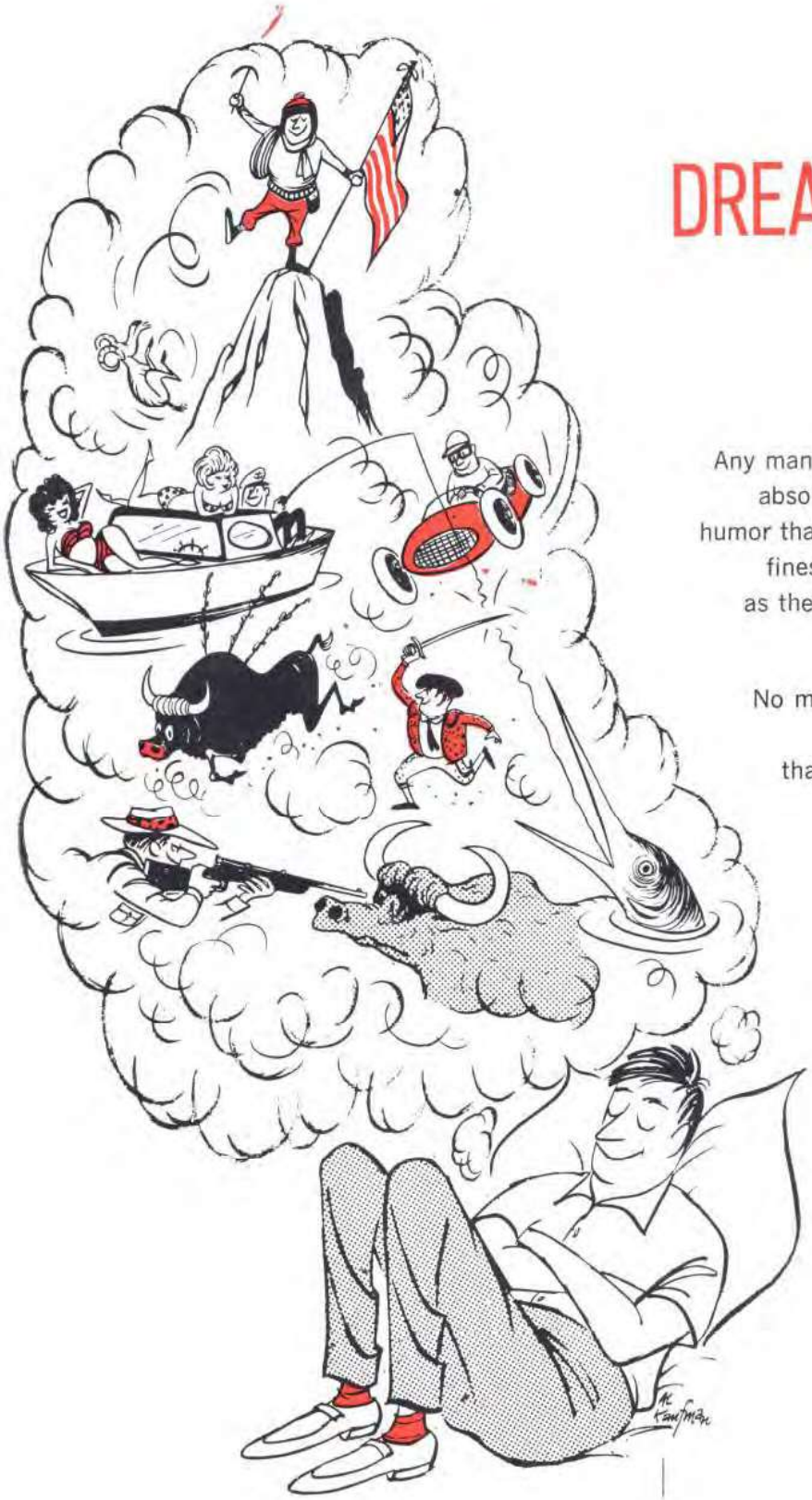

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ing. This little ritual out of the way, almost every unit of Congress—including the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, headed by that champion economizer, Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia—demanded more money for itself.

☛ In 1962, Congress shouted into being a special Bureau of the Budget watchdog group to curb the growing federal payroll. On the same bill, it tacked a $120,000 appropriation for extra congressional clerks.

House and Senate payrolls are stuffed with makework, patronage jobs. Not long ago, House Republicans squabbled over filling a $13,000-a-year post with the title, "House Minority Postmaster." Nobody outside of Congress knows what this gentleman does, certainly he isn't needed to handle the mail. Best guess is that he does political chores for the minority leader. House and Senate staffs bulge

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with secretaries and assistant secretaries and assistants to the assistants, doorkeepers in layers, aides, messengers, and other employees—including elevator operators for automatic elevators.

I asked Representative John Kyl of Iowa, member of the House Administration Committee, why so much payroll padding. Kyl, a handsome, slow-talking Midwesterner, moved out from behind his desk, slumped in a chair, and stretched his legs out into the middle of the room. "The custodial force on the Senate side of the building is controlled by the Senate; on our side by the House. In the areas between, the Architect of the Capitol is in charge," he said in his deliberate way. "If you want your door varnished, your floor waxed, or a light bulb changed, you have to call three offices because some patronage is under one office, some under another. Nobody is willing to destroy the patronage system and create the kind of efficiency we need, because to do so would be to eliminate someone's power."

Some congressional spending is hidden under strange camouflage. A few years ago the report of the Secretary of the Senate showed that five Lincoln Continentals and one Mercury had been bought for "mail transportation." "I agree," said Senator Proxmire, "that the Senate mail should be treated with dignity. But I doubt that it is necessary for it to travel in Lincoln Continentals." The mail, he found on checking, was actually hauled in a truck. The five high-priced chariots were assigned to the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Secretary of the Senate and other favored Senate employees. "Those guys," growled Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, "are real operators."

A Roman emperor would feel right at home around Washington these days. Congressional monument builders have spread more marble around the landscape in the last decade than anyone since Caesar Augustus.

That plush new Senate Office building, for example, affectionately referred to as new SOB. "I'm not certain we needed a second office building at all," said Senator Douglas, seated in his picture-filled office in the old Senate Office Building. "There's a good deal of waste space in the Capitol that could be used for committee meetings and offices."

Needed or not, the building cost a lot more, $10 million more, in fact, than its original $20-million estimate. "It's just another of the shocking, depressing examples of Congress wasting money on itself," said Senator Proxmire. The slim, dark-haired lawmaker finished a stack of letters he had been signing automatically while he talked. "This building," he continued, rising and walking over to a pair of walnut doors hiding a safe, "is full of all kinds of glaring mistakes and inefficiencies. This safe would gladden the heart of any bank," he said, opening the doors. "Every senator has one. Obviously each safe costs thousands of dollars. But what's it for?"

The safes are just one minor example of how taxpayers' millions were squandered on the marble heaven that has come to be known as "the great white goof." When senators moved into the sumptuous new palace five years ago, they found that clocks didn't run; the expensive bronze hands were too heavy for the motors. The sound system installed in the meeting rooms squealed unpredictably and had to be changed. Elaborate bronze fixtures gave so little light they had to be replaced. Mail chutes dumped mail into the kitchen. Through ill-planned louvered doors, senators' private conversations could be heard in the halls. The new subway to the Capitol ran out of money a few feet, and $4 million, short of its goal. And the architect forgot to leave a hole for the subway to enter the building, so a heavy foundation wall of tile and concrete had to be demolished.

After millions had been spent to patch up the blunders, a sinister new threat arose. Some senators decided that the $100,000 worth of elegant rubber tile flooring was unsafe for working girls who might slip and break something. They quickly voted an additional $150,000 for carpeting to cover the tile. Senator Douglas fought the plan on the floor, but had to settle for a compromise. Only those senators specifically requesting the carpeting would get it. About a third did, and the total cost of this particular boondoggle was held down to a mere $54,000.

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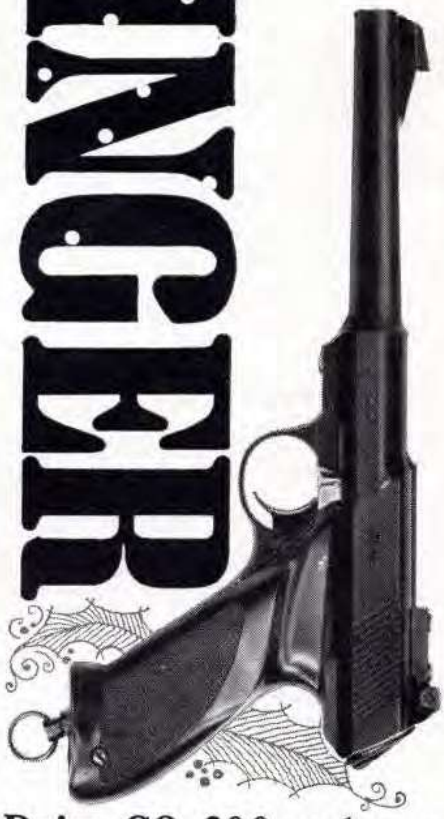

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As the new SOB approached completion, Architect of the Capitol J. George Stewart (not an architect at all, of course, but a former congressman) launched another grandiose plan. The historic east front of the Capitol, he said, was in bad shape. The dome was about to fall in. But he had a simple way to fix it. Tear down the entire east front and rebuild it in white marble.

The howl of rage that went up from architects, historians, and art experts across the country could be heard all the way to Washington. The critics might as well have kept quiet. The east front—which Thomas Jefferson had found "simple, noble, and beautiful," and George Washington praised for its grandeur—was ripped down in 1958 and the imitation erected. One reason congressmen went for the plan: it provided 17 "hideaway" offices in the extended front. They were assigned as senority plums. The whole unnecessary, disfiguring job came to some $24 million, "the most expensive remodeling job," said one architect, "since they paved the lobby of the Teller Hotel in Central City, Colorado, with gold."

But the new SOB and the rebuilt Capitol were just warmup exercises. House members' offices are two-room suites. Some decided that they needed four rooms. As a result, rising today on Independence Avenue just south of the Capitol, is a marble palace that threatens to become the most expensive structure since the Great Pyramid of Cheops, costing more than all present buildings on Capitol Hill put together.

This new congressional monument will be packed with costly goodies. Each suite, for example, will contain:

☛ Not one but two bathrooms. In their present buildings, representatives have to put up with the indescribable hardship of using community johns. Some with unstrategically placed offices have to walk a hundred feet or so down the corridor.

☛ A kitchenette. Congressional restaurants stay open when Congress is in session, but some fussy lawmakers might want to whip up their own *coq au vin*.

☛ Wall safe. Senators couldn't think of anything to do with theirs, but House members may be more inventive. Said one representative recently, "They must be for keeping whisky."

☛ $10,000 worth of furniture. It may be possible to spend more. It's just that nobody could think of a way.

Scattered elsewhere around the building are these additional touches:

☛ A swimming pool. Representatives have long felt underprivileged because the Senate had a pool and they hadn't. Now they'll no longer be second-class lawmakers.

☛ A gymnasium with massage table. House members say they're not jealous of the Senate's masseurs. Sure they're not.

☛ Steam room, volley ball courts, tennis courts.

☛ A separate "health suite" for the 11 lady lawmakers.

☛ A cafeteria capable of feeding 3,000.

Predictably, the goofs have already started to show up. A delegation of congressmen inspecting the still-uncompleted building noticed that there was no way for a congressman to get from his private office to his staff offices without going through the reception room. No matter, said the architects. "We'll cut a passage through a closet." Of course, file cabinets are already cleverly built into the proposed passageway, so the job will cost about $1,000 per office, or a total of $170,000. Hardly worth mentioning in the staggering total.

And that staggering total, incidentally, always staggers upward. The original cost of the third House Office building was pegged at less than $70 million. But estimates by the Capitol architect tend to be a trifle on the conservative side. Representative H. R. Gross of Iowa noticed that $8 million spent for land and engineering fees had somehow been overlooked in running up the tab. The omission, explained the architect's office, "simplified bookkeeping." All told, the new building may cost more *than $100 million*.

Why such murderous costs? Representative Tom Steed of Oklahoma explains: "Most office buildings are built to last 64 years, but ours are supposed to last 1,000. We have found that we can't think in terms of dollars and cents the way we do on other bills. We're like priests who have to preserve their temples."

Perhaps religious fervor helps to explain why representatives backing the incredible new structure decided not to give their colleagues a chance to squawk about the building or its costs. House leaders rammed through the authorization for its construction with all the subtlety of a bull elephant after a cow in heat.

The date was March 18, 1955. The House of Representatives had resolved itself into a committee of the whole, a routine procedure, to consider an appropriations bill that had been reported out by the House Appropriations Committee. In the chair was Representative Clark Thompson of Texas, a quiet, graying man who looks like a librarian or an aging barber. Not accidentally Thompson was also a trusted friend of the late Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. As the clerk droned on, reading the routine measure, Rayburn rose and was recognized. With an air of innocence, he handed an amendment to the clerk. The amendment authorized the construction of a new House office building and provided for a $2-million down payment to get it started.

Legislating on an appropriations bill, which the amendment blatantly did, was totally out of order. A single objection from the floor could kill it. Before the clerk finished reading, Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan leaped to his feet shouting for recognition. Then the late Representative Clarence Cannon of Missouri, elderly, wizened chairman of the Appropriations Committee and usually a tireless foe of government spending, rose and asked for recognition. Thompson ignored Hoffman, recognized Cannon. As sponsors of the measure congratulated each other and Hoffman, effectively silenced on a technicality, seethed, the House shouted the bill through on a voice vote.

While congressional self-indulgence fills life on Capitol Hill with the principal luxuries of life, it also helps Congressmen get re-elected. Vote-getting at public expense, in fact, is standard procedure on Capitol Hill.

A congressman, for example, makes a speech on the floor. As a matter of course, it is printed in the Congressional Record. (Actually, many are printed in the Record without ever having been made at all.) Then he orders reprints from the Government Printing Office at cut-rate prices. Mailing, of course, is free.

TRUE

"Hey, Bob, I heard you proposed to the boss's wife at the Christmas party—what was it you proposed anyway? He was furious!"

He can't mail undisguised "vote-for-me" appeals under his free-mail privilege. But the items he *can* send don't hurt at election time.

The Congressional Record which costs $90 a page to print is turned by spendthrift congressmen into a champion money waster in many ways. Senators and representatives cram thousands of its pages with reprints of articles, editorials, letters, and other foolish, irrelevant items. For example, some congressmen were upset when President Kennedy tried to get farmers to vote for his wheat program. Columnist Richard Wilson wrote an article about the Kennedy tactics which was published on June 19. The following day, three Republican representatives—Don Short of North Dakota, Charles Hoeven of Iowa, and Stephen Derounian of New York—had the article reprinted in the Record. Representative Edward Derwinski of Illinois apparently didn't do his homework, because on June 24 he had the same article reprinted for the fourth time. The Record is full of such ridiculous duplication.

Some members make money-wasting an art. Representative Paul Jones of Missouri told his colleagues in the House last June: "It might be news to some to know that one member of this House in the period between January 9 and June 12, 1963, made 192 insertions in the appendix of the Record and 23 extensions of extraneous matter in the body of the Record, the equivalent of 153 pages." At $90 a page, he belted the taxpayers a $13,770 lick in five months. And he's not the champion. The entries of some congressmen run more than their salaries. Examples of the life-and-death matters that cost taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars a year:

☛ Representative Edward A. Garmatz of Maryland inserted a copy of the program plus a transcript of his speech at the celebration of Metropolitan Joseph Slipy Day in Baltimore.

☛ Representative Edwin Dooley of New York, in fine voice, intoned a moving tribute to barber shop harmony, while his colleague, New York Representative Otis Pike rose "on behalf of American country music lovers everywhere to remind my colleagues" to observe National Country Music Week.

☛ Representative B. F. Sisk of California spoke eloquently of National Raisin Week, as did Representative Harlan Hagen, also of California.

☛ Representative John Dingell proved his devotion to Girl Scouting with a few apropriate remarks and a seven-stanza poem beginning, "I am glad I am a Girl Scout, in My Native USA."

☛ Senators Hubert Humphrey, George Aiken, and several others filled three springtime pages of the Record with a spirited discourse on flowers, studded with such gems as this one by Senator Aiken: "It seems to me that the anemone, sometimes called parque flowers, and the crocus should not be confused. There is a European species called anemone pulsatilla."

Public funds also pay for another campaign aid: the House and Senate film studios. These establishments make campaign films for congressmen at bargain-basement rates and still break even. They do it with the help of a clever bookkeeping trick: Their $100,000-a-year staffs are on the congressional payroll and thus aren't counted as operating expenses. Subsidized by the taxpayer, the studios can charge less than $50 for a film that would cost several hundred dollars at a commercial studio. (The new House Office Building, incidentally, will have still another studio—for TV.)

Legislators have even more ways of getting votes and sticking taxpayers with the bill. While congressmen knock the Agriculture Department for printing millions of pamphlets a year, many lawmakers blanket their districts with these same pamphlets. One official estimates that the Agriculture Department spends $75,000 a year printing literature congressmen send out free.

Congressmen usually claim that such literature is valuable to those who get it. In some cases it may be. The fact is, however, that the booklets are already available to all who ask the Government Printing Office. Trouble is, of course, those from GPO don't have a congressman's name on them. So millions—properly inscribed—are sent yearly to voters who may or may not want or need them.

The ingenuity congressmen use in wringing out votes—and damn the cost—is remarkable. Some ruses are so sneaky they don't at first seem to have anything

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"Hasn't this been a glorious honeymoon!"

to do with politics. The filing of scores of unneeded, repetitious bills on virtually every important issue before Congress has nothing to do with the legislative process. "Some members," explains Representative Paul Jones, "want to be in the position that any time they get a request from a constituent on any issue, they can say 'I introduced a bill on that.' " It's an easy way to impress voters without actually doing anything.

It's also a flagrant waste of money. "The clerk's office tells me that printing an average bill or resolution and putting it through channels costs $250," says Jones. Figured on this basis, the tab for the recent 143 unnecessary school prayer resolutions could run as high as $36,000. This tricky device costs taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

One congressman a few years ago dug out copies of more than 40 bills that had been introduced during the session by other lawmakers. He scratched off the names of the original authors and wrote in his own on each one, then the day before Congress adjourned, dropped them in the House hopper. Under the rules, they were all duly printed and distributed, then within 24 hours, were dead. By this apparently meaningless maneuver, the congressman collected an impressive stack of bills with his name on them to show to the voters during the upcoming campaign. He didn't mention, of course, that the stack of campaign literature represented a $10,000 involuntary campaign contribution on the part of the voters.

Why are congressmen so cavalier about squandering money in almost everything they do? "We get to dealing with hundreds of millions and even billions of dollars so that it gets very commonplace," says Senator Proxmire. "You deal with that much money and it seems that even a few hundred million dollars spent for Congress is small potatoes and doesn't amount to anything." Another reason for slipshod congressional money management: Congress is its own final authority. The Bureau of the Budget cracks down on all departments of government—except Congress. The General Accounting Office, created by Congress to keep a gimlet eye on spending in federal agencies and departments, would as soon cut its own budget as squawk about a congressional money bill.

If there's any controlling to be done, then, Congress has to do it. And asking Congress to watch its own spending is like sending crows to guard the corn. Rare attempts to cut expenses are considered in roughly the same category as attacks on motherhood. Representative M. G. Snyder of Kentucky last year briefly ran up the flag of economy to see if there would be any salutes. "We should change the sign on the dining room to 'Members' Socialized Dining Room,' " snorted Snyder. "It seems a subsidy of $250,000 is needed to make the operation of the various dining rooms break even. . . . Some of us are concerned about what we often refer to as creeping socialism. . . . Today represents a real opportunity for self discipline. Those who would do away with socialized swimming, socialized meals, socialized flowers, socialized haircuts, and many unnecessary expenses too numerous to mention can do it today." Over their yawns, the nation's lawmakers proceeded to other business.

When Representative Paul Jones introduced an amendment to stop the yearly printing of $27,000 worth of needless congressional calendars recently, he might as well have proposed banning Old Glory. He was angrily shouted down. Representative H. R. Gross suggested that maybe a new swimming pool was one frill the new House Office Building could do without. He got 26 votes.

Another powerful force that encourages spending is that great sacred congressional cow: comity. Under the rules of comity, it is considered downright unfriendly for one house to comment on or interfere with the affairs of the other. Sounds like just good manners in theory, but in practice, the taxpayer catches it in the pocket. When one house tacks on an unnecessary goody for itself, the other house, unable to protest, ups its own budget to stay even.

Despite their free-spending ways, most congressmen are probably not consciously out to swindle the public. Most wasteful spending habits grow, rather, from self indulgence, preoccupation with other matters, and a lack of outside control. A few members, however, are not so innocent. Some can't resist the temptation to shove their snouts into the public trough whenever the opportunity arises.

For many years, one of the jollier fringe benefits of a job in Congress has been the legislative junket. Doubtless, some congressional trips are necessary. But the hallowed congressional travel privileges are used by some simply to get an all-expense-paid foreign vacation every year. Expenses (until recently) didn't have to be accounted for, and results of the trip —if any—could remain a secret.

At the end of the 1962 session, some 100 lawmakers sallied forth to examine the condition of the world. While many were undoubtedly on legitimate business, it was a curious coincidence that all but a few found the areas that most needed investigating were Rome, Paris, London, and similar pleasure capitals. Even 10 lame ducks, congressmen who had been defeated for re-election and consequently would not be back to report even if they learned something, made trips One member achieved particular distinction. Representative Richard Lankford of Maryland traveled around the world, then turned in an expense account that averaged $160 a day, including $33 for food and $36 for miscellaneous expenses.

Although some public grumbling about congressional traveling habits appeared in the wake of the 1962 junkets, the whole matter would probably have died down had it not been for one man. The public benefactor was the wavy-haired, nattily dressed, ruggedly handsome congressman from Harlem, Adam Clayton Powell. In September, 1962, Powell left on his now-famous tour of Europe to study equal job opportunities for women. Accompanying him were two female staff members, one of whom happened to be a former runner-up in the Miss Universe contest.

Their tour included a cruise through the Aegean Isles, a visit to the Venice film festival, and reservations at London theaters and nightclubs throughout Europe, including the famous Lido of Paris. (Presumably, Powell learned that few women have jobs on cruise ships, but that they *are* employed in the movies and the theater, and that the Lido's famed bare-bosomed beauties have at least equal job opportunities.)

When Congress reconvened in 1963, the abuses were enough to shock even Congressmen. At the same time, Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio told the House that he had checked the records and found that Powell and members of his staff had made 30 official trips to Puerto Rico during the past 18 months, an average of one every 10 days or so. No reason for suspicion there, except that a short time before, Powell had married a $3,074-a-year secretary in his office,

given her a $9,900 raise as a wedding present, and sent her off to Puerto Rico to live.

The travel-minded New York congressman, meanwhile, had put in a budget request for $697,000 to operate his committee for the next two years. A boiling mad House slashed it by $200,000. Then, as a final insult, the House took control of most of the remaining money away from Powell.

Meanwhile, the House passed a bill requiring that members traveling aboard receive a flat daily allowance rather than unlimited expenses. The measure also bans lame-duck junkets.

But while taxpayers win an occasional victory, they lose far more often. The marble-mad contingent is stirring again, and currently has underway plans to:

☞ Rip down the west front of the Capitol—last remaining part of the historic, original building—and replace it with $20-million worth of white marble.

☞ Build a dandy new $47-million garage under the east plaza of the Capitol. The facts that it would cost about $25,000 per car (as against one-seventh that amount for similar garages in Chicago and Boston) and that every lawmaker already has an average of 10 reserved parking places doesn't dampen enthusiasm for the new project.

☞ Construct a $39-million memorial to James Madison near the Capitol. At the same time, the Library of Congress is desperate for new space. "Why not," suggests Senator Douglas, "build a new library and call it the James Madison Memorial Library?" This effort to pinch pennies (3,900,000,000 of them) is considered undignified by many members.

Assistant Capitol Architect Mario E. Campioli made a speech not long ago holding out a glowing vision of the future, with buildings and monuments filling the landscape as far as the eye can see. Maybe there should be a new Capitol, he said, with the present one serving as a shrine, a museum. Under Campioli's plan, billions of dollars worth of new buildings might extend all the way to the Anacostia River.

Meanwhile, as the builders gird for their next push, other congressional programs, payrolls, and privileges continue to expand. An occasional voice rises in protest, but prospects for real, lasting reform seem dim. "I think that whether something is done depends on the newspapers, magazines, and other outside critics," says Senator Proxmire. "People are always indulgent with themselves unless they find that the public knows about it and resents it. And of course, no group is more sensitive to public opinion than members of Congress. Exposure is the cure."

Maybe so. But the disease is old and entrenched, and the medicine would have to be strong. And when the patient is also the doctor, the sentiment to administer a hearty dose of self control is not overwhelming. The Powell outrage, however, shows that once in a while, when people get mad enough, something can be done. It's up to us taxpayers, who are the ones getting hurt, to scream about it.

—C. P. Gilmore

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[*Continued from page* 53]

decks. Both were wrapped in cellophane and sealed with federal revenue stamps, just as if they'd come from the corner drugstore. But Karnov assured him that every card bore a telltale mark. It was like owning a passport to Paradise.

Karnov's version of the proceedings was not too different—except in significance. He was to swear, at the trial that followed, that Witsman had declared he wanted the cards for "magic tricks," with never a mention of gambling.

The subsequent confusion, however, was not enough to prevent that sale from being the costliest Karnov ever made. In 24 hours Bill Witsman was back. This time the tall, wavy-haired customer revealed that he was a plainclothes sergeant with the Special Investigation Unit of the Cook County Sheriff's Office. He shoved a search warrant under Karnov's bespectacled eyes, and with the help of five other law officers launched one of the strangest raids in recent Chicago history.

By the time the cops finished, they had seen demonstrations in card marking and dice loading, arrested five persons, and carted away three truckloads of rigged gaming equipment. More significantly, a lot of gambling hustlers would now have to seek a new source for the gimmicked tools of their trade.

The operation the cops laid bare may —in a way you never dreamed of—explain your "bad luck" at wagering.

"Just name your game," Sgt. Bob Labirdia, one of the raiders, explained to me, "and K.C. had figured a way to fix it that is damn hard for the average guy to detect. I'll never forget that place as long as I live."

Besides 107 varieties of marked cards and 350 sizes and styles of gaffed dice, the lawmen discovered that Karnov specialized in such far-out gadgets as bracelets to simulate the rattle of dice, tinted contact lenses sold for use with mated marked cards, magnetic belts for controlling the galloping ivories, punchboards and jar games that never give a decent prize, transistorized radio units and phony fluorescent lights that gamblers might find handy for card-game cheating, retractable metal claws for hiding aces up a sleeve, faro boxes that deal only second cards, keno and chuck-a-luck cages that almost never lose for the house, and a host of other gimmicks the use of which could take the gamble out of gambling.

"It's bad enough to be taken by the percentage," Bill Witsman told me as he looked over the loot from the raid. "But when you're playing against equipment like this, it's like having a pistol to your head. You haven't got a chance."

That's exactly what made K.C. so popular. Of some 20 U.S. outfits peddling offbeat gaming materials, it was believed among the biggest. Its mailing list bore 40,000 names from all 50 states and 24 foreign countries. Orders pouring in by telephone, letter, telegram and over the counter kept 29 employees busy five days a week. In a recent three-year span, gross sales totaled a cool million bucks.

Don't mistakenly assume that all this output went into the hands of professional hustlers and underworld steer joints you'd never come in contact with. Ledgers, invoices and correspondence seized by the raiders—and examined by TRUE—reveal that the majority of buyers appear to have been ordinary Joes, including possibly a next-door neighbor or poker pal interested in taking you with a little sophisticated jack-rolling in seemingly casual games.

In fact, a glance through K.C.'s records makes an honest bettor leery of joining a game almost anywhere. In addition to a multitude of individual buyers, K.C. in recent months shipped doctored equipment to a place in Anchorage, Alaska; an organization in Saticoy and a restaurant in Huntington Park, California; hotels in Washington, D. C., Seattle, and San Juan, Puerto Rico; a store in Hartville, Missouri; a social group in Rantoul, Illinois; a manufacturing plant in Philadelphia; a printing firm in Chicago; a brokerage company in Honolulu; a used-car lot in Vancouver . . . to civilian buyers, in fact, from Baltimore to Portland, Oregon; to military bases from New York to San Francisco.

Perhaps you're a shrewd enough player never to be taken. But John Scarne, the world's foremost gambling authority, claims the average American among the estimated 86 million of us who gamble knows so little about cheating tactics and devices that he is a sitting duck for a fast gyp. In tens of thousands of crooked gambling operations, Scarne says, unwitting suckers lose millions, perhaps billions, every year.

By the time you finish this story you'll understand why.

Although the K.C. Card Co. (which Karnov sometimes called the H. E. Mason Co.) is about 45 years old, is located just three blocks from Chicago police headquarters, and has advertised openly in national magazines, it had never once been shuttered by the law until the sheriff's raiders closed in.

Its traffic in rigged equipment was already flourishing when Karnov, a tall, broad-shouldered man who parts his hair in the middle and has a severe case of camera shyness, joined the firm as a shipping clerk in 1939. Riding the waves of outgoing orders, he must have realized that K.C.'s founder, Harrington Drake, had driven a taproot to many a man's mortal sin—the craving to win at any cost. Borrowing a plot from Horatio Alger, Karnov diligently worked his way up to road salesman, general manager, president and, in 1961 after a large stock purchase, to sole owner. Along the way, he introduced new items to keep the business abreast of technological change.

On an annual salary of about $40,000, he lived comfortably with his wife and son in Park Ridge, an upper-middle-class suburb, and despite the nature of his products, kept himself clean of any police record. So far as investigators have been able to learn, he also kept his company out of the clutches of the greedy Chicago crime syndicate.

It was obvious to racketeers, however, that his ingenious inventions were meat and potatoes for operators of floating gambling joints aimed at convention-

TRUE

"And to top it off, the yes-men are saying 'maybe'."

goers and others hunting for action. Because of this, Karnov was summoned to Washington in the summer of 1961 to testify at a Senate investigation into gambling and organized crime, headed by Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas.

Karnov seemed oblivious to the Fifth Amendment, apparently believing that all questions were to be answered. His only request was that TV cameras be banned while he testified.

Interrogated by a somewhat startled chief counsel, Jerome Adlerman, he earnestly explained the workings of gaffed dice, marked cards, rigged punchboards, and a host of subtler aids.

Many of the products, he maintained at the outset, were "used by magicians and for theatrical props." But later he made a broader response when Senator McClellan asked, rhetorically, "How can a fellow . . . manufacture, advertise and sell equipment so constructed . . . that it becomes crooked . . . and cheats . . . somebody who has put his confidence in it? I don't see how he can escape being a party to the fraud."

"But we don't hide it," Karnov replied. "We advertise it as being exactly what it is."

"The very purpose of making this equipment is so that one gambler can cheat another? Is that correct?"

"That is the real purpose of it."

He was too candid for his own good. In the wake of the hearings, Congress passed several new laws aimed at smashing organized crime. One forbade interstate transportation in the aid of racketeering. Because of Karnov's admissions and because 90 percent of his business was outside Illinois, FBI agents began an extensive probe of his operations. Assistant U.S. Attorney Daniel Becco, of the Justice Department's organized crime unit, told me that Attorney General Robert Kennedy personally ordered the crackdown.

The federal bloodhounds quietly sniffed out scores of known gamblers and ascertained that many had received parcel-post and express shipments of rigged devices from K.C. On the basis of an inch-thick file of intelligence reports, Karnov's records were subpoenaed. In December, 1962, he appeared before a federal grand jury in Chicago lugging three pasteboard boxes of books and records. For the first time in his career the heat was on.

Meanwhile, the voters of Cook County, which embraces Chicago, had elected an aggressive young sheriff named Richard Ogilvie, a former government prosecutor. Once Ogilvie had got the office in hand, a special unit under his chief investigator, Richard Cain, began smashing its way into syndicate gambling strongholds in Chicago's wide-open suburbs.

When Cain's men time and again turned up marked cards and gaffed dice that had been ordered from the K.C. Card Co., they decided to take a look at the firm itself, via Witsman. Illinois laws forbid knowingly manufacturing and selling equipment for gambling. On the basis of Witsman's report, although federal action on a cease-and-desist order was pending, the sheriff's officers made their play.

It'll make your pipe taste good again. Old Briar's five domestic and imported tobaccos are chosen to rejuvenate. While you savor their lusty, rich aroma, they soothe out pipe harshness with their extraordinary mildness. A golden pocket pouch keeps Old Briar blender-fresh. It's the Master Mixture—a tonic for old pipes...and a great way to break in new ones.

OLD BRIAR—Another fine product of United States Tobacco Company.

TIME: 8:45 AM...TEMPERATURE: 12 BELOW!

GUESS WHOSE CAR STARTED?

THE MAN WITH RISLONE® IN HIS OIL! He didn't run down *his* battery trying to start a stiff engine. Actually, engines don't "freeze". It's the oil. Sub-zero temperatures thicken oil . . . like molasses in January. Engines barely turn over . . . and that's what runs down your battery. **RISLONE** lowers the pour-point and increases the lubricating efficiency of all motor oils, including the new, long-life types. **RISLONE**-reinforced oil flows freely at lowest temperatures. You can count on fast, battery-saving starts every morning, all Winter long. Winter *or* Summer, **RISLONE** cleans out gum and sludge in your engine to guarantee improved engine performance or your money back. Add **RISLONE** at every oil change or when you're down a quart. At your service station or garage.

"It's a shame he's so near-sighted."

"What we learned from that raid," said Lt. James Donnelly, who helped plot it, "is going to keep all of us away from 'friendly' gambling games for the rest of our lives."

When the cops hit, K.C.'s manufacturing operation was in full swing, and it was a revelation. Every year the company was turning out 20,000 decks of "the most perfect readers" by a nearly foolproof process. It bought new decks, unmarked, by the thousands from legitimate card producers, stocking the shelves in its giant storeroom with virtually every design on the market. The original cellophane wrappers and 13-cent federal revenue stamps were torn off, and the cards were marked a carton at a time. Karnov employed four female artists adept with fine brushes for this work. Their doctoring with matching ink was inspected by a foreman who rejected decks with mistakes and smears—a regular factory work line. Then new revenue stamps, which Karnov was licensed to use, were pasted on and the decks resealed with fresh cellophane. The final packages were even complete with tear bands, making them look for all the world as if they had never been opened.

Thanks to K.C. and other companies like it, an estimated 400,000 decks of "readers" are currently in use in the United States. After a five-year, coast-to-coast survey, expert John Scarne recently concluded they are used in one out of every 10 games.

To the initiated, the markings are obvious. But probably of any 50 average card players, hardly a man would know more than that the marks would be on the backs of the cards. Even a man whose suspicions were aroused would find spotting the gimmick a monumental job.

Suppose, for example, that your poker clan plays with cards of a common design —the Rider Back, which carries a drawing of Cupid riding a bicycle, framed with elaborate scroll. If the guy who furnishes the deck always seems to win, K.C.'s artists may have marked it for him. But how? Perhaps they blocked out minute portions of each scroll, a mark virtually undetectable in the tangle of whirls and curlicues. Or one or more of the 14 tiny white birds flying in the sky behind Cupid may be inked out to match the background; to your opponent, the combination of remaining birds represents the face values of your cards. Or the size of petals on the two flowers at the top of the card may have been changed to indicate suit and value. Or some of the 65 blades of white grass under the bike wheels may be blotted out in coded combinations. Or extra skin wrinkles may have been added to the little angels in the corners. On this one style of card alone, K.C. offered seven different markings.

Just to begin to protect yourself, you would have to know them all, and still you could be flimflammed. A really particular hustler might have bought a complete K.C. marking kit (two bottles of French card ink, two brushes, two glass palettes, 24 cellophane wrappers cut to fit, 24 red tear-off bands, one bottle of special cellophane cement) for only $10, then invented his own code and done the job himself. Thus even a card back of unusual design—a monogram or the picture of a business establishment—may be marked.

Among the firm's most successful creations was a type of marking you could never detect with your naked eye. It was made with an "invisible" ink that shows up dark green—but only when viewed through special red lenses.

"Before a game," explained Sergeant Witsman, "a player just dipped a paper match into the ink and drew big A's on the backs of the aces, for example. When he looked through the red glass, the mark hit him like a five-room house. But you couldn't see a thing."

For disguise, K.C. incorporated the red glass in special $170 contact lenses and in cheap ($13) sunglasses. The latter, called "luminous readers," were especially popular in Florida, Arizona, California and other sunny climes where outdoor card games flourish, according to confiscated correspondence I read. In one year alone, K.C. sold nearly 300 pairs of the costly contact lenses to customers in every state in the Union.

In case a card crony of yours prefers to use his sensitive fingers instead of his eyes to achieve his ends, he might depend on a K.C. "stripped" deck.

To make this useful little trade item, Karnov's employees removed certain cards—say, four aces—from a new deck, cut about 1/64 of an inch off the edges of the others, then repackaged the entire deck. Thus the aces protruded slightly, and a knowing player could "strip" them out of a shuffled and cut deck at will by gently pulling his thumb and middle finger along the sides.

If your friend favors a hand-to-hand shuffle, he may be winning with the "shake-out" deck, in which the ends of certain key cards—such as three queens, or a five card straight—are trimmed shorter than the rest. When the card mechanic holds the deck by its ends between the thumb and second finger of one hand, the trimmed cards fall out into his other hand. Bottom dealt, they're his—and so is your dough. One stripped hand a night, incidentally, is enough if the pot is boiling big.

Although altered cards and their accessories accounted for better than 50 percent of K.C.'s business, the second best sellers were gaffed dice. K.C. pushed a variety of these for every shooter's taste.

When the raiders burst into its dice shop, a handful of employees were busy cutting cubes of 14 different sizes from bulk strips of molded acetate (for cheap "drugstore" dice) and hard celluloid (for professional "precision" dice). A dozen others were bent over drills, scrapers, bottles of mercury, calipers and paint stands, all engaged in putting the gaff in the day's production. The workers were caught so by surprise that the cops were able to confiscate one drill with its bit buried deep in a die cube, preparing it for loading.

Transparent or opaque dice, pee-wee or club size, flush or countersunk spots —you name it; regardless of the style, K.C. had a way to bug it. "Our work is so perfect," boasts the catalogue, "that the most experienced experts are baffled by it."

For example, police say Karnov's fixers sometimes used paint with excessive lead content to make the dots on one side. In play, this side lands on the bottom five times more often than it would ordinarily. Yet neither you nor any other of America's 30 million dice shooters could ever see the load.

Another K.C. technique was to press together two pieces of plastic with different weights to make a single die. In play, the side with the highest specific gravity tends to land down. Yet if you become

suspicious and burn the dice—a traditional test for loads—no guilty glob of metal can show up.

Likewise, nothing shows if you burn K.C.'s $10 "floats." These were loaded by drilling out material behind the spots on the side of the die the buyer wanted to land up, in effect weighting the other side.

Weights, of course, do not insure the right toss every time, unless the dice are so heavily fixed that they are easily "rumbled." Thus, if a sharpie wanted to suck up your blood money swiftly, he ordered K.C.'s magnetic dice at $60 a pair. In these, thin metal discs about 1/8 inch in diameter were camouflaged with paint and buried directly behind the dots on either opaque or transparent dice. Bounced across a table, the cubes could be controlled by one of K.C.'s magnetic accessories, including a $150 belt studded with small battery-powered magnets, effective even through two layers of clothing; a larger magnet designed to fit under a bar or counter for permanent installation in neighborhood taverns, fraternal lodges, country clubs; and the mammoth $1,200 "king of magnets," which required three auto batteries to operate and was guaranteed to "perfectly control" dice in an area 28 by 40 inches on a table.

Indeed, K.C. even figured out a magnetic rig for the tiny dice in the plastic-dome bar shaker. Many tavern owners stand such a shaker in the open so that customers can toss for free drinks or jukebox plays.

After the raid, Sergeant Labirdia showed me a slab-shaped magnet the cops had seized. As he passed it slowly over an open drawer of magnetic dice, even the cubes wrapped in double paper ready for shipping hopped and spun crazily under the magnet's influence like Mexican jumping beans.

"Believe me," he said, "a magnet like this, hidden under a bar, is keeping more than one watering hole in the black."

For dice fanciers with different tastes, K.C. was on top of the market with other gaffs: "tops and bottoms," in which certain numbers appeared on two sides and others not at all; "edgework," with certain edges of the dice cut at 60° angles instead of the customary 45°; "flats," dice with as little as 10/5,000 of an inch shaved off certain surfaces to make them more nearly bricklike; "shapes," tapered so they no longer are true cubes; "bevels," with one or more sides sandpapered into slight curves. And on nearly every alteration, K.C. assured its buyers the cubes "will caliper perfect"—making it next to impossible for you to detect the fix.

It's depressingly easy, however, to watch your cash roll out when these phonies roll in. And according to Scarne, gaffed dice find their way into one out of every 20 private crap games.

The odds against you are even greater if you play punchboards, pushcards, match-pack tickets or jar games. On the backs of hundreds of punchboards and similar items K.C. sold every year. Karnov's workers thoughtfully taped key cards which showed the buyers where most or all of the winning numbers were located. Unless the operator was a saint or a dolt, the big prize holes would be punched long before he started selling you chances.

If there was anything amusing about Karnov's wares, it was his "Blue Book" catalogue of these and other gaming items. Fewer than one-fourth of its pages were devoted to undoctored material, such as dice sticks, table railing and poker chips. For all of it, however, this notice appears on page 3: "Goods in this catalogue are not sold to perpetrate a fraud or for any illegal purpose."

Karnov himself emphasized that point when I spoke to him recently in the sheriff's evidence vault, where the haul from his gold mine was awaiting the blast furnace. Earlier he had refused to see me, but that day he was retrieving some storage drawers the raiders had used to carry out his products. And as I helped him dump rigged dice out of them, he loosened up a little.

"I'm an honest businessman like anyone else," he declared, as he pawed among the remnants of his business. "I'm no man from Mars. I was just selling things that magicians could use in performing tricks."

"But you and I both know that magicians weren't the only ones using this stuff," I said. "There aren't that many magicians in the country."

"I can't help that," he snapped. "When one of these sheriff's men goes into a store to buy a pistol, he uses it to enforce the law. The next customer may buy a shotgun to kill his mother-in-law. The store owner just sells the product. He isn't responsible for the way it's used. A lot of things can be used for either good or evil."

Karnov felt persecuted. "Even dime stores sell stuff that can be used for gambling," he grumbled. "You don't see them getting busted."

I tried to draw him out more, but he referred me to his lawyer, who later emphatically told me he didn't want Karnov talking to anyone.

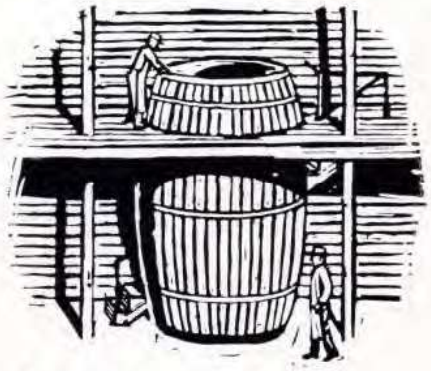
So I flipped through the K.C. catalogue to see how many references I could find to magicians. I spotted none, but my eye was repeatedly drawn to such phrases as the following: ". . . gives the banker or fader excellent percentages." . . . "These dice will seven out and throw craps, going over in smart spots where all others get a rumble." . . . "Perfect control when you deal any game such as stud, draw poker, pitch, blackjack. . . ."

One item so described was the $350 radio cue prompter. A "magician" straps the electrodes of this transistorized gadget to his arm or leg and stations a confederate where he can see your cards through a window or a hole in the wall when you come in to play. Using a dot-dash code, the spy sends electrical impulses, which the operator receives as mild electric shocks, allowing him to "read" your cards as if they were face up on the table. (One model operates with an ear plug, like a hearing aid.)

Recommended for use with the prompter when games are played regularly in the same room was the "Peepe Fixture," which looks like one of those circular fluorescent lights you often see

Deep in the Cumberlands, Jack Daniel began a tradition . . .

of gentling his whiskey to a rare sippin' quality.



Nearly a century later, we're still holding to this skill.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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in barber shops. The shiny piece of aluminum it seems to rim is actually a one-way look-through mirror, behind which, in the adjoining room, the helper can stand and spy on your cards without fear of detection.

The man who works alone probably prefers the $12.50 ring shiner, a device that for some reason enjoys particular popularity in Arkansas, judging from K.C.'s correspondence. This is simply a ring with a highly polished gold surface which, when turned to the palm side of the wearer's hand, allows him to see reflected the faces of the cards he's dealing you.

If in the process he spots any cards he'd like to hold for himself, he can do so with one of several K.C. gadgets. A ring concealer, for example—a finger band with a paper-cliplike attachment—allows him to hide a choice card in his palm. Or he may have moistened his hand with "check cop," a sticky liquid that makes palming easier. More elaborate is the $125 hold-out machine, called the "third hand" by poker sharps. It's an intricate contraption of rods, pulleys and expanding arms that fits inside a false lining in the operator's suit. Controlled by the spread of his knees, the device can hold as many as five cards up his sleeve until he's ready to play them. Or, if he needs a stacked deck to swap for a straight one, there's the $140 "cold-decking" machine that can be hidden inside the waistband of his trousers. When he leans back from the table a few inches, a steel mechanism pops open a pouch on the gadget and raises the substitute deck to sleight-of-hand reach.

In the course of the raid, as the sheriff's men moved along the firm's floor-to-ceiling storage shelves, they uncovered scores of other magical aids—put-and-take tops beveled to win if spun to the left and lose if spun to the right; adhesive powder that could be applied to dice with a moist finger to make them land with certain numbers up; thumb pricks for making minute telltale marks in certain cards during a game; strips of sandpaper, hidden in adhesive bandages, that could be run down the sides of cards to rough their edges for identification; special lipless dice cups from which dice could be slid in controlled throws without being tripped; for use with such a cup, a hollow wooden bracelet containing a steel ball bearing which, when the cup is swung, rattles underneath the operator's sleeve and sounds as if the dice are really shaking; chuck-a-luck cages with magnetic dice and base magnets; do-it-yourself dice-loading kits, complete with burr drills and quicksilver; keno gooses, with the winning balls made larger than the neck so that only losers could drop out; coins loaded to spin only heads or only tails; three-card monte sets; even the hoary shell game, with a rubber pea that could be flipped easily into the hand.

"Most of this stuff was almost certainly finding its way into games most players think are 'friendly,'" said Lieutenant Donnelly. "Frankly, there's no such thing as a friendly game when there's money on the table."

A substantial portion of Karnov's products have been brought into use at servicemen's bases. For example, correspondence I read indicates put-and-take dice and an unlipped cup were shipped to the USS *Intrepid*; a special brand of marked cards, "harder to read but also harder to detect," to the USS *Enterprise*; luminous glasses to Camp LeJeune, North Carolina; contact lenses to the 25th Medical Battalion, San Francisco; Rider Back cards with the birds inked out to Fort Lee, Virginia; 12 pair of six-ace flats to Williams AFB, Arizona; other gaffed dice to Randolph AFB, Texas; three decks of contact lens cards to Fort Campbell, Kentucky, and so on. The police say that in addition to these direct sales to military personnel, hundreds of other sales were made to operators in recreation areas around the camps.

Despite all this, Karnov managed to beat the raiders' case against him. A charge of manufacturing gambling equipment was dropped after his lawyer, George Cotsirilos, detected technical flaws in the search warrant. With their warrant quashed, the sheriff's men were unable to introduce as evidence *any* of the equipment they had seized in Karnov's shop.

Last October, the state made a last-ditch effort to nail Karnov, claiming he broke the law by selling gambling equipment when he sold the marked cards to Sergeant Witsman. Cotsirilos argued, however, that the Illinois criminal code defines gambling equipment as "a device designed principally for use in gambling." A deck of cards, he claimed, can be bought and used anywhere for a variety of purposes. And marked cards, he contended, were more likely to be used by stage performers than by gamblers. The real pros in places like Las Vegas, he pointed out, would have nothing to do with them.

Indeed, Karnov testified that Witsman gave the impression of being a trickster and merely asked to see some "trick" cards on the day he bought the decks. Though Sergeant Witsman testified to the contrary, the state couldn't shake Karnov.

The jury evidently believed Karnov's story. After only 10 minutes' deliberation, it returned a verdict of not guilty. "The jury didn't know the real flagrance of the case," Assistant State's Attorney Stewart Katz said to me. "We weren't allowed to introduce any of the gaffed devices."

Despite the verdict of the jury, the K.C. Company now is reportedly out of the gaff business. After his appearance before the federal grand jury, Karnov signed a federal "cease and desist" order. In this, he voluntarily agreed not to make further interstate shipments of rigged gear. If he does, Assistant U.S. Attorney Becco told me he will run into trouble.

This doesn't mean that Karnov is closing up K.C. "I'm going to try to stay in business selling perfect dice and unmarked cards," he told me as we were emptying the loaded dice from his drawers that day. "Before the raid we supplied perfect dice to casinos in Nevada and all over the world." (Records show some spots bought 500 pair a week from K.C.)

He hitched up the sleeves of his natty suit and grabbed a stack of empty drawers. "Maybe," he said, with a cocker-

spaniel look of sadness, "I can get enough from selling the cabinets these go in to pay the rent." He didn't mention his net from that cool million in sales the last three years.

Whether Karnov is in business or out, the products he peddled—and his competitors still peddle—are in wide use and, consequently, are a very real threat to you if you gamble. You can, of course, watch for certain clues and hope you are lucky enough to spot a cheat.

K.C.'s marked cards, for example, were packaged with plain red or white tear bands. Straight decks from the manufacturers often have the brand name (such as "Bee" or "Bicycle") printed on the band. However, a sharp who owned a K.C. card-marking kit could buy his own deck at a drugstore, open the cellophane at the bottom, and, after marking the cards, reseal it, leaving the original band intact.

You might try riffling the cards while watching various parts of the back design. If some areas of the pattern seem to jump around, keep your money in your pocket. The cards are marked. To check for strippers, pound the deck sharply on its edge or end and see if any cards protrude.

The best guard against invisible ink is not to play with anyone wearing contact lenses or sunglasses. Contacts are hard to detect, but can usually be seen bulging slightly from the eyeball if you look close. Don't be fooled if your opponent has conventional glasses. Rigged contacts without visual correction can be used by players who wear regular specs.

When shooting dice at a table or bar, pass your wristwatch over the throw area from time to time, especially when the dice are in play. Even with a nonmagnetic watch, the second hand will stop momentarily if it comes into the field of a working electromagnet.

The dice themselves can be measured for shape and size with micrometers and sometimes with calipers. You can test for loads by spinning a die held lightly by diagonal corners between thumb and middle finger. If the same side comes up consistently, watch out.

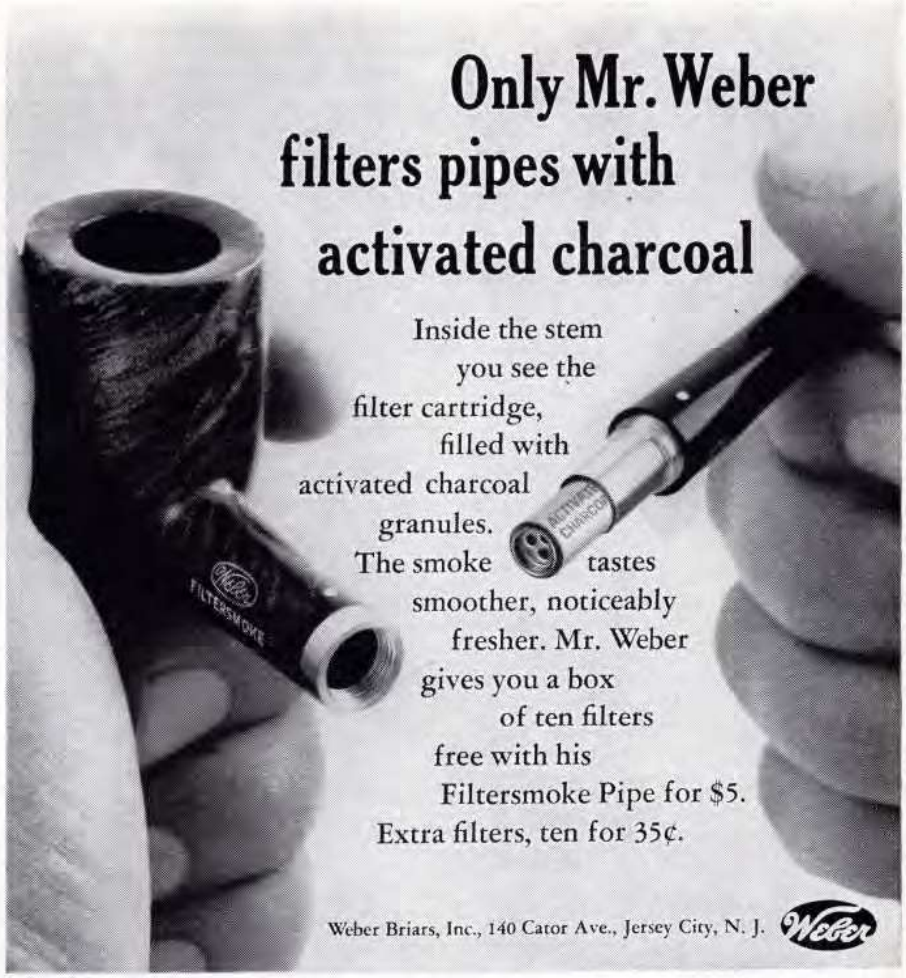
These techniques are hard to master, however. And like most tests, they are impractical in a fast game. After all, an efficient hustler rips bad dice in and out on just a few valuable plays, depending on a matching legitimate pair the rest of the time.

Perhaps a clue to the ultimate solution to crooked gambling lies in the West. From what I have been told, there is virtually no business in gaffed equipment done with residents of Nevada. Not by coincidence, that's the only state where extensive gambling is legalized.

As Edward Olsen, chairman of Nevada's Gaming Control Board, explained to me: "There's no market for cheating out here. Anyone who wants to gamble knows he can go to a casino and play till his heart's content in an atmosphere that we are constantly policing to be sure everything is on the square.

"The only thing a player has against him then is the percentage."

—Charles Remsberg



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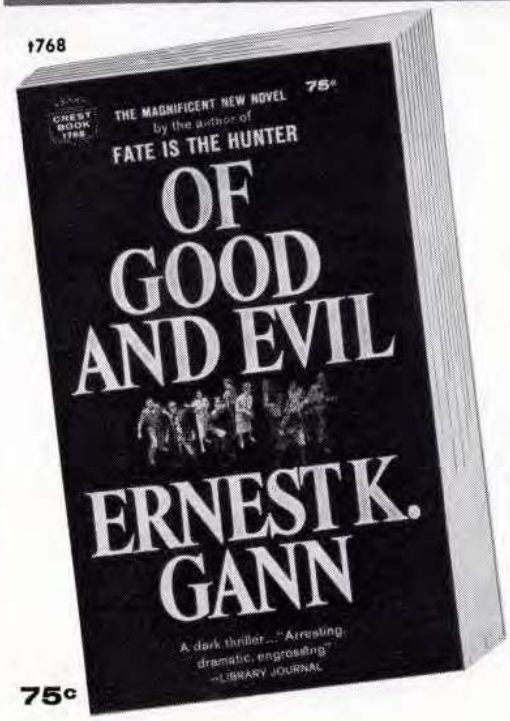

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THE CLIMBER

[*Continued from page* 30]

them I would feel condemned to death."

He pauses, a small intense man, and then he says: "I find in the mountains a kind of loyalty. Sometimes I feel I can talk to them, silently, affectionately. When I am among men, all trying to work some kind of deal, I feel disoriented completely."

Bonatti is without any doubt the most skillful climber in the Alps today, if not in the world. He is incredibly resourceful. To him, a mountain is a series of problems, each to be carefully, prudently worked out, none of them insoluble.

Once he stood at the base of the Grand Capucin, staring up, the great granite tower so sheer it seemed to overhang him. "It looked so solid, it had such geometric elegance," he recalls, "that just to imagine that you might reach the summit made you dizzy with anticipation." Day after day, Bonatti would look up at the mountain, fascinated. At last he decided to attack it. "My dream," he explains, "was to reach the peak by a route which was entirely mine, traced out by my intelligence alone."

Bonatti's muscular development is ordinary, but he has a very slow pulse beat, about 40, like most top distance runners. He is quite a good gymnast on the parallel bars, which helps him on the mountains. But his greatest asset is the strength of his will; he will not accept defeat. If he were a boxer, you could never make him quit, you would have to kill him. This strength of will translates into his incredible stamina. People say he can go without food, without sleep, and that he is insensitive to cold. (Indeed, men who have climbed with him have lost fingers and toes to frostbite; Bonatti still has 10 of each.) Bonatti's patience is incredible too. He can lie in a bivouac, or hang in a sleeping bag slung from a piton in a storm, for days without moving, waiting for the storm to lift. At the best of times he might be lying on an uneven rocky ledge as wide as his body. At the worst he might be sitting on a ledge too narrow to lie on, his legs dangling in the void, his upper body lashed to a piton hammered into the rock.

On the Freney Pillar he was stuffed into a tiny pup tent with three other men, with so much snow on the tent that they were soaked through with humidity and sweat. They were so cramped they could not even urinate except into a helmet which then was passed to the man nearest the entrance for disposal. Bonatti's head was in a rear corner. The air was so close they could hardly breathe, and the sensation of claustrophobia was appalling. Other men in such a situation, unable to move a muscle for three days, begin to go crazy. In fact, one of the men with Bonatti on the Freney did go berserk during the descent, and then he died. But Bonatti can control his nerves not only on sheer walls thousands of feet over the void, but also when stuffed into snow-covered pup tents unmoving for days on end.

"Climbing is not a battle with the elements, nor against the law of gravity," Bonatti says earnestly. "It's a battle against oneself."

When preparing a climb, Bonatti doesn't spend half the day lifting weights and the rest of the time studying maps. He steels himself mentally and spiritually for the ordeal which is to come. Life's pleasures drop away one by one. He puts his books away, he stops listening to music, he hardly knows his wife is about. (There are no children.) He becomes nervous and irritable. He walks about the town staring up at the summits. He carries his gear up to the base of the mountain. He sleeps out in the open every other night, hardening himself for the ordeal to come. He gives up smoking and even wine with his meals. He nerves himself up, imagining the worst that can happen, and forcing himself (in his mind) to push forward despite it. At the end of a few weeks of such preparation, the climb almost seems easy. Nothing which can happen is as bad as what Bonatti is ready for.

They call Bonatti "the climber who always gets down alive," and this is true—so far. They also call him "the climber who never knows fear," but this is nonsense. Bonatti has known as much sheer terror as any man who ever lived, perhaps more.

Once, climbing the west peak of the Lavaredo in Italy in winter, Bonatti reached an ice-covered shelf which sloped downward toward the void. Night was coming on fast, and they would have to bivouac here—there was no other shelf in sight. This shelf, wide as a window sill, sloped downward, too, but it would have to do. Bonatti got ready to haul Carlo Mauri, who was climbing with him, up to the shelf. But there was no fissure into which he could drive a piton for security. In desperation, Bonatti hammered several short pitons into a barely perceptible crack. They went in about half an inch. Bonatti knew they would not hold against a man's weight. He warned Mauri, then helped haul Mauri up. Both men were cold and exhausted from the day's climb. They roped themselves to the useless pitons, then sat down on the downward sloping sill for the night. The ice on the sill melted under them. They kept slipping toward the void. To sleep would mean to fall off the shelf—the pitons would never hold—and so they kept each other awake all night. They were racked by cold, by terror, by hallucinations brought on by the need to sleep. For 12 hours they hung on, waiting for dawn, knowing they could not go down the glare ice face of this mountain. The door was closed behind them. They had to go up.

When light dawned they were stiff with cold and groggy from lack of sleep. The temperature was 14° below zero. Bonatti climbed up to a couloir. He was stopped by an overhanging roof of granite. He would have to traverse the sheer face of the mountain to get out from under the roof, but there were no hand-holes, no cracks for pitons.

A few feet under the overhanging roof, a ridge of snow and ice traversed the mountain. Shaped like a foot-wide rain gutter, this ridge was not supported by anything. It was simply stuck to the mountain. But it ran across the face of the mountain to a small ledge, and Bonatti spied a crack which would hold a piton.

TRUE

"Do what I do. Show them your report card during their cocktails."

Could he crawl across the gutter of snow and ice to the ledge? Would it hold his weight?

There was no other way out from under the overhanging roof. He had to chance it.

A few feet below the overhang, Bonatti crawled gingerly across the fragile gutter of ice and snow, holding his breath as if to make himself lighter. He moved with agonizing slowness, terrified that he would shake the gutter loose from the mountain. Icicles hung from the overhang. He broke them off with his head, and they fell into the void. It was many seconds before he heard them hit anything. He was stiff with fear. He moved one hand, then the other, then one knee, then the other, his heart pounding, his progress infinitely slow. In his mind he was absolutely certain he would crash through the snow to the rocks thousands of feet below. His arms were going into the snow up to the elbows.

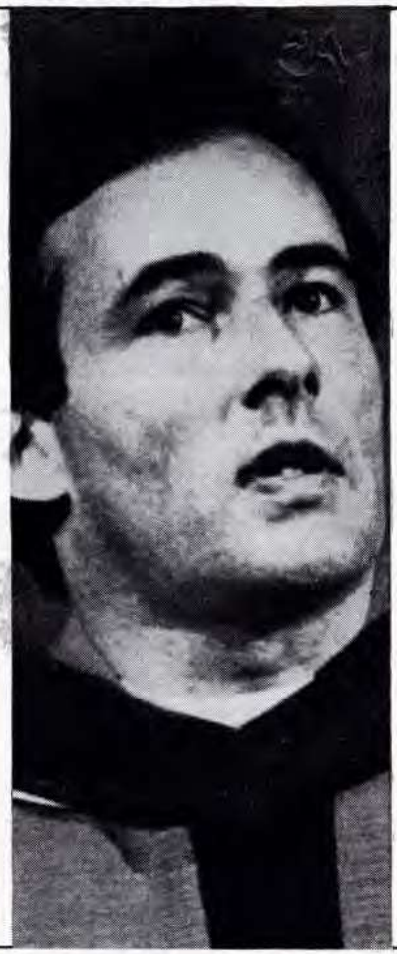
Delicately, an inch at a time, he moved out onto the gutter. Halfway across he realized that he had no gloves on. When had he removed them? His hands were without feeling. When he looked at them he saw they were purple. Exhausted, he stopped to catch his breath. He was covered with sweat. On he went again. Ahead now was the ledge . . . just a few more feet. The temptation to lunge for it was almost overpowering. Slowly he crawled forward, touched the ledge, crawled onto it, pounded in a solid piton and hooked on his rope.

He was safe. He leaned back against the mountain and burst into tears.

One other time Bonatti wept on a mountain. He was climbing the Alps' Grandes Jorasses and came to a three-sided chimney which, as it ascended, leaned out over the void; the mountain exceeded the vertical here. Bonatti had to go up this chimney because there was no other way, and the chimney was slick with ice. He got inside the chimney and began to squirm up, his back pressed against one wall, his feet against the opposite wall, and soon that horrifying drop was directly below him. The chimney walls were so slick with ice that he was slipping down even as he climbed; every time he stopped for breath he lost part of what he had gained. Toward the top the angle was steeper. He squirmed upwards with all his strength, pressing his entire body against the icy chimney wall, even his face, gaining only inches, his body on fire with the need to rest. Struggling, squirming, twisting his body into a thousand contorted positions, all the time sliding inexorably toward the void, he fought his way up the chimney. At last he grabbed the top, dragged himself over it, and lay there. He felt the tears rolling down his face.

Terror? Bonatti knows about terror. On the Freney Pillar he knew two different kinds. When the storm first broke, lightning crashed all about the fragile ledges of the bivouac, drawn by the group's sack of pitons, ice axes and carabiners. One blast of lightning knocked one man off his ledge, but a comrade grabbed the rope in time. The noise, the colossal vibration, the flashes of light—

"DON'T FENCE ME IN" says the Reverend William Glenesk in the December CAVALIER



Reverend? In CAVALIER? Naturally. It's natural for the Reverend Glenesk to be in our December issue, just as, naturally, Gregory Corso, Paul Gallico, P. G. Wodehouse, William Saroyan, and Colin Wilson are in there. Because there are no fences on CAVALIER's horizon—we don't give you "instant" thinking any more than we try to feed you subliminal sex with your fiction. Dave Camerer interviews Joe Foss, boss of the AFL, in December: likewise, without any clash in the shifting of gears, Richard Grenier interviews Jeanne Moreau, bossess of the Continental free-thinkers on sex. Morals, the race problem, sex, football, and any other subject you can name, are brilliantly put before you every month with our "don't fence me in" formula. We don't even fence in the authors who write for us—that's why CAVALIER sounds more believable, more realistically attuned to the young man's world (instead of that well-known fantasy world), every month. The December issue of CAVALIER: on sale at your newsstand November 10.

Cavalier

"Frederick, you've been asked a question."

all this was terrifying. The air was saturated with electricity. Bonatti, remembering the charred, lightning-struck bodies of climbers he had helped bring down, now could feel each charge build up, could feel each burst coming.

They could not get rid of the cursed sack of pitons—without pitons they could get neither up or down the mountain. They simply had to lie there, terrified, waiting to be fried or blasted off the ledge. Crash after crash of lightning boomed about them. Bonatti found himself screaming. Everyone was screaming.

At last the lightning died out.

Bonatti had been convinced he would die. "I felt sick with regret that I hadn't done all I planned to do in my life," he recalled later.

The terror of awaiting execution by lightning is one thing. The terror of loneliness is another. On the way down, in near darkness with the blizzard howling savagely about them, Bonatti let himself slowly down the face of the mountain on a rope. He was looking for a ledge. The idea was to lower everyone to this ledge, then drop to a lower one, then to a lower one, and so on until reaching the base. Visibility was nil. When Bonatti would shout at the bottom of each rappel to send the second man down, the howling storm would carry his voice away. Halfway down the Pillar, Bonatti swung in the void at the end of the rope. There was no ledge. He was dangling the equivalent of six stories down, with hundreds of feet of emptyness below him, and there was no place to stop. He shouted, he attempted to signal by tugs on the rope. At last someone up top sent down another length of rope. Knotting the two ropes together, Bonatti let himself down another 50 or 60 feet. At the end of the second rope there was still no ledge. Frantically he began swinging back and forth across the face of the mountain searching for a ledge. At last he found one and pulled himself onto it. Unable to shout to his comrades, unable to signal where he was, he released the rope, which at length was hauled up.

Now he found himself alone on a tiny ledge halfway down the Freney Pillar. It was dark. The storm howled about. He stood on the ledge without any means whatever to go up or down, totally dependent on the scared, exhausted men above, who did not know where he was and could not hear his shouts because of the storm. Would his comrades be able to find him? Dangling themselves on the end of the rope, would they think to swing back and forth to his ledge? Or would they, unable to find him, go down some other way and leave him there? Bonatti began shouting at the top of his lungs, shouting against the fury of the storm, unable even to hear himself. The minutes passed, his terror mounted. At last another man swung over toward him out of the gloom.

To Bonatti, terror is one of the two strongest emotions experienced on a mountain. The other is joy.

On the Lavaredo, crossing the gutter of snow to safety, the relief from terror had been so great that Bonatti wept.

But after terror came joy. He was exhausted, he put his gloves on, and soon his hands began to burn and throb with pain as circulation returned. Bonatti's tears dried. And then suddenly he felt himself overcome by elation. He knew now that the mountain was conquered. He was securely anchored to the mountain. From his waist, the rope reached past the mountain's most terrifying obstacle to Mauri. This to Bonatti is the ideal moment on any mountain. The rope links the poles—terror and security, doubt and certainty, death and life. Mauri now could cross in perfect safety, and Bonatti felt "an explosion of joy." The mountain was his. The summit was still some distance up; Bonatti didn't care. "Our spirits were already up there, in the warm sunlight of the summit," he said later. "Victory was not up there, it existed already inside of us."

Bonatti often speaks of joy. If he felt an explosion of joy on the Lavaredo, he felt a "flaming joy" (he said later) to stand on a peak in Patagonia where no man had ever stood before. He says he laughed with joy when he first climbed the Grandes Jorasses in summer as a boy. Fourteen years later in winter he climbed this mountain again; people said it could not be done in winter. It took Bonatti six days, the temperature at night was about 30° below zero, his hands at the end were swollen with frostbite, but he came over the top singing for joy.

"Strong emotion is what a climber lives for," Bonatti says intensely. "Fear and joy are the two strongest of all. The climber who feels no fear is very unlucky, for this means he is simply unfeeling altogether. If he can't feel fear, he certainly can't feel the sublime joy of the victory.

"It is to conquer fear that one becomes a climber. The climber experiences life to its extreme limits. He savors the voluptuousness of living intensely. A climber is not a crazy man. He is not trying to get himself killed. He knows what life is worth. He is in love with living.

"The mountains have rules," Bonatti says. "They are harsh rules, but they are there, and if you keep to them you are safe. A mountain is not like men. A mountain is sincere. The weapons to conquer it exist inside you, inside your soul."

How did Walter Bonatti become what he is?

He was born in Bergamo, Italy, a city on the plain, on June 22, 1930. His father worked in a hotel, and the boy grew up

in Monza, near Milan. Even as a little boy, his parents would send him to live with uncles in the mountains on each school vacation—anything to get the boy out of the fetid air of the city. There was not much money at home. At 16 Bonatti finished school and went to work in a factory as a metal worker. Life was tough in Italy just after the war. Bonatti saw no way ever to earn enough money to live like a free man, and he began to long for the mountains of his childhood. If he could just earn enough to be able to spend his weekends there. . . He began night school. But he had no facility for mathematics. He saw that even if he graduated he would be only a clerk. He quit. He got hold of a motorcycle, began to work nights, and as soon as he got off each dawn he would drive up into the mountains and climb all day, using pitons he had forged himself in the shop. Then as now, he could get by on almost no sleep.

"I found that I loved the mountains for their spectacle, for their memories, but most of all for the feeling of escape, of freedom, of joy in living which I felt only up there. Each night I would come back into the city after a day really lived, and the contrast made my working man's existence seem even more ugly, more insupportable. I had escaped for a few hours, only to fall right back into that ugliness again."

He spent every free moment in the mountains. At 16 he struck out in the night alone to bring down a party of frantic climbers lost in a storm. At 17 he made his first "first," the winter climb of the Matterhorn by the Furggen route.

His parents saw him as a lost youth, and urged him to work harder at the shop, to get ahead. Trying to make them understand how he felt, he took them to the base of a towering rock wall called the Nibbio. The tower was as slick as a mirror.

"Watch this," Bonatti told his parents, and he started up, light and graceful as a dancer, climbing with his bare hands. When he came down, his mother wept.

Remembering these times, Bonatti says: "City life revolted me. To do the same things day after day, with the same people in the same way—it seemed to me absurd. My life was empty. To work all my life as a clerk—it would have been a living death."

Bonatti hates cities even now, hates even the symbols of cities, such as wearing ties.

"I am afraid of cities, and of the men who live there," he says. "And do you know what I am afraid of most? Commerce. Business. When it comes to money, I believe that no man can succeed except to the detriment of some other man. You can't succeed and stay honest. If I had stayed in the city, I know I would have been no better than the rest, and the idea of living that way, of being such a man, used to discourage me completely.

With one comrade or another, sometimes with several, Bonatti scaled the Grand Capucin, the Grandes Jorasses, the various towers of the Lavaredo, all before he was 20. Called up for military service, he begged to be assigned to an Alpine regiment, but he was sent to Rome as a clerk-typist. He raised such a stink that his officers shifted him to the Alpine regiment just to get rid of him. For two years he climbed. Then he went to the national school for mountain guides, and in 1954 he was graduated as a licensed guide.

In 1954 an Italian expedition to K2, the world's second highest peak, was planned. Bonatti begged for a place, and was selected, although only 24, far below what was considered the ideal age physically and psychologically for such an adventure onto the roof of Asia.

The expedition was dogged by bad weather, by rebellious Hunza porters, by sickness and accident. One climber died. On July 30 Bonatti and a Hunza carried the oxygen tanks up to Camp IX at about 27,000 feet. All day they staggered upwards under 50-pound loads, while two older climbers rested in a tent at Camp IX. Bonatti considered himself by far the strongest man in the group. He felt he could carry the oxygen up that day, and still make the summit the next. As the sun began to fail, Bonatti and the Hunza were nearly at Camp IX, but did not know exactly where it was. They shouted for directions. The men in the tent answered once or twice. Then there was only silence.

Bonatti and the Hunza staggered about under their crushing loads, shouting for advice, unable to find the camp. Soon it was dark, and the enormity of what had happened to them was apparent. They were alone, abandoned in the open at 27,000 feet, unable, in darkness, to move up or down. They had no tent, no blanket, no food, nothing. The Hunza went berserk, raging and screaming to his gods for vengeance. Bonatti, knowing no man had ever survived a night in the open at such an altitude dug a platform into the ice with his ax. All night Bonatti controlled the mad Hunza, hugging him for warmth, and also to keep the Hunza from lunging about until he crashed to his death. Exhausted from the long climb, slowly freezing to death, Bonatti kept beating his own limbs and the Hunza's all night, keeping the blood moving, keeping them both awake and alive.

When the gray dawn came, the Hunza dived over the rim, out of his mind, and staggered down the mountain. Miraculously, he got down alive, though he had to have several fingers and toes amputated. Bonatti watched him go, wondering if he would have the strength to get down himself. At last he heaved himself to his feet, and began the descent.

Bonatti has never actually said so, but if you read between the lines of what he has written, if you talk to him on this subject, it is clear that from that moment on he had no interest in any of the men on the expedition, nor in its success or failure. (The two older men did reach the summit that same day.)

He seems to feel that he was strongest, but had not been selected for the summit climb because of politics within the expedition. He knows that the hardest single aspect of the summit climb was the lugging of the oxygen

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apparatus up to Camp IX, and this work he did. Not only did he carry his own load, but through exhortations, promises of bribes and the like he had kept the Hunza going all day, too. Bonatti was never sufficiently credited for this work in any of the official and semi-official accounts of the expedition. And Bonatti feels that he was abandoned to die in the open that night just below Camp IX. The two men above should have come to his aid, and they did not. (They later claimed that they were convinced Bonatti and the Hunza had dropped the oxygen tanks in the snow, and then gone down.)

A profound depression settled over Bonatti when he got home. For a year he moped about his mountains—but they gave him nothing. He climbed a few tough peaks, but always because some client hired him to do so, not because he wanted to. He could not get K2, and above all the terrible bivouac at 27,000 feet, out of his mind. He had nightmares, and even when he climbed, his life was without joy. What has happened to my enthusiasm, my ideals, my love of the mountains, he asked himself. He didn't know. In the Alps with some friends, he went up to climb the west face of The Dru—"the most fascinating peak my eyes have ever contemplated." For years he had dreamed of being the first man ever to go straight up the west face. He had wanted to conquer "the most perfect mountain by its most perfect route." But now starting out with his pals, he found he didn't care one way or the other. Bad weather beat back the group. The others shook their fists at the mountain, and swore to return. Bonatti didn't care. He found he no longer believed in anything or anybody. He was nervous, irrascible all the time. The experience on K2 had destroyed him, and sometimes when he was alone he wept over his lost dreams.

Then one morning he woke up and decided to scale The Dru alone, an extravagant, impossible idea. For days he worked the climb over in his mind. He began to feel that if he could get up The Dru, he could recover his soul. He studied the mountain, he had a special pack made, and into it he stuffed 70 pounds of gear—half his own weight. The pack was nearly as tall as he. Some friends accompanied him to the mountain hut nearest The Dru, and at dawn on August 17, 1955, he started out alone.

Once before he had come up to The Dru and lay beside it in his sleeping bag, looking up at its shadow and at the stars, and he had felt himself the most privileged of men. He was free. He was purified of the problems which beset humanity 12,000 feet below.

But now, the tremendous pack weighing him down, he did not really want to climb The Dru at all. He was scared, and he was consumed by envy of all normal men below who had only normal problems, who did not have to affront such a terrifying peak as The Dru.

He spent the first night on a kind of step cut into the ice with his hammer; he had no ice ax, for he hadn't expected so much ice so late in the summer. He had lost half his food when a piton pierced a can of alcohol which soaked the bottom part of his pack. And he had smashed the end of his ringfinger trying to drive a piton into the rock. His rope, soaked with water and frozen stiff, was hung above him, and would no longer slide through the links; he couldn't get it down. Without the alcohol, he had nothing to heat to make tea—for the rest of the climb. He felt so lonely, so lost, so miserable that he was unable to sleep all night.

But he climbed well all the second day, though slowly, because of the intricate series of maneuvers needed to hoist the pack up after him, and to tie and retie himself to pitons or fixed points as he advanced. He slept on a ledge of rock after clearing the snow off.

The third day he climbed up an icy vertical crack in the mountain by hammering in wood wedges. The wedges would hold against the ice, he would stand on one and hammer in the next, knowing he had only a minute or two to transfer his weight. Weight on the wedge causes the ice to melt, and after a minute or two, the wedge falls out. You have to get off the wedge fast. Once Bonatti just made it. As he lifted himself to the second wedge, the first one dropped out of the crack into the void. Later that day it rained. Night came on. Soaked, frozen, he sat awake in his sleeping bag most of the night.

By the fourth day his hands were torn and bleeding from the rock, and from hauling on the ropes to raise his pack behind him. He began to worry about his strength giving out. Also, the pack, from being dragged up the nearly vertical wall, was worn thin and threatened at any time to spill his precious pitons, and what food was left, into the void. The night was frigid. Would he be able to get the blood circulating enough in the morning to get moving again? Would he be able to use his hands? Long before dawn he sat awake, frightened and frozen.

On the fifth day, hanging from a piton, he swung back and forth like a pendulum to get out from under an overhanging block of granite too smooth to be climbed. He found himself suddenly on a ledge, blocked there, with no means whatever of going up or down or to either side. He was trapped. The terror which gripped him was so absolute that for an hour he stood there unable to budge, to think, to react, certain now of death, overcome by the most total loneliness man can know. At last he became angry. Death now, after so much pain, so much struggle, so much fear?

Above him, and well to one side, some projections stuck out of the mountain. He tried to lasso one, and finally did. The rope looked solid. He shook it to make sure—and it fell away loose. He tried again, shook the rope again, and it held.

But would it support his weight when he swung out? Was the rope solidly anchored. Would the projection of rock hold?

He closed his eyes, held his breath and, gripping the rope in his torn and aching hands, stepped out into the void.

He swung back and forth on the rope,

TRUE

"Pop told me about the birds and bees last night. It sounds like something to keep you busy when you can't find anything on television."

30 feet below the projection and some thousand feet above the glacier. He started up the rope hand over hand, the rope quivering with strain as he climbed, ready to slip off. At last he grabbed the projection in one hand—terrified that it would break off and come down on his head—and pulled himself over the top to safety.

He sat there, exhausted, looking at his mutilated hands. His eyes closed against the terror he had just lived through. The summit was not far away now, and soon the certainty of victory began to swell inside him. He forgot his hands, his thirst, his hunger, the loneliness of the oncoming night. Nothing could stop him now.

"I had the feeling that I had crossed the uncrossable barrier which separated me from my soul," he said later. "I felt exalted. I wanted to cry, I wanted to sing."

The next day he reached the top. The terrible experience on K2 would never haunt him again. He had won back his mountains for good.

Bonatti has climbed other mountains alone. Indeed, he seems to be a man who does not need people.

"I don't like to need others," he admits today. "I don't like to have to worry about the aspirations and abilities of others."

Once he climbed the Voie Major of Mont Blanc alone. "I felt a total liberty of thought and of action," he recalls. "I was free of worry of the comrade behind me, and I felt not the slightest regret for the security which such a comrade would have been able to give me."

After he had climbed the Grandes Jorasses in winter with Cosimo Zapelli, Bonatti said: "I don't mind climbing with a close friend whose ability I know exactly. It's useful to have someone to chat with in a bivouac. But I would rather that my victory be mine alone. Does that make me too individualist? Even modern society is not a true collectivity, you know. The major steps a community makes are always due to a few individuals."

Glory counts to Bonatti, make no mistake. He wants everyone to know who he is and what he has done. "My goal is to give to others a kind of image of beauty," he says. "To me, an exploit on a mountain is beautiful. It is made to be known. It is an art form. I climb for myself, to find my own truth, to realize my own personality. But a work of art is perfect only when it has been revealed to the public.

"Wagner's art was music. My art is climbing. Wagner wouldn't be Wagner if he hadn't written Tannhauser—and if the entire world hadn't heard this opera." And Bonatti wouldn't be Bonatti if no one knew about his climbs.

For six months each year Bonatti moves across Italy lecturing, making money, his wife driving their small car because the great Walter Bonatti is afraid of automobiles. When Bonatti undertakes a tough climb, he sells rights to the story in advance to *Epoca*, or some other major Italian picture magazine, and to *Paris Match*, and to any other world market which will pay him. He is an excellent photographer, and when he comes down he sells his photos, too.

Other professional guides, who have never been able to turn the mountains to any profit at all, resent Bonatti's financial success. They call him a showboat. "We have all done climbs just as tough as Bonatti's," a Chamonix guide told me recently. "But we don't brag about it like he does." This man went on to tell me that Bonatti isn't even a good skier; a few years ago he was skiing with a client on the White Valley and he fell and broke his leg. It seemed to me I could feel this guide's jealousy as he spoke: Bonatti had made money, and he hadn't.

The strange thing is, Bonatti doesn't do anything with his money. There is nothing money can buy which he wants. He lives an ascetic life, even when not preparing a climb. His wife says he wouldn't know the difference between the price of a car and the price of a pair of shoes.

In addition, Bonatti has never attempted to make a penny from any of the innumerable rescue operations he has been on. His code is very strict. You don't take money for rescue climbs, nor even talk about them afterward. You go up in the night, in terrible storms, and you bring down men too injured, too weak, too terrified to get down themselves. To save another human being is enough reward in itself.

Year after year Walter Bonatti goes on, climbing only the "impossible" mountains, usually at "impossible" times of the year. In 1958 he went back to the region of K2 and climbed Gasherbrun IV, 26,180 feet high, without oxygen. In 1961 he climbed Rondoy Norte in the Peruvian Andes. Rondoy is 19,089 feet high, and one of the steepest and toughest peaks in the Andes chain. Nearing the summit just before dusk, Bonatti tried to dig a cave in the ice for a bivouac, but soon hacked through to the opposite face of the mountain—the mountain was that steep. Up the opposite side he climbed to the peak, then spent the night in his cave shivering with cold, his teeth rattling all night long. When a rosy dawn came up, Bonatti decided to climb up to the summit again to look around—he hadn't been able to see enough to suit himself the night before.

Bonatti is so famous in Europe that when he is climbing in the Alps, the helicopters go up all day filming the climb for television, and all of Europe watches Bonatti each night, all of Europe squirms in its chair, gnawing at fingernails, consumed by who-knows-what emotion.

And yet people call climbers, and Bonatti in particular, "conquerors of the useless" sometimes.

Bonatti denies this. "We demonstrate in the most stunning way of all—at the risk of our lives—that there is no limit to the effort man can demand of himself," Bonatti says. "This quality is the basis of all human advancement in whatever field. It can never be proved enough. I consider that we climbers—that I—serve all humanity. We prove there is no limit to what man can do." —**Robert Daley**

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V-8 SNAKE

[*Continued from page* 58]

first American car ever to win a world championship Grand Touring race. He kept on proving it in the summers of 1963 and 1964, when Cobras won practically every American race that they entered.

Shelby still isn't satisfied. "Give me two years," he vows, "and I'll have old man Ferrari's arse in a sling."

The basso profundo of Cobra exhausts as they thundered to victory after victory has been a symphony to the Americans who rankled for years because the shrill falsetto of European cars dominated international racing. American cars usually won Indianapolis, yes, but not LeMans, or Monza in Italy, and only once had they won Sebring in their own back yard. In 1921, Jimmy Murphy won the French Grand Prix in an American Duesenberg. It wasn't until 42 years later, at Bridgehampton, that Dan Gurney performed a similar feat in another American car—a Cobra.

Take a look at a "production" model Cobra. It's a sports car, a term as difficult to define as the theory of relativity. Basically, that means it's a fast two-seater, capable of winning at Sebring and transporting you and your best blonde with equal facility. According to the official international definition of a sports car, or Grand Touring car, it is an automobile "for customers looking for better performance and/or maximum comfort and not particularly concerned about economy."

In a Cobra, the emphasis is on performance, not comfort. Nowadays, even MGs and Sprites have windup windows, but the Cobra clings to old-fashioned side curtains that at best give an illusion of keeping out wind and rain.

There are no door handles and the driver must reach through the side curtains and tug a leather strap to open the door. Inside are two leather bucket seats, a floor-mounted gearshift, a wood-rimmed steering wheel and a glinting row of aircraft-type instruments.

The engine is the V-8 from the Ford Fairlane sedan, with modifications by Shelby. It comes alive with a metallic clatter of valves and a ripping exhaust note that brings out the Walter Mitty in a man. No more are those bifocals for watery eyes, but racing goggles. A crushed cap becomes an imaginary crash helmet. The road ahead becomes the straight at LeMans. "This car," one Cobra dealer cautions new owners, "should be advertised as the quickest way to lose your license."

Because of its known potential for brutal speed and power, the Cobra elicits many stop light challenges. You pull away from a restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, still glowing from the parking boy's obvious deference, when two kids in a new Corvette pull alongside. "There's a man with taste," says one, with obvious respect. "Hey man, could we drag with you, just once? So we could tell the other guys we dragged with a Cobra?" A man quickly forgets he's too old for that sort of nonsense and that this is Wilshire Boulevard. The engine snarls and, in a moment, the tachometer is at 5,500 rpm, with the Corvette small in the mirror. You feel sheepish and back off the gas.

You'll find the steering is heavy, and takes muscle. The ride is stiff, made for racing, and does more to locate your kidneys than an anatomy course. The brakes are so good that one Shelby American executive beat a ticket for "tailgating" by proving to the satisfaction of a judge that he could stop in half the distance of an ordinary sedan.

Even the lowest-priced, garden variety Cobra (and few are sold that way, since Shelby customers seem to want all the performance they can afford) has 300 horsepower and will top 150 miles an hour. The 400-horsepower racing versions will do 180 or better. Who needs a car so fast? "It's like the difference between paste and diamonds," says a Park Avenue doctor from behind the wheel of his Cobra. "Paste looks okay, but my wife would rather wear the real thing. Well, this is the real thing in automobiles."

Cobras are built to go very, very fast,

with little consideration for anything else. Trunk space is limited. Your wife wouldn't stand for that, or for the drafty side curtains. She could never park it, with the heavy steering, and if she did park it in a supermarket lot, someone would surely crease the aluminum fenders. The Cobra's gender is masculine. For your wife, buy a Thunderbird. To go like hell, buy a Cobra.

The Cobra is the sole American example of a vanishing breed of automobile, the hand-built car. There are a half-dozen others, mostly in Italy. It takes seven days from the time a bare Cobra chassis and body are pushed through the door of the Shelby American assembly plant until the day the finished Cobra thunders out. In a country where automobile production is reckoned in millions, Cobra production is hardly a trickle. Only recently it was increased—to three a day. The chassis and body are fashioned by hand in England. The engine is modified by hand in Shelby's shops. And then the engine, and American gearbox, battery, electrical system, instruments, tires and radiator are installed. Each car is test-driven at least 50 miles, some 150.

To date, not even a thousand Americans own Cobras. Yet, despite prices that run from a minimum of around $6,000 on up to nearly $10,000, there is a waiting list as long as a dog show winner's pedigree.

It takes seven days to build a Cobra. It took 40 years and a leaky heart to make Carroll Shelby an automobile manufacturer.

Carroll Hall Shelby was born Jan. 11, 1923, in the sleepy town of Leesburg, Texas. Seven years of his childhood were spent as a semi-invalid, with a bad heart. By the time he was in high school Shelby had recovered enough to drive a hopped-up Willys to and from class. In World War II, he was an Air Force test pilot. Afterwards, Shelby went into chicken farming. His farm was as successful as Harry Truman's haberdashery.

"It wasn't bad enough I should try to raise ordinary chickens," he recalls ruefully. "I had to try to raise *different* kinds of chickens."

As a boy, Shelby had seen the "bull-ring" stock car races in Texas with his father. But it wasn't until May of 1952 that Shelby, then 29, sat in a sports car with a helmet strapped on his head, waiting for the race to begin. That was in Norman, Oklahoma, and he won with a borrowed MG-TC. He went home to Dallas, borrowed a Jaguar and won his second race, too.

For the handful who succeed, it takes 5 or 10 years to make it to the top in big-time road racing. In two years, Shelby was driving for a factory team at Sebring. He won LeMans in an Aston-Martin, and became one of the 10 or 15 men who, in any given year, are regularly trusted with single-seater, open-wheel Grand Prix (or Formula One) cars, a breed somewhere in between a sports car and an Indianapolis car. He was easily recognizable in those days, even crouched behind the steering wheel and oil-streaked windshield. The other drivers donned fancy, tailored driving suits. Shelby wore farmer's striped overalls, a throwback to his chicken farming days. He was too busy with the farm chores one Sunday to change out of his work clothes before dashing to a nearby sports car race. The smirks stopped when he won and Shelby discovered the coveralls offered excellent protection from the hot sun that usually accompanies automobile races. The coveralls became a Shelby trademark like the "lucky" floppy hat.

In 1960 the bad heart caught up with him. He quit racing and moved to Los Angeles where hot rodder Dean Moon gave him a corner of the "Mooneyes" building in Santa Fe Springs as an office. Shelby sat there wondering what to do next. He'd been a chicken farmer, a concrete-mix contractor, an oil driller, a world-famous racing driver. He'd only been a success at auto racing. He had no particular skill except the one that lets a man take a car through a corner at 100 miles an hour and no asset except his reputation.

Shelby decided to teach people how to drive racing cars. But it wasn't easy to get the Carroll Shelby School of High Performance Driving off the ground without any money.

The advertising manager of a West Coast sports car magazine which, like Shelby, was just getting started then and could use advertisers, had the solution.

"It's easy," he told Shelby. "We'll run a one column ad—90 bucks."

But Shelby didn't have an advertising budget, not even for $90. Undeterred, the advertising man suggested: "We'll have them send in money for a brochure. That should pay for the ad and the brochure."

Shelby thought it was a great idea. "We'll ask two bits a brochure," he said.

"It's not worth it for a quarter," figured the adman. "We'll make it a buck."

If the ad hadn't been a success there might never have been a Cobra. But 1,100 would-be race drivers flooded Shelby with their letters and dollars.

For weeks afterwards, a friend recalls, "Shelby bought lunch for everybody. When the tab came, he'd reach into his shirt pocket, grab a sheaf of letters, and take out the dollar bills."

With that grubstake, Shelby started to teach the art of driving at Riverside race course, near Los Angeles. His first employee was crewcut Pete Brock, who served as office manager, telephone answerer, and assistant instructor at the driving school. Before that, Brock had been a stylist at General Motors. Today, he still runs the driving school and has the title of chief designer. "Only up to now," Brock admits wryly, "there hasn't been much to design." But Brock's lone major design project was an unqualified success: the Cobra coupe that won at Sebring.

After Shelby's school had graduated its first dozen students, at tuitions ranging up to $1,000 each, Shelby looked for new worlds to conquer. He found it over a couple of luncheon Martinis with John Christy, editor of a sports car magazine.

"Someday," Shelby was promising, "I'm gonna build me an American car that will blow off all those foreign jobs. All I need is a chassis."

An important piece of news had crossed John Christy's desk that morning. A.C. (for Auto Cars) Ltd. of England faced a crisis. It had been building cars since 1907. Its successful 1960 model was based on a "backyard special" built a decade before in a shed in Cambridge, England, by John Tojiero. A. C. bought the Tojiero chassis design, draped on a Ferrari-looking body and installed Bristol engines.

But now, Christy told Shelby, Bristol had stopped building automobile engines, leaving A.C. with a car and nothing to power it.

Shelby went back to his cubbyhole office that afternoon and sent off two letters.

One went to Ford, the other to A.C. Ford's reply was to send two executives on the next plane to Los Angeles. In a few days, Shelby was on a plane to England to talk to A.C.

Shelby's letter had reached Ford at the right moment. The company was launching a massive racing campaign. And Shelby proposed just what Ford needed: A Ford-engined sports car to compete against GM's then all-conquering Corvette.

The precise extent of Ford's help to Shelby is known only to Shelby himself and a few Ford executives. To start, Shelby insists, Ford gave him only some engines and some encouragement. A.C. built the first car on the cuff and Shelby drove it around the country, scribbling down comments and orders. Production started in a corner of the "Mooneyes" plant.

The name for the new car came to Shelby in the middle of the night. He scrawled it on a pad kept near his bed for just such emergencies.

When he woke he found he'd written "Cobra."

"Where did I get the name?" he muses. "It wasn't from no nightmare or anything. It's just the kinda name my car should have."

The Cobra motif is everywhere. The car's insignia is a Cobra, coiled for the strike, silhouetted in a white circle. Until he died, a real cobra named Herman snoozed in a glass cage outside Shelby's office. A life-like rubber snake is part of the Shelby racing entourage and, at Sebring in 1963, a passerby tried to bludgeon it. Shelby gives away cobra-skin wallets, sells Cobra tee shirts and decals and has licensed a plastic model of the Cobra. A Shelby dealer hands out snake bite kits to the owners of other models of sports car with the instructions: "Use if bitten by Cobra." Yet the cars are never called Cobras around the Shelby plant where they are known as "snakes."

After the first 75 Cobras were finished Shelby moved his growing business into the building a few blocks off the Pacific in Venice, California, where the Woolworth heir, Lance Reventlow, had built his Scarab sports cars and Grand Prix cars.

The last Scarab was still stabled in a back room when Shelby moved in. Phil Remington, the Indianapolis car builder who had worked with Reventlow, "sort of went with the building" and joined Shelby American. Remington looks out of place in a firm where the average employee is about 22 and the uniform is a crew-cut and a tee shirt lettered:

Cobra
Cobra
Powered by Ford
Cobra
Cobra

Shelby, Remington, and racing manager Ken Miles are among the few employees over 30. Remington has no crewcut, but curly hair and an inclination toward loud sports shirts with the tail out. It was Remington who named Herman, the cobra. Where others would shout, "Hey, you," Remington shouted, "Hey, Herman." Pretty soon, Remington admits, "the snake wound up being Herman, too."

"This place was a madhouse when Shelby first moved in," Remington recalls. "Lance's car was in the back, with his friends wandering in and out. We had the racing team, the production line, and Shelby's Goodyear racing tire business all in one building."

The early days were glum ones for Shelby and Remington, who took over the duties of chief engineer. Shelby admits frankly, "In the beginning, it wasn't a very good car." The Cobras went like stink, but rarely lasted. "That Ford engine is just too powerful for the little A.C. chassis," many hecklers insisted.

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"On second thought we'll just forget this play."

"They'll never get the thing to stay together."

For a long time, it didn't look as if they would. "First we broke rear axles," Remington remembers with a pained expression, "so we changed the design and made them out of a stronger material. Then we started ripping out differential mounts, so we made them stronger, too. Next we started losing oil out of the differential, so we changed the material in the oil seals."

The Cobra led its first race until it broke an axle. It ran out of gas at its international debut during Nassau Speed Week in the Bahamas late in 1962. A few months later, at the world championship race at Daytona, Florida, Cobras briefly challenged the Ferraris, then broke down.

It began to look as if a Cobra would never finish a race, much less win one.

Then came Sebring of 1963. The fastest cars in the world are shipped to that desolate corner of Florida every year and the best drivers fly there. Cobra had good drivers, too, among them Phil Hill, the Californian who was the first American to win the world driving championship. Sebring nestles in the Florida citrus groves. The course is laid out on a World War II airport. It runs over the long concrete runways and the service roads that twist among the hangars. The race starts at 10 a.m. and finishes 12 hours later.

A few minutes before 10 that day, most of the world's best drivers fidgeted on the hot concrete of the pit straight. Their eyes were glued on the starter perched on a pedestrian bridge that spans the main straight. A few seconds before 10, an instant before the starter's flag actually fell, some of the drivers broke and sprinted across the concrete to their cars. Where a moment before there had been expectant silence, now there was the cacaphony of half-a-hundred racing engines.

A black car, almost ugly with its yellow stripes and the bug guard in front of its radiator, was first away, accelerating brutally under the bridge and out of sight behind the hangars. The rest of the pack went howling after. The spectators in the pit area craned their necks. The cars would soon come into sight again from behind the hangars, streaking along the long back straight. There they were! It was a black car first, a crimson Ferrari at its heels. Then out of sight again. A moment later, they gunned into view, accelerating out of a corner into the short straight behind the pits. Still it was black, then red, each braking for the slow hairpin before the pit straight, then zooming back past the start-finish line. Still, the black Cobra led the Ferrari. And for one, grand, glorious lap, Phil Hill in a Cobra had "blown off all those foreign jobs."

The elation in the Shelby pits lasted an hour. An experimental Ferrari "prototype" led, but a Cobra was second and led all the legitimate Grand Touring cars. For one hour.

But Sebring isn't one hour. It's 12. The trouble began. Another car clipped one of the straw hay bales that outline the course, dumping it into the middle of the straightaway. The black Cobra clouted it, ripping away the air scoop that fed cooling air to a front brake. The Cobras hit 150 at Sebring. On some corners, they had to slow to 35. The loss of the brake scoop seemed trivial, but with no cooling the brake soon grew so hot that two pieces of it became welded together.

As the black Cobra limped into the pits the Ferraris droned on. The mechanics in Cobra tee shirts worked furiously. Shelby's black hat seemed to droop more than ever as he paced like a father in the maternity ward. For an hour the mechanics sweated and then the Cobra screamed back into the race, now far down the standings.

The cars droned on through the afternoon. There were accidents and Ferraris and Corvettes and some of the Cobras dropped out. Up and down the pit lane mechanics worked on the walking wounded, trying to get them back into the race. The black Cobra kept on going.

Night came. The course was black except for a necklace of lights along the pits. Some cars turned on flashing, colored lights so their crews in the pits could easily distinguish them in the darkness. But there was never any trouble spotting the Cobra, even on the blackest corner of the course. Its engine rumbled angrily, shaking the ground. The brakes showered sparks in the corners.

Shelby still paced the pit apron. At 10, the flag dropped. A Ferrari had won, another was second. The black Cobra was 11th. But it had finished, and won its class. "If they can ever make the thing stick together," said one competing driver on his way home, "that Cobra will win next year." It did.

After Sebring of 1963, things got better fast. Cobras not only finished races, they started winning them. The first big one was at Cumberland, Maryland, where Bob Johnson, a Columbus, Ohio, caterer, drove a lone Cobra to victory over a field of Corvettes, lapping all but one, in a Sports Car Club of America national championship race. From then on, Cobras were virtually unbeatable in the U.S. They won every major American sports car race and every possible American championship. Bob Johnson was crowned national champion, with another Cobra driver second—a title Johnson is a cinch to win again in 1964. When the S.C.C.A. added up the points for its manufacturers championship in 1963, Shelby American was first with 111 points. Ferrari was second with 28. The score was as lopsided in 1964.

In the fall of 1963, at Bridgehampton, California boy Dan Gurney drove a Cobra to its first overall international win, whipping factory-entered Ferraris and Jaguars. There was little but the world GT championship left to win—and after Sebring of 1964 Shelby American became the first U.S. manufacturer to move into the lead on those point standings, too, ahead of once-invincible Ferrari. Only a Ferrari victory in the final event of 1964, the *Tour de France*, prevented a Cobra victory in the manufacturers' championship.

Things were happening back at the Cobra factory in California. Shelby American had outgrown the original Reventlow building and expanded into another, larger building across the street.

Shelby's 125 or so employees go about their jobs with the enthusiasm of high school cheerleaders. They wander in, unasked, on weekends, looking for "something to do." Occasionally all work will halt while everyone runs out to see a new "snake" tested on a strip of roadway alongside the assembly plant. Should a Corvette or Jaguar park outside, they plaster it from nose to tail with Cobra insignia.

The bare A.C. bodies are lined up against one wall of the production plant. From there, they move clockwise around the plant. Shelby knows there will never be a mass demand for cars that are noisy, fast, and expensive, so the emphasis is on

quality. Shelby admits the first Cobra was "little more than the old A.C. with a V-8 engine" but insists, "things have improved to the point where you won't find five bolts on my car the same as on the old A.C."

The assembly line is supervised by Leonard Parsons, a six-footer who looks as if he should be playing left tackle for U.C.L.A. The assembly workers maintain detailed check lists at each stage of assembly and each car is test driven by Parsons, Shelby, or some other Shelby American executive.

The walls of Shelby's office are covered with framed copies of magazine covers that feature his picture, or pictures of Cobra race cars slithering around a corner or blasting down a straight. A low table in front of Shelby's desk is covered with 40 or 50 silver trophies. "Trophies for the last year?" asked a visitor innocently. "No," replied the pretty secretary, "just for the last couple months."

Shelby walks with a bad limp and gives his speeches sitting down these days, because of his bad knee, a souvenir of his racing career. But Shelby insists, "I've never been hurt real bad in a race car accident." That may be so, but besides his limp, he has a stiff elbow and much of his face is testimony to the skill of a plastic surgeon. "This is phony," he says, pointing to part of his nose. "So is this. And this." His jaw was broken in three places, his nose peeled back from his face in an accident at Riverside in 1957. The emergency room doctor took 200 stitches.

"I used to be real ugly," Shelby says with a lopsided grin, "until that doctor made me pretty." There hasn't been that much change. Ten years ago, he had more hair and a Bob Hope-type tilt to his nose. He has less hair now and it's graying. Shelby is the kind they cast in movies as a wheeling, dealing, country boy Texan. A wheeler-dealer he is. But his taste runs more to escargot and red wine than raw steak and red ketchup. He has to watch what he eats. He's 6-foot-1, 160 pounds now, but last summer he was up to 180. "At mah age," he says, pincering his shoulders with thumb and forefinger, "the weight don't settle here no more. It settles on mah belly and I was getting to look like a watermelon smuggler."

Despite his stiff limbs, he moves with an easy grace that belies the fact he has been a grandfather. He has three children by his first marriage, which lasted 20 years, and had one grandchild, killed not long ago in an auto accident. "I didn't have much time to spend on my children," he says regretfully, "but I'd figured on making it up to my grandchild."

Shelby's latest marriage was a brief fling last winter. In December, he showed up for Nassau Speed Week with a blonde beauty contest winner he'd met five years before in New Zealand when she was "a teen-ager with braces on her teeth." He'd promised, Shelby said, "to come back and marry her when she'd grown up, so I did." But it lasted only a few months.

As a bachelor again, Shelby has no shortage of attractive dinner and drinking companions. He exudes a certain "pore old chicken farmer" naivete which, combined with his fame as a race driver and success as a businessman, proves irresistible to most women. It is unwise indeed to introduce to Shelby a woman of whose affections you are not sure.

"What kind of story do you figure on writing?" Shelby asked during one interview, in the Manhattan restaurant, Le Chanteclair, where he can always be found in New York.

I told him I wanted to write about the two sides of Shelby—the successful race driver and car builder, and the Shelby that his enemies call "a big con man, nothing but a front for Ford."

"Good," he answered, with an enthusiasm that sounded real. "I like that kind of story."

What then, about the persistent talk that Ford owns Shelby American, that it's just an elaborate "front" for Ford's sports car racing activities? The question angered Shelby. "I own 99 percent of my company," he snapped. "Mah daughter, Sharon, owns the other share. I'd own it all myself, 'cept you get into trouble with the lawyers that way." It must be added that Ford executives up to and including Henry Ford II have also denied owning Shelby American.

Shelby rambled on enthusiastically about his varied projects—the Cobra coupes he's having built in Italy, only a few miles from the Ferrari factory, the Sunbeam "Tiger," another British car with a Ford engine conceived by Shelby, the drivers' school, the auto race course he hopes to build outside Los Angeles, a possible chain of Ford dealerships.

"But I have to be careful not to do too many things at once," he admits, "or none of 'em will get done right and I'll wind up wearing a straw hat and tennis shoes to the Christmas tree."

Where does the Cobra go from here?

Shelby stared at the heavy gold bracelet with the Cobra emblem, a gift from his 1963 racing mechanics which he wears constantly, and thought before he answered.

"In a couple of years," he said finally, "I think we'll be able to beat old man Ferrari in all the races, not just some of them. We've got American production methods and technical know-how on our side." If Cobra sales warrant it, "we'll put in windows and things like that." But for the future, he thinks more in terms of building specialty race cars like the English Cooper chassis with Cobra-modified Ford engines known as "King Cobras," than in being a mass manufacturer.

"There's too many headaches for a little guy like me trying to be a manufacturer," he says. "Besides, I made my point. I built an American car that can blow them all off." He has made his point so well that at some American sports car races, the crowd now roots for "underdog" Ferraris.

In India, they play a con game for the tourists. A cobra is pitted against a mongoose. The tourists bet on the cobra, but the mongoose always wins.

Some Cobra foes paint "mongoose" on their cars.

"It's gonna take a lot more than that to beat me," chuckles Shelby. In American road racing, the smart rupees are on the Cobra. —Don Rosendale

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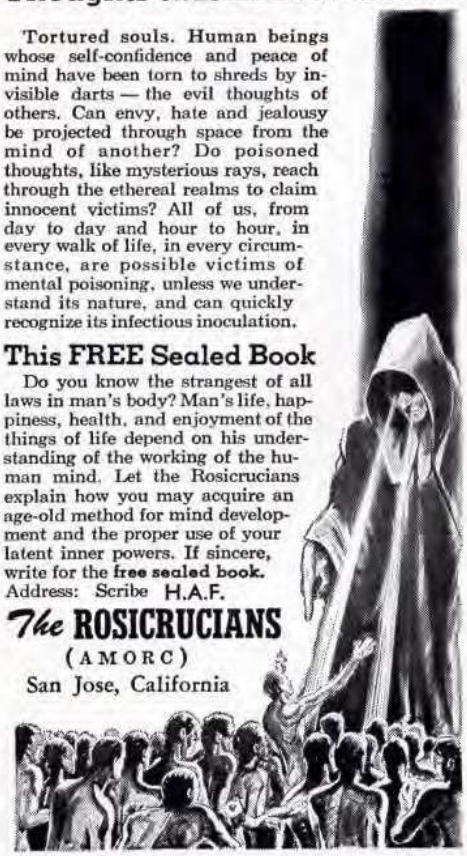

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HOW TO BE A 100-PROOF CHEF
[*Continued from page* 46]

beer, brandy, gin, Bourbon, rye, Scotch, vodka, and sometimes with such a bizarrerie as slivovitz, which is a delicious but quite sweet distillation of plums. I have also used arak, anisette and sake. Once a follower of my column wrote to say she suspected—without complaint, she made it clear, but rather with awe—that I might one day print a recipe for using booze in soft-boiling an egg. I didn't tell her about my father's abortive efforts in that direction.

Surprisingly few people appreciate the fact that foods cooked with any kind of liquor take on added zest, and even fewer realize that when any alcoholic beverage is used in cookery, the alcohol evaporates almost on the instant that heat is applied to it. There is a chemical reaction when liquor, wine or beer is blended into a bubbling dish; the natural flavors of the food are heightened and subtly transformed into something new and exotic. Every housewife knows about monosodium glutamate, a flavor additive sold commercially under different trade names, but it doesn't have the exhilarating effect of booze on the taste buds. The man who likes to cook—indoors, outdoors, and in his lady's chambers (there are millions of men who do)—generally is a chap who likes to take a drink. And to this stout fellow, the very act of slopping a little grog into his groceries will add zest, not only to the superior dishes he'll turn out, but to his enjoyment in cooking them.

The use of any kind of alcoholic fluid in cookery goes back to pre-history—which is always the best time to speculate about because who's to say you're wrong. Anthropologists theorize that man first began to cook his food by accident. Some of them think that, probably, primitive man came across an animal killed in a forest fire, tore off a joint, found it tasted better than that raw stuff, and then learned how to make fire so he could cook his meat thereafter in his own little burning woods. Other scientists believe that man learned first how to make fire for warmth, and that some pristine slob dropped a hunk of meat into his flames, snatched it out after some delay, and discovered to his amazement that he had invented a process called cooking.

I think that even before primitive man tamed fire he learned the wonderful secret of fermentation, perhaps by forgetting a cache of berries. Coming on it weeks or months later, this caveman tasted it, liked it, drank it down and was overcome with delight when he found the oozy mash had the magical power of making him feel 10 feet tall and capable of strangling a dinosaur with his bare hands. Some later Peking man, or Cro-Magnon, or Neanderthal, getting sauced on elderberry wine while cooking a tasty brontosaurus stew, must have staggered and spilled his precious drink into the pot, then noticed he had a stew infinitely better than any he'd ever had before. It can be guaranteed that his cave became the hangout of gourmets for miles around.

The ancient Greeks and Romans cooked with wines. In China, it was recorded during the third century, B. C., at the time the Great Wall was being built around the country, that rice wine was accidentally discovered by the emperor's chef, who had left some rice soaking in water and forgotten about it for a couple of weeks. Cooking with rice wine —which is really a beer—soon followed. Whisky was first made in monasteries in England in the 11th century, then commercially in the 15th century. There, too, cooking with booze began soon after.

Nobody is sure when the French first made brandy; one historian says it came from Italy in the 16th century, maybe along with that instrument called the fork. But the French are pretty independent minded, and if they could eat with their fingers they could probably figure out a more positive method of getting swacked than on wine. Every explorer in Africa, Asia, Australia, even in the islands of the Pacific has found that the aborigines had a brew to which they were addicted, and which they used in cookery. Beer was also known to the ancient Egyptians, and they employed it in cooking various foods. The yeast from beer raised the dough for their bread.

In the United States, cooking with wine has flourished since World War II, when millions of Americans were happily exposed to exotic foreign cuisines. Recently, the idea that liquor and beer in dishes is as good as, if not better than, wine has been propagated by the spokesmen for the various institutes to which the brewers and distillers belong. A few noble women, more civilized than their sisters agree. But it's men, mostly, who have discovered the joys of boozy cookery. Many women are fond of boasting that they use wine in the kitchen, but much of that wine is the abomination known as "cooking sherry." This is the goop sold in supermarkets, and it has salt added to it, so that no one in his right mind would think of insulting his tongue with it. I hold that anything that isn't fit to drink should not, under any circumstances, be part of a recipe. Only a good wine, a good beer, a good liquor ought to be used in cookery. As newspapermen have been known to remark, there's no booze like good booze.

More nonsense has been written about what to drink with what food than about any other subject except politics. Most of this foolishness is written by people who are either in the wine and booze business, or who have some closely related ax to grind. White wine with fish and

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

fowl, red wine with meat, they say, and since there are hundreds of different white wines and as many reds, they promise every punishment short of eternal damnation if a man doesn't follow their peculiar rules about which white with which fish or which red with which meat.

Well, this is all a crock of garbage. If you like red wine with fish, drink it with fish; if you like white wine with meat, drink it with meat. And if your tongue curls up most naturally with beer or Bourbon or rye or Scotch or vodka or sake or rum or tequila or slivovitz, by all means drink it with anything you think it tastes good with. One rule I always follow, however. If a dish is cooked with beer, I drink beer with it; if Bourbon goes in, I drink Bourbon. Both out of respect and because I can replenish the alcohol that has boiled away.

The lusty joy of cooking is greatly enhanced if the task is approached with imagination, and a spirit of adventure, and daring. Anyone able to read can follow a good recipe and come up with a dish that is edible. But the man who improvises and elaborates is the one who gets the most out of assembling his vittles. Next time you make a beef stew, toss in half a cup of Bourbon. You'll find the flavor of the beef vastly improved and subtly changed. Add some rum—or apple jack—to apple sauce just before serving it. Poach a fish in lobster sauce fortified with gin. Toss a shot of Scotch into the morning hot cereal. Use beer instead of water when you make biscuits. Rub brandy on your steak, and let it stand a while before you broil it. Add a teaspoon of rum or brandy to each egg when you make a fancy omelette. Be bold.

Here are some examples of boozy cookery which I have worked up—and tested—for TRUE. You'll find among the ingredients rum, brandy, gin, Bourbon, Scotch, rye, and beer, as well as Irish whisky for that heavenly concoction, Irish coffee. I've given dinner parties in which each course was cooked with a different kind of liquor, and it's fun when your guests attempt to figure out just what booze was used where.

Try the idea yourself. A good beginner for the guessing is these eggs that float nicely around the room with the cocktails before dinner.

RUMMY ANCHOVY-EGGS

- 6 hard-boiled eggs
- 6 small mushrooms, chopped
- 6 anchovy fillets, chopped
- 3 tablespoons white rum
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 small onions, chopped
- bread crumbs
- pepper to taste
- 6 toast rounds

Melt half the butter in a frying pan. Mix together mushrooms, onions, parsley and the yolks of the hard-boiled eggs, and sprinkle with a little pepper. Put the mixture in the pan with the butter, and cook until onions and mushrooms are soft. Halfway through the cooking, add the rum. Take the mix out of pan, stir in the chopped anchovies, and stuff the egg whites with the whole. Set the stuffed eggs on the toast rounds, sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with remaining butter and slide into a broiler 3 inches from the heat source. They're done when the tops are browned.

A brandy-loving friend of ours was examined by his doctor, who said, "You know how I feel about your drinking. If you lay off the brandy, your days will be lengthened." Our friend nodded. "Doc," he said, "you are absolutely right. Five years ago I went a whole day without a snort of the stuff, and it seemed like a week."

He was not a man to turn down this onion soup.

BRANDIED ONION SOUP

- 1 dozen large onions, sliced
- 6 cups beef broth
- 1/4 cup olive oil or butter
- 1/2 pound grated Swiss cheese
- 6 tablespoons brandy
- 6 slices toast
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper

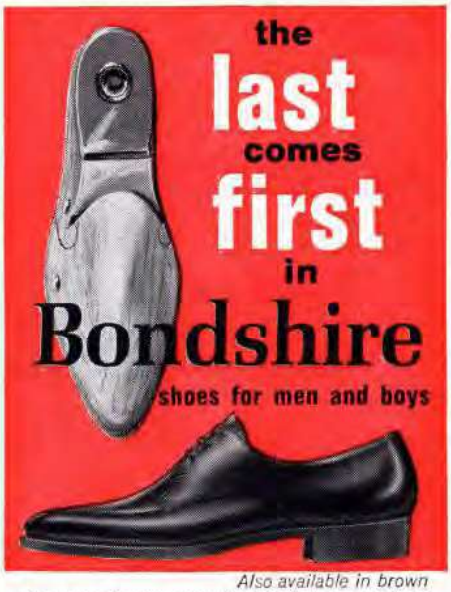
Heat the olive oil or butter in a large frying pan and cook the onions, stirring from time to time, until they are well browned but not burned. Add the broth and the salt and pepper. (You can make a good broth by mixing 6 bouillon cubes in 6 cups boiling water.) Bring the mixture to the boiling point and let it simmer for 30 minutes. Meanwhile, make the toast—French or Italian bread is best—and lay 3 slices into a large baking dish. When the soup is through simmering, pour half the grated cheese over the toast, follow it with the soup, add the brandy, put in the 3 remaining toast slices, and cover them with the rest of the grated cheese. Slide the dish into a broiler, and heat until the cheese on top is melted.

The time is the turn of the century. The scene is a classy but very warm drinking place, and at the bar stood the fabulous wit, gambler, raconteur, man-about-town Wilson Mizner, who was having a little nourishment in the company of a few of his equally disreputable friends. In walked a perspiring stranger. He stopped next to Mizner, caught the bartender's eye, and said, "I'd like something long, frigid and full of gin." Mizner turned and snarled, "Sir, you are speaking of my wife!" This is how Mrs. Mizner cooked fish in gin—a trick she and I learned from Harry Lee, of the Peking House, a famous Chinese caravansary on Second Avenue, in New York:

HUNG SHAO FISH

- 1 yellow pike (3-4 pounds)
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/2 ounces gin
- 6 scallions
- 1/2 ounce shredded ginger root
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 5 ounces corn oil
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 ounce soy sauce
- 1/2 cup shredded bamboo shoots
- 1/2 green pepper, chopped
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch

Scale and clean the fish, but leave on head and tail. Use a turkey roaster with



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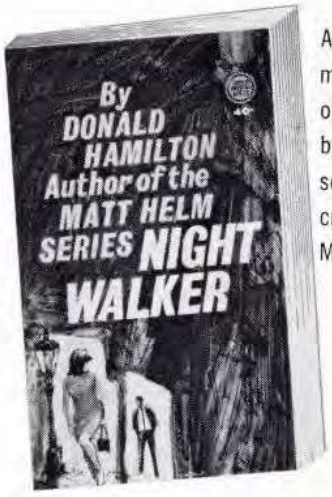

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a rack. Remove rack, pour the corn oil into roaster and heat it up good, but don't let it smoke. Add the salt and sauté the fish 5 minutes on each side. Take the fish out gently, so it doesn't break, and put it on the rack. Set rack and fish back in roaster. Pour the water over the fish, then sprinkle with the gin —you can use more than 1½ ounces, said Harry Lee, because some mandarins he knew used a cupful. Add the soy sauce, cover roaster, and steam the fish for 20 minutes over low heat. Watch the time carefully; fish is delicate, and mustn't be overcooked. While the pike is steaming, cut the scallions in 2-inch pieces and toss them on top. Add all other ingredients except the cornstarch, and steam for another 5 minutes. Remove the fish to a hot serving platter with a couple of pancake turners. Now add the cornstarch to the liquid in roaster, stir until somewhat thickened, and pour this sauce over the fish.

With the fish course out of the way, you can serve the mob a hopped-up meat dish.

BEERY BEEF

- 4 pounds round steak
- 6 onions, sliced
- ¼ pound butter
- 1 can beer
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 bay leaf, crumbled
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon cider vinegar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ¼ cup minced parsley
- ½ teaspoon thyme

Use a big, heavy pan with a cover, or a Dutch oven. Melt the butter in it—but don't let the butter smoke—and fry the onion slices until they are transparent. Take them out and set aside. Brown the meat all over in the butter, then take the meat out and set it aside, too. Put the flour in the pan, stir until smooth, add the boiling water, and stir vigorously. Return meat and onions to the pan, and pour in the beer and all other ingredients. Cover, and let simmer over low heat for 2½ hours, or until tender, turning the meat occasionally. If it needs liquid during cooking, add more beer. When ready to serve, slice the meat and pour the sauce over the slices.

Here's a variation on a famous dish that used to be a national favorite. During the war, servicemen received a considerably different version of it, with considerably different ingredients, and they learned to react to it with a basic human emotion: hate. Even the boys who remember the Army type won't hate this.

CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF ON TOAST

- 10 ounces chipped beef
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons minced onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- ½ cup Cognac

Put the butter in a frying pan and fry onion and green pepper in it to a light brown. Sprinkle all with the flour, then add milk and meat, stirring briskly while it simmers until thickened. Pour in the Cognac, then let the mixture simmer for another 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Take it from the heat, dust with paprika and pour on pieces of toast.

We've proved fish and meat really grow into meals for men when they're juiced up a little. Now try some pretty fair fowl.

DRUNKEN TURKEY

- 1 4-pound turkey, cleaned and dressed
- 3 cups dark rum
- ½ cup butter
- 1 pound small white onions
- 1 3-ounce jar pimiento-stuffed green olives
- 1 can (1¼ pounds) whole tomatoes
- 1 bay leaf
- 4 teaspoons salt

Cut the turkey into serving pieces, rinse in cold water and dry with paper towels. Put the pieces in a large, long dish and pour the rum over them. Cover, and let the turkey marinate overnight in the refrigerator. From time to time, turn the pieces so they all get loaded with rum. When you're ready to start cooking next day, drain off the rum and set aside. Heat ¼ cup of the butter in a frying pan, and brown the turkey pieces on each side. Turn the heat low and add the rest of the butter, the onions, tomatoes and their juice, bay leaf, salt and the rum you used as a marinade. Cover the pan and cook over low heat for 30 minutes. Take the cover off and cook for another 30 minutes. Then add the olives, and cook for an hour more, stirring briskly from time to time. When you serve the turkey, pour the sauce over it.

The Swedes have done a lot with blondes and meat balls—but they never did anything like this:

LOADED MEAT BALLS

- 1½ pounds chopped chuck steak
- 1 slice white bread, crumbled
- 1 tablespoon catsup
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup water

Sauce

- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 dashes Angostura bitters
- 1 beef bouillon cube
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon flour
- 1 cup water
- ½ cup Bourbon
- ¼ cup sweet vermouth
- ¼ teaspoon oregano

Mix meat, egg, salt, catsup, water and soft bread crumbs. Form the mixture into small, bite-size balls. Get the olive oil good and hot in a frying pan, and fry the balls, shaking the pan, until they are a nice mahogany color all over. Take them out of the pan. Now fry the minced onion and the crushed garlic until soft and transparent, but not browned. Add all remaining sauce ingredients to the pan, and bring to a boil. Cook over high heat, stirring steadily, until sauce is thickened and the bouillon cube is completely dissolved. Put the meat balls back in the pan, cover, reduce the heat, and simmer for 5 minutes. This dish can be served immediately, but it tastes better if you cook it the day before, let it cool, and refrigerate it until ready to use. Reheat, of course, before serving.

There is a school of thought that a good steak doesn't need anything except fire, some salt and pepper, and maybe a little butter. In general, I subscribe to that theory. But once in a while, to startle my guests, I like to serve a fine steak with a boozy sauce. Here's how I do it:

STEAK IN RYE

- 4 ½-pound sirloins
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 stick butter
- 1 tablespoon beef extract
- ½ cup rye whisky
- 8 scallions or 1 small onion
- juice of 1 lemon
- salt and pepper to taste

Melt the butter in a large pan. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, dry, and coat with the flour. Over high heat—being careful not to let the butter smoke—fry the steaks on both sides, according to how rare or well done you like your meat. (If you think that pan-frying a steak is a sin, be advised that many great French chefs think broiling a steak over coals is barbaric, and that pan-frying is the only way to treat this cut.) When the steaks are done to choice, take them out of the pan, put on a heated platter to keep warm, and make the sauce. Mince the scallions or onion, cook in the pan until golden in color, and add rye, beef extract, lemon, and salt and pepper. Now heat, stirring, until the liquid is reduced by half. Put the steaks into the pan for just one minute to get them good and hot, turning once, and remove to a serving platter. Pour the boozy sauce over them, and bring to the table as the applause mounts.

Scotch for breakfast? Well, as I told you, my old man fed me Bourbon for breakfast, so why not Scotch?

SCOTTISH CHICKEN-LIVER OMELETTE

- 3 chicken livers
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 eggs
- 3 tablespoons Scotch
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 tablespoon parsley flakes
- ¼ cup consomme
- 1 tablespoon flour

Separate the chicken livers, wash them under cold running water, remove fat

and membranes, and dry them. Get the butter hot in a frying pan, and fry the livers gently on both sides. Remove from the pan to a warm platter. Pour minced onion, consommé, Scotch, parsley flakes, flour and seasoning into the pan, and simmer, uncovered, until the liquid is reduced by half. In a separate pan, meanwhile, make an omelette with the eggs. Put the chicken livers on half the omelette, fold it over, pour the sauce on top, and serve.

There's a wonderful Italian dessert which can be made with brandy, rum or sherry, by brandy, rum or sherry types. Whichever you use, it'll seem the best.

ZABAGLIONE

6 egg yolks
3 tablespoons sugar
5 tablespoons brandy, rum or sherry

Put the egg yolks in the top half of a double boiler, over boiling water. Beat briskly with a rotary beater, gradually adding the sugar. Beat without mercy until the yolks are frothy, then add the liquor gradually while you keep on beating. Don't let the mixture come to a boil, but cook, beating constantly, until it thickens. As soon as it starts bubbling, remove the top pan from the heat and let it cool. Pour the stuff into sherbet glasses and refrigerate before serving.

Coffee is the traditional way of ending a meal, of course, whether it's breakfast, lunch, or dinner. Coffee can be pretty miserable, in the hands of a woman; it can also be a royal brew, in the hands of a man.

IRISH COFFEE

strong, very hot coffee
Irish whisky
sugar
heavy cream

It doesn't make any difference what you serve this delight in—cup, mug, or anything handy. But a long-stemmed glass goblet looks best. Before you start pouring the hot coffee, however, remember the old trick of putting a spoon in the glass to keep the heat from cracking it. Pour into each goblet enough coffee to reach about ½ inch from the top. Dissolve a teaspoonful of sugar in each, pour in a shot of Irish, and top it all with the heavy cream, poured over the back of a spoon so it floats. Don't stir the coffee—drink it through the cream.

A word of warning: cooks have been known to fall into the stove while adding booze. Keep your nipping to the minimum necessary to tell one liquor from another (obviously you can't go by the appearance of the bottle alone).

—Hyman Goldberg

Editor's note: Hyman Goldberg's column on courageous cooking appears in these newspapers, among others: New York Post, Philadelphia Bulletin, Boston Globe, Detroit Free Press, Charlotte Observer, Chicago Daily News. His book, "Our Man in the Kitchen," was published by Odyssey Press this fall.

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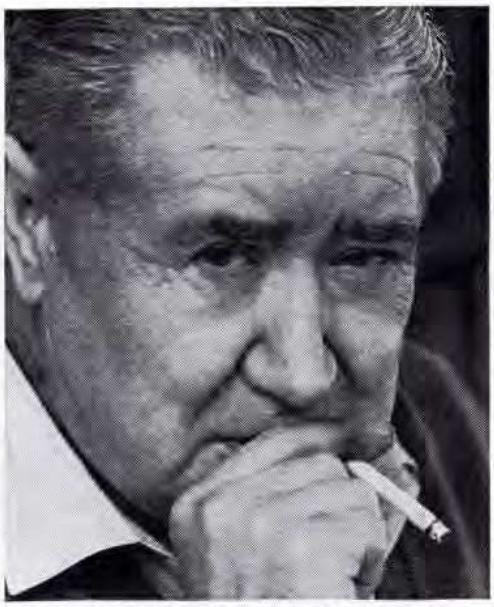

"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME DOING THIS AGAIN," says Reynolds. Photograph was taken a few months before the author gave up smoking.

It's hard for a writer to GIVE UP SMOKING

Here's how I cut from 4 packs to 0 in 5 days

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

A SURGEON can't very well operate with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. When counsel addresses the jury, he doesn't stop for an occasional puff. But it's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. In fact, I'd say that excessive smoking may well be one of the peculiarities of the craft.

I know that I smoked for thirty years—4 or 5 packs a day. I didn't think there was any easy way to stop. Then something happened!

Some time ago I was flying to Louisville with a few friends. A horse called Chateaugay was about to surprise us by walking away with the Derby. In the group was a friend of mine who doubles as my doctor. After listening to me hold forth for about twenty minutes on why Candy Spots was a shoo in, he said, "Quent, what's the matter with your voice?" I realized then that for some time I had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have a look at that throat when we get back to New York," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem, but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron. I made some inquiries and found that it had an interesting, even dramatic, background.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant, sometimes called Indian Tobacco. Hundreds of years ago the Indians, when they couldn't get tobacco, used to smoke the leaves and pretty blue flowers of this plant as a substitute. The extract is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without being habit forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helps curb the desire for tobacco.

So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

The discovery of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was granted a patent by the United States Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market it. Bantron is now being sold in over 14 countries.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But alas—I had a new voice. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

Because of what it did for me, I am a firm believer in Bantron. If you have a smoking problem, try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron® is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription.

SUGAR RAY

[*Continued from page 39*]

night. When it's like that in New York City it's cooler in a sauna. The temperature was announced as 104 at ringside and in the ring, under the glare of the arc-lights, it was around 120. Between rounds Sugar Ray slumped on his stool and George Gainford sponged his head and Harry Wiley held the front of his trunks away from his stomach so he could breathe easy. When Sugar Ray went out for the 14th round he threw a right hand. It missed Maxim and Sugar Ray fell flat on his face. Heat exhaustion, the doctors called it after he had been counted out.

Technically, he had been knocked out —for the only time in his career. But Joey Maxim still hasn't touched him.

Sugar Ray retired a few months after the Maxim fight. Two years later he made a comeback—some say the most remarkable comeback in sports history. He would win the middleweight title three times in a series of battles with Bobo Olson, Gene Fullmer and Carmen Basilio. One day in 1959, when Ingemar Johansson was the heavyweight champion, matchmaker Teddy Brenner was having coffee with Harry Markson, his boss at Madison Square Garden.

"I wonder," Brenner said, "what Robinson would draw with Johansson."

"Never," Markson said. "The public wouldn't take the match seriously."

"I take Robinson seriously," Brenner said, "no matter who he's fighting."

That one never came off, of course, but only because of the 40-pound difference in weights, not because Teddy Brenner was exaggerating Sugar Ray's ability. "He always had everything a great fighter should have—in abundance," Markson says.

Markson always negotiated the money when Sugar Ray came into the Garden to talk about a match. Ray would drive down from Harlem in his big fuschia convertible—in recent years it was a Lincoln, before that a Cadillac. He'd park it next to the "No Parking" sign under the Garden marquee on Eighth Avenue.

"C'mon, Sugar," the cop would say to him. "If the sarge comes by, I got to give you a ticket."

"Now, ol' buddy," Robinson would say, "you wouldn't give ol' Sugar a ticket, would you, ol' buddy?"

They never would, either, because the fuschia convertible was part of his style, too. He used to take it to Europe with him. In 1951, when he sailed on the *Liberté* to Le Havre for a two-month tour, the fuschia convertible was aboard and so was his entourage of 17 people: his manager, his trainer, a few cornermen, his wife, some relatives, some friends, his barber, his cook, his chauffeur, his golf pro, his masseur and his valet. That was the tour that ended with him losing the midddleweight title to Randy Turpin in London.

"Turpin beat him," said Lew Burston, who knew all the European fighters, "because Robinson had Paris in his legs."

In Paris there was a crowd waiting for him every morning outside the Claridge Hotel. Broads, mostly. "Temptations," Robinson once said, "nobody knows what temptations there are for a fighter." When he would emerge onto the Champs Elysses, the crowd would shout, "Rah-bean-soan . . . Rah-bean-soan . . . le Sucre merveilleux . . . Rah-bean-soan" and the people would swirl around him and he would sign scraps of paper and their autograph books.

This afternoon last summer in Pittsfield the sidewalk was empty outside Unit 3 of the Tanglewood Motel.

Sugar Ray had come up in the morning from New York City in a gray station wagon. In the back seat was a beat-up brown suitcase with a beat-up French Line sticker on it. There were three people with him, his chief adviser and two cornermen. George Gainford, who taught him the moves almost 30 years ago, was in the back seat with John Seymour. Tommy Brockett was behind the wheel and Sugar Ray slid into the front seat. It was shortly before 2 in the afternoon and they were about to leave the motel for the weigh-in when the proprietor walked over.

"Anything you fellows need?" he asked, leaning at the window. "Your room okay?"

"Fine," Robinson said, "but how do we get to . . . to where the fight's going to be?"

This never used to be a problem. Madison Square Garden, Chicago Stadium, Palais des Sports in Paris, everybody knows how to get there. But Wahconah Park in Pittsfield, Massachusetts?

"Go through town," the motel man said, "and make a left at the hospital. Go a little ways and you'll see a dirt road, an alley like, on your left leading to it. Can't miss it."

The station wagon swung out onto Route 7. Soon it was gliding through Pittsfield. Sugar Ray glanced through his sunglasses at the white colonial homes shaded by tall trees.

"Nice town," he said. "Wonder how big?"

"About sixty thousand," somebody said.

More people than that—61,370—saw him the night in 1951 that he won back the middleweight title from Randy Turpin at the now-levelled Polo Grounds in New York. Robinson was ahead on points in the 10th round when they banged heads and the blood spurted from a cut above his left eye. It matted the eyebrow and streaked down his face and he was blinking to keep the blood out of his eye.

"I had to do something," Sugar Ray would say later in the dressing room. "I was afraid they'd stop it."

They stopped it, all right. Robinson threw an uppercut and Turpin went sprawling. When Turpin got up, Robinson clubbed him with both hands. The next day, looking at the movies, somebody counted 31 punches in 25 seconds. Turpin lurched back against the ropes. His arms were down and he was helpless. KO 10, it reads in the book. The gate for that one is in the book, too: $767,626 —a record for a non-heavyweight fight. At Wahconah Park in Pittsfield he might draw a couple thousand dollars.

"There's the ballpark," somebody in the station wagon was saying now. "On the left. Behind those stores."

The station wagon bounced across the

TRUE

"He says millions for defense but not one cent for tribute!"

ruts in the dirt road leading to an old wooden stadium surrounded by an 8-foot wire fence and a dusty dirt parking lot. It was built when Pittsfield had a Class C ballclub in the Canadian-American League. But the league folded after the 1951 season. The ballpark is seldom used.

Robinson didn't say anything. Maybe he was thinking he had never appeared in such a dilapidated arena. Or maybe he was thinking of the people who had gathered to greet him. "I love to have people around," he often says. "People make me go." There were about 30 people outside the ballpark. There were some kids, but there were middle-aged men, too. Some of them were wearing sport shirts and looked as if they were on vacation. Others wore khaki work-clothes and thick-soled work shoes and looked as if they were going to be late getting back from their lunch hour. None of them had Sugar Ray's way with clothes. Few people do. This day he was wearing a nubby beige sport shirt, cuffless lime slacks, brown socks and brown loafers.

They don't see lime slacks too often in Pittsfield. Maybe there's a dude at the country club who wears them playing golf. But nobody wears them punching the time-clock at the General Electric plant, or milking cows on the farms outside this old New England town in the Berkshire mountains.

When Sugar Ray got out of the station wagon everybody seemed to notice the lime slacks first. Then they noticed *him*. He had on sunglasses but his face looked the way everybody remembers it. Unmarked. Straight nose. Slick hair. Thin moustache. There is a fuzz about the size of a nickel below his lower lip now but his body is still lean and lithe. And he still has the strong, solid neck. All the great ones, in every sport, have this kind of neck.

"Hey, Sugar," a stranger said, "good to see you here."

"Hi, ol' buddy," Robinson said. "It's good to be here."

It was good, too, for promoter Sam Silverman. He had been sweating out Sugar Ray's arrival. Promoters always do. For one reason or another, Sugar Ray has forced the postponement or cancellation of about 30 fights. In Boston one night three hours before a fight he told Silverman, "I'm not going in" and he didn't. Two weeks earlier Silverman had him scheduled to fight in Pittsfield but he had begged off. Silverman re-scheduled him but the promoter wasn't convinced he'd show. He didn't order any posters.

"I'm afraid to jinx myself with Ray," Sam says. "Every time I order posters when he's fighting, something happens."

Now, standing outside the shabby ballpark, Silverman greeted him. "They got some of the prelim kids weighing in now," Sam said, "but I'll get you in there in a few minutes."

As the promoter walked toward the dressing rooms, he said, "See, Roger, I told you he'd show." Roger O'Gara, the sports editor of *The Berkshire Eagle*, came over and introduced himself to Sugar Ray. He wanted to interview the old champion.

Sportswriters used to come from all over the world to cover Sugar Ray's big fights. Some of them would arrive a couple of weeks ahead and file stories every day out of Greenwood Lake or wherever he was training. At the weigh-ins with Basilio or Turpin or Maxim there were more than 100 sportswriters crowding around. But for this fight in Pittsfield, Roger O'Gara was the only one covering the weigh-in. He and Sugar Ray sat on folding chairs in the wooden grandstand. All around them were cigarette butts and empty peanut shells from the fight show two weeks earlier. Some of the people outside had followed them and they stood around listening to O'Gara ask Robinson about his future and his past. When O'Gara was through, a local radioman, Pete Williams, wound up his tape-recorder and put the small white microphone in front of Sugar Ray's face. They talked for a few minutes. When that was over, Roger Sala, who was helping Silverman in the promotion, said, "That was important, Ray. It'll be on Pete's show at 6 o'clock. The people will know you're here."

Next to Sala among the bystanders was a wiry little man in a black pinstriped suit. He nudged Sala.

"Ray," Sala said. "Here's one of your greatest fans. George Ely. He never misses your Boston fights."

George Ely owns a gas station in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, but when Sugar Ray Robinson is fighting nearby he takes the day off and gets dressed up as if he were going to a wedding. He could have driven over at night for the fight. But George Ely had to be there for the weigh-in, too.

"My brother," Ely was saying now, "he used to fight on the same card with you in the amateurs in Thompsonville, Connecticut."

"Thompsonville!" Robinson said, laughing. "The old bootleg fights in Thompsonville! Ol' buddy, that's a long time ago."

It was 1939. Three or four times a week Robinson and a few other kid fighters in Harlem would pile into George Gainford's car and ride up to a town like Thompsonville, Connecticut. He was the Golden Gloves featherweight champion that year but he fought in the bootleg shows, too, to make some sneaky money. He was born Walker Smith, Jr., but, as he always explains, "At first I wasn't old enough to fight but this kid Ray Robinson was, so I took his name. I meant to give his name back but . . ." At one of these bootleg shows, in Watertown, New York, Jack Case, the sports editor of the *Watertown Daily Times*, told Gainford, "That's a sweet-looking fighter you got there."

"Sweet as sugar," Gainford said.

The next day Case wrote of him as Sugar Ray Robinson. Somehow Sugar Walker Smith never would've had the same ring. "I don't know how many bootleg fights I had," Robinson says. "Maybe a couple hundred." The fighters weren't supposed to get paid, but they did. "Maybe ten dollars if we won, maybe eight if we lost." And when Sugar Ray reminisces about the bootleg fights, George Gainford always adds, "I made a living with them fights during the Depression."

"Hey, Champ," Gainford was saying,

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now in the runway at Wahconah Park. "They're ready for you to weigh-in."

"Excuse me, ol' buddy," Sugar Ray said to George Ely. "Good to talk to you. Thompsonville. Imagine that?"

Robinson walked around to a small cement-block office underneath the grandstand. Inside four members of the Massachusetts Athletic Commission sat at a table.

The four men looked up at him and one of them began to ask the old champ the questions.

"Name?"

"Sugar Ray Robinson."

"Manager?"

"None."

"Date of birth?"

"May third, 1921."

"May third," said one of the men, about 35, "a good day."

Robinson glanced at him.

"That's my birthday," the man said, "but not that year."

"Well," Ray said, shaking hands, "May third."

When the questions ended one of the commission members held up a ball-point pen and a pad and said, "Excuse me, Ray, but my son would never forgive me if I didn't get your autograph."

"Glad to," Ray said.

"One more thing," one of the men said with a smile. "You haven't weighed in yet."

"Hey, that's right," Ray said.

On the floor was a green-and-black bathroom scale. Sam Silverman keeps it in the trunk of his Cadillac. Silverman was in the room now, leaning down to read the scale as Robinson stepped on it. Silverman was the only one in the room who could see the numbers.

"One sixty one," the promoter proclaimed. "Okay, Ray, go over to the hospital for a cardiogram."

The commission members looked at each other but none of them said anything. Each wrote down 161.

Outside Sugar Ray got back in the station wagon and rode over to Pittsfield General Hospital. In the hospital a nurse said, "You'll have to come back later. After 3 o'clock."

"C'mon, George," Sugar Ray said, "Let's get out of here. I don't like hospitals."

Sugar Ray never had to be carted into a hospital after a fight. He went to a hospital after one fight, though, the time he knocked out Jimmy Doyle in Cleveland in 1947. Doyle died and the coroner asked, "Robinson, didn't you realize you had him in trouble?"

"Mister," Sugar Ray said evenly, "it's my *business* to get him in trouble."

Two months later he boxed a benefit for Doyle's family at the Garden. He was in with a welterweight from the Philippines named Flash Sebastian and he knocked him out with the first good right hand he threw in the first round. Sebastian went back against the ropes, toppled forward on his head and lay very still.

"My God," one of the sportswriters said at ringside. "This kid may be dead, too."

Sebastian didn't die, but when Sugar Ray knocked them out in those days people started to worry about them. People today worry more about Sugar Ray. Outside Pittsfield General Hospital Robinson got back into the station wagon.

"We'll come back later for the cardiogram," he said to Tommy Brockett. "Let's go to the ballpark for the physical."

The commission doctor was waiting for him in one of the cement-block dressing rooms underneath the grandstand. The doctor took his blood pressure and put a stethoscope on him.

"I examined you about 10 years ago," the doctor said as he finished. "You're in as good shape now as you were then."

Ten years ago Sugar Ray was making his comeback. When he retired after the Maxim fight, he was a rich man with prospects of becoming richer. Dun and Bradstreet gave him a $300,000 rating. He owned three four-story apartment buildings in Harlem. He owned a dry-cleaning shop, a lingerie shop, a barber shop and a cafe. And Joe Glaser, the theatrical agent, was booking him as a night-club tap-dancer for $15,000 a week. Only Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly ever made more with their feet. The night he opened in New York City's French Casino he wore a yellow-and-black plaid dinner jacket with a black cummerbund.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

He did his dance routine and then he tried to tell a few jokes.

"There are three ways of communication," he opened. "Telephone. Telegram. And tell a woman."

With lines like that, Sugar Ray Robinson didn't need bad reviews. Gradually his price skidded to $5,000 a week. Meanwhile one of his advisers had developed a better act: he was making at least $250,000 of Sugar Ray's money disappear. "By the time I discovered it," Robinson once explained, "the man was dead." Sugar Ray returned to the one thing he knew could make big money for him: fighting. He started out by knocking out Joe Rindone but then he was outpointed by Ralph (Tiger) Jones. He wasn't much better in winning a decision over Johnny Lombardo in Cincinnati. That night he sat on his hotel bed and cried.

Joe Glaser and his manager at the time, Ernie Braca, were trying to convince him to quit. But another adviser, Vic Marsillo, barked, "Don't listen to them. Listen to me. You're going to win the title again." One night about eight months later he caught Bobo Olson with an uppercut in the second round. The knockout made him the middleweight champion.

During his comeback, the big pay-days with Carmen Basilio and Gene Fullmer and Paul Pender helped earn him close to $1,500,000 in purses. But early in 1962, he lost a decision to a kid named Denny Moyer and everybody soured on him. He lost to Phil Moyer, too, and to Terry Downes in London. In June, 1963, he had his last fight with a big-name opponent, losing a decision to Joey Giardello in Philadelphia.

Some weeks later Sugar Ray sat down with George Gainford. "Try it with me once more," the old champion pleaded. "Just once more." George Gainford is a big, barrel-chested man who is known among boxing people as The Emperor. Except for a few spats, he has been watching over Sugar Ray Robinson since the day almost 30 years ago when Walker Smith, Jr., came in off the street to learn to box at the Salem-Crescent gym in Harlem.

"Let's go, Robinson," Gainford was saying now in Pittsfield as Sugar Ray tucked in his shirt after the physical. "You got to eat."

They got in the station wagon and Gainford told Tommy Brockett, "We're going to eat. There's a Howard Johnson near the motel."

As they drove, Gainford said, "Turn on the radio. It's 3 o'clock. Ought to be a weather report." It had been sunny an hour earlier but now the clouds were gray as they came over the mountains from the west. "Sam say to be there early," Gainford said. "If it looks like rain, he'll put us on first at 8:30."

This is an old gimmick. Once the feature bout is over, the promoter doesn't have to make any refunds.

"The weather," the radio announcer was saying, "tonight, cloudy with a chance of thundershowers."

"Hear that, Robinson," Gainford said. "We gotta be out of the motel at 8 o'clock. No later."

As they left the restaurant Sugar Ray was singing, "People . . . people who need people . . . are the luckiest people." He has been taking voice lessons for about five years. "Richard Rodgers got me started," he was saying. "He heard me one day and he couldn't believe I never had any voice training. My teacher, Jaharal Hall, tells me I've got to sing like I fight—smooth, no apparent effort."

The station wagon stopped at the hospital again. Gainford went in first. Soon he was back. "We're okay this time," he said. "Fourth floor."

Sugar Ray disappeared through the doorway to the stairs. "He never takes elevators," Gainford was saying as he pushed the elevator button. "One time in Brussels he had to walk up 52 flights." When the elevator opened on the fourth floor, Sugar Ray was coming through the stairway door. "When I was little," he explained, "I got sick once in the elevator in the Empire State Building. Never rode in one since. You run four, five miles a day almost ever day of your life, stairs don't tire you out." After the cardiogram he walked down the stairs.

At two minutes after 8 Gainford came out of the motel room with four pink motel towels over his arm and glanced at the sky. "Looks pretty good," he said. "Not as gray as before. We be all right."

[*Continued on page* 122]

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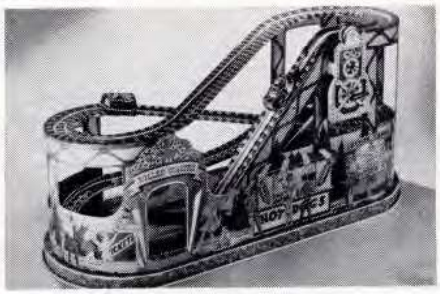

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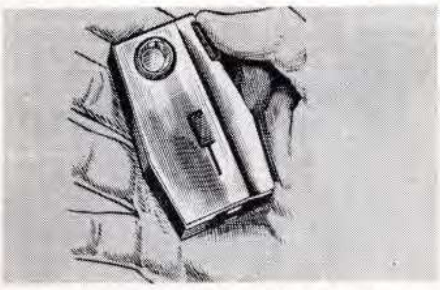

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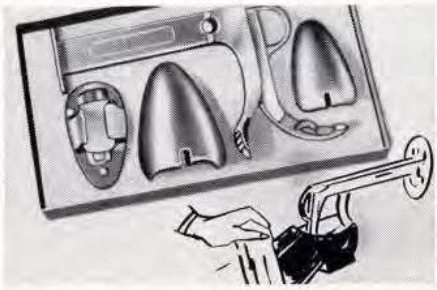

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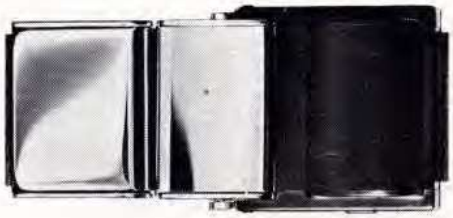

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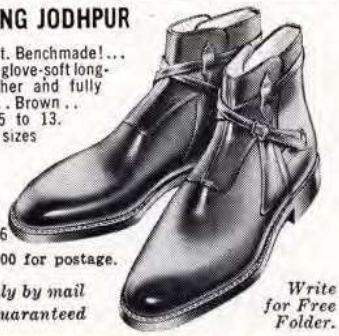

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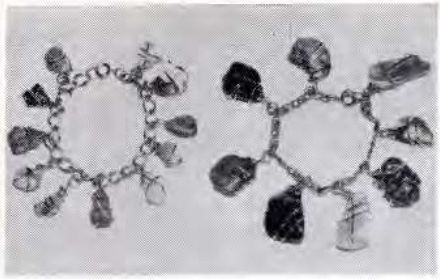

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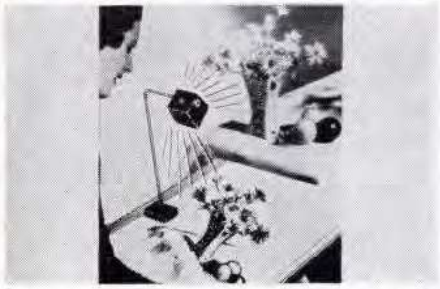

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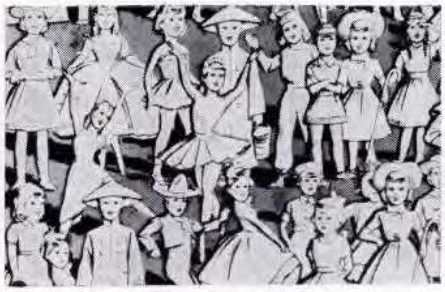

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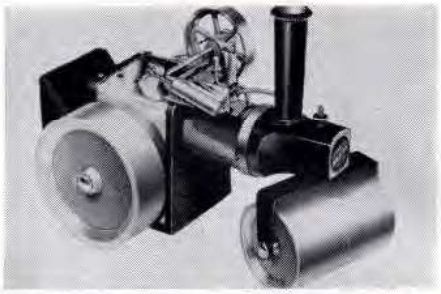

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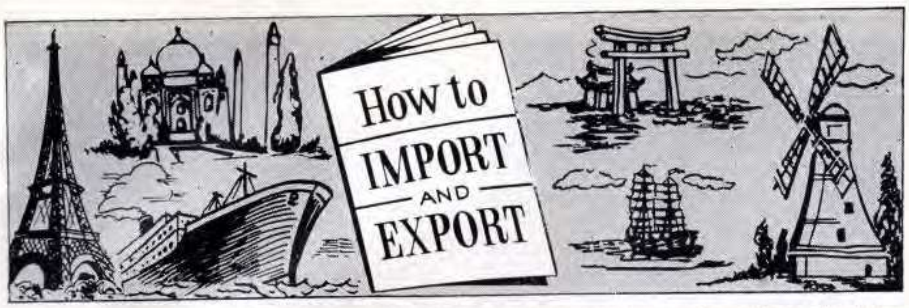

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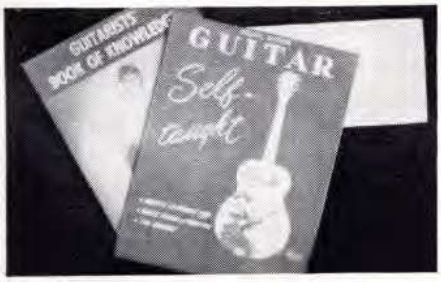

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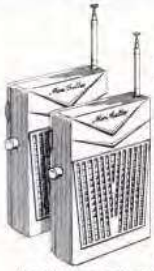

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[*Continued from page* 118]
Moments later Sugar Ray came out. As the station wagon moved out of the parking lot a voice near the motel office yelled, "Good luck, Champ" and Robinson turned and waved out the window. They rode through Pittsfield. Outside Wahconah Park the parking lot was almost half filled.

They used to turn this many away years ago when Sugar Ray had a big fight at Madison Square Garden. The mounted policemen's horses would be clomping along the macadam pavement on Eighth Avenue and the people would be getting out of taxis six blocks away to walk through the traffic jam. Now, at Wahconah Park, there were a handful of people around the front gate—the only gate—when Sugar Ray went through.

At the gray wooden ticket booth there were six people on line. There were three prices: $2.50, $2 and $1.50. Once, at Yankee Stadium, the ringside seats were $40 a pop when he fought Carmen Basilio the first time. That night he had the big Yankee clubhouse, with its green wall-to-wall carpeting, all to himself. But in Pittsfield now he walked into a small low-ceilinged dressing room he would share with four preliminary fighters.

The room was crowded. The preliminary fighters were there, wearing their satin robes and sitting on the wooden benches. One of them said, "Mister Robinson" and introduced himself and Sugar Ray shook hands with him and said, "Good luck, ol' buddy." Three sportswriters had followed him in.

Sugar Ray hung his lime slacks on a wire hanger in his unpainted wooden locker. He put his boxing shoes on and then he began to tape his hands, first wrapping them with a few layers of gauze, then with the white adhesive tape.

"You do that yourself?" a sportswriter asked.

"Been doin' it for 20 years," Robinson said with a smile.

"One more question," the writer said. "Why do you take a fight in a town like this?"

"You need fights like this," Sugar Ray said. "You can't fight in the Garden all the time."

He hadn't had a fight in Madison Square Garden in more than a year. And he'll never have another one there. The Garden won't use him. It's too obvious an exploitation of a famous name. And suppose he got hurt? Or worse?

"Well," one of the sportswriters said, closing his note book, "good luck in the fight tonight."

When they left he took off his white net shorts and put on a jock strap and a white terry-cloth finger-tip robe. The sleeves were slit to the elbows. He took a blue bottle out of the suitcase. The bottle contained an eyewash named Collyrium. He poured a capful, tilted his head back and bathed his right eye, then his left. "You ought to do this," he said to one of the preliminary kids, "it protects your retinas." He went into the shower-room and shadow-boxed for a few minutes. When he returned he put on a brown leather cup over his jock strap. "Had this since the Golden Gloves," he said proudly. "See how it's all taped up. Had to rebuild it several times."

Sam Silverman came into the room and said, "Let's get out there, Ray. They're waiting for you. Let's go, Ray.

Gainford tied the laces on Sugar Ray's reddish-brown gloves. He helped him into a blue satin robe with SUGAR RAY in white letters on the back. He draped one of the pink motel towels over Robinson's head and tucked it inside the lapels of his robe. "Okay," George said, "let's go." Outside the dressing room maybe 20 people were waiting for the old champion and they followed him out around the third-base end of the stands and watched him jog through the aisle between the ringside seats.

There were maybe 1,500 people in the ballpark and they shouted when Ray hopped up the wooden steps and climbed through the ropes into the ring.

This used to be one of the most exciting moments in sports. There always were movie stars and politicians in the ringside seats when Sugar Ray had a big fight. And the old champions—Dempsey, Louis, Tunney, Mickey Walker, Barney Ross—would come into the ring and take a bow after the announcer introduced them. The announcer always wore a tuxedo. But in Wahconah Park the announcer was wearing a brown sports jacket with a golf shirt open at the neck and he was saying, "And now a big hand for the Sweetheart of the Berkshires, Frankie Martin," and a little old lightweight jumped into the ring and waved his hands. Now, for the first time, the people began to look at Sugar Ray's opponent. Clarence Riley, a lanky loose-muscled middleweight out of Detroit, was standing in his corner looking across at Sugar Ray almost in awe. He has been around since 1951 but out of 30 fights he had only won 14. Even with a seven-pound weight advantage at 168, he was the perfect opponent, as they say in boxing, meaning someone whose ability doesn't give him a chance to win.

When the bell rang Sugar Ray turned and strutted into the middle of the ring, his slim legs moving gracefully and his white satin trunks shimmering under the overhead lights.

Gainford crouched on the steps behind the corner. "Too wild," he shouted during the early rounds. "Steady as she goes now, steady." In the fourth Sugar Ray threw two quick left hooks and Riley went down. His lips were puffed and bleeding and he was sitting down with his hands behind him. The crowd yelled and when Riley got to his feet Gainford shouted, "Uppercut him now, uppercut." The bell rang and John Seymour, holding the water pail, nudged the man next to him and said, "You see those left hooks. Like old times. Like old times." In the fifth Sugar Ray put Riley down again with a flurry of body punches and a straight right hand. In the sixth Riley went down again from a left hook. He was up at nine but he was wobbling and Gainford was yelling, "Stop it, ref, you going to get this kid hurt." The referee put his arms around Riley and the fight was over.

It was in the book now: his 160th victory (his 103rd knockout) against 12 losses. At Wahconah Park the people were yelling, "You're still the best, Sugar," and "You look great, Champ."

Robinson didn't seem to hear them. He stood in his corner while Gainford wrapped the blue satin robe around him and stuffed one of the pink motel towels around his neck. Then Sugar Ray came down the steps and moved through the crowd back to the dressing room. Inside he sat on the wooden bench and held out his hands for Tommy Brockett to cut the tape off and talked to the sportswriters. Off to the side a radioman was holding a tape-recorder microphone up to George Gainford's face.

"Those left hooks," Gainford was saying. "Two left hooks in a row. You don't see that today in boxing. Nobody does that. Nobody but this man."

Half an hour later some of the crowd were waiting for Robinson as he came out of the dressing room. He signed autographs for them and then he walked into the gray wooden ticket booth to pick up his money from Sam Silverman. It took him 20 minutes. Sugar Ray has always enjoyed haggling with promoters.

"We'll guarantee you half a million," Admiral John Bergen of Madison Square Garden once told him, "for a third fight with Basilio."

"Admiral," Robinson said. "I got a theater-TV deal cooking that'll get me three quarters of a million. I got to go for that one."

The theater-TV deal went sour. He wound up with no fight and, worse, with no money. In Pittsfield at least he came out of the ticket booth with some cash. "About $700," Silverman said later. Years ago that wouldn't have covered the booze for a victory party in Robinson's Harlem cafe. He doesn't drink but he would stay up tap-dancing and playing the drums. Somebody would bring in the late editions of the morning papers and he'd look at the headline—SUGAR RAY BY KAYO—and read the stories and look at the pictures. But this fight in Pittsfield didn't even make a paragraph in the New York morning papers.

Three weeks later Robinson would fight a draw (his fifth) with a kid named Art Hernandez in Omaha. In September he would lose (for the 13th time) to Mick Leahy in Baisley, Scotland. Then he took a hotly disputed decision from Yoland Leveque in Paris.

The farce will go on. Sugar Ray's name will keep popping up in the small-print, one-line fight notices in newspapers. And for a few seconds in every fight he will throw those left hooks and some fans will be fooled into thinking they're seeing the real thing. —**Dave Anderson**

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

[*Continued from page* 37]
convictions. A still greater number of taps are not reported by the Bureau to the Attorney General or to the Congress."

Expanding on this statement, Levine pointed out that the FBI, with its power and prestige, has little difficulty in establishing a close liaison with telephone companies throughout the nation. This simplifies its task of electronic eavesdropping, since the easiest, most foolproof way to tap a telephone is to "bridge" a pair right in the telephone exchange into which subscribers' lines feed. If the tapping is done in this way, even the most suspicious or the most concerned telephone user could never prove it, for an expert could check his line until Doomsday without discovering a thing, as there would be no actual, physical tap of the line anywhere near the premises. Hence a cozy relation between telephone officials and the FBI —a fact of life that may almost be taken for granted—eliminates all possibility of detection and, in Levine's words, lets the FBI "use the company's trunk lines with the cooperation of the company officials."

A similar invasion of privacy is sometimes practiced on a person's mail. The FBI and the Post Office Department, brethren in the federal stable, usually work closely together. "This is not widely known," Levine said. "Neither the Post Office Department nor the FBI likes to advertise the fact that this is going on. But in incoming mail, particularly, it's easy for the FBI, through contacts that they have at the local post offices, to keep a close watch on this. They *generally* will not open mail unless it's a case they're very, very concerned with."

To wiretapping and mail surveillance, the FBI adds what is known in the Bureau as a "bag job." This is nothing less than the entering of a person's home in his absence without a search warrant, in direct violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution. "This is very often resorted to," Levine said, "although it's generally unknown that the FBI engages in this kind of practice." Bag jobs were, he said, "done every day in the Bureau."

Under such circumstances, Levine decided that a long career in the FBI was not for him. He wrote out a brief letter of resignation, stating his intention of returning to New York and resuming the practice of law. The resignation was accepted without prejudice, a significant point, on August 4, 1961.

Once out of the FBI, Levine decided to see whether something could be done to eliminate the flaws he had observed. While an agent in the ranks, he had not been able to criticize openly; for, as he had well known, the slightest criticism, the slightest deviation from Bureau protocol, would have brought swift retribution. But, he reasoned a bit naively, once out he could talk. It might be that Hoover himself was not aware of the true situation in his vast organization; it might be that Hoover, if his eyes could be opened, would be willing to change. Assigning himself this eye-opening task, Levine went to Washington and tried to see the Director. He tried several times, but Hoover was never at home to an agent who had just quit the FBI.

Almost everybody would talk and listen, but it soon became obvious that nobody was going to *do* anything. Levine now began to appreciate the true extent of the Hoover muscle about which he had heard so much. It was a muscle that intimidated virtually all of official Washington. You could hear it talked about, you could hear it discussed for years, and you would never really appreciate it unless you saw it working, firsthand.

What was the source of this amazing power? Levine concluded, as many others had before him, that a major portion derived from the FBI Director's close relationship with the Southern Democratic-Conservative Republican coalition that, for approximately a quarter of a century, has controlled the legislative machinery of Congress.

This means that any move against Hoover would touch off a political war in which the administration would have to be prepared to jeopardize its entire program in Congress. This is an awesome and daunting prospect, but even so it is not the ultimate prospect. Political support in Congress is only one of the high trumps in the pat hand that Hoover holds.

Power in Congress—power that overwhelmed and intimidated—this is the prime source of Hoover's immunity. But there is still another element, a secret weapon of intimidation that most effectively reinforces Hoover's power: the enormous secret investigative resources of the FBI, its freedom to probe into any man's background and uncover the things that he might wish to remain hidden.

Turned down on almost every front, Jack Levine finally had an article published by *The Nation* in October, 1962. In his article he made these statements: FBI sources showed that Communist Party membership had declined from a peak of about 80,000 to a mere 8,500. Of these 8,500 "Communists," 1,500 were FBI informants, an average of one informant for every 5.7 legitimate Party members. As a result of paying this small army of informants, the FBI had become the Communist Party's largest financial angel.

Levine pointed out that the idealistic and altruistic who had been lured into Communist ranks in pursuit of some Utopian dream during the harsh days of the depression of the 1930's had been to a great extent disillusioned by the ruthless Stalin purges and the callous Soviet-Nazi Pact. The first Berlin crisis, the Cold War, Korea, the bloody suppression of the Hungarian revolt, completed the job of disillusionment. And the Communist Party, numerically never a very great force in American public life, suffered an attrition that left it practically gasping at the point of extinction. Levine put it this way:

"By 1960 the end of the Communist Party U.S.A. as a viable organization already was in sight. In a highly confidential memorandum to all Bureau Offices, Hoover announced that the development of additional Communist Party informants, except at the highest policy-making levels, would serve no useful purpose. This momentous decision was motivated by a number of factors.

"First of all, the Bureau had discovered that they had at last reached the point of diminishing returns. Much of the information being developed by informants was in many instances being duplicated by other informants. Secondly, because of their desire to protect the identity of their informants, informants were not told by the Bureau who other informants were. Consequently, informants began informing on informants with increasing regularity. Thirdly, the vast sums of money being expended for the payment of informants was constituting a severe drain on FBI appropriations. It was also a source of some anguish to the Bureau that they had become the largest single contributor of financial aid to Communist Party activities through their dues-paying FBI contingent.

"So thoroughly does the FBI dominate the party, Levine explained, that should United States-Soviet relations ever deteriorate to the point where armed conflict seemed imminent, it was prepared to put 'Operation Dragnet' into action, rounding up and sending off to concentration camps every Communist offender whose name was on its list. Levine wrote that 'the Bureau estimates each and every potential saboteur in the United States can be located and arrested within a matter of hours.' "

The lack of a Communist menace, Levine declared, was the reality, a truth that had been withheld from the American public, even from the White House. During his visits to Washington, he said in a subsequent radio interview, he had talked to members of the White House staff and had been astonished to find how little they knew about the thorough manner in which the FBI had penetrated the ranks of the Communist Party, how completely it had reduced the Party to "a paper tiger." It was after this discussion, Levine said, that Hoover had been called to the White House for a conference, and it was after this conference that he had issued a decidedly uncharacteristic statement warning that right-wing extremism and irresponsible charges could have a very divisive effect on the country.

Why, if the FBI had been so successful in penetrating the Party, wouldn't Hoover proclaim his agency's feat as its greatest victory? Perhaps because to do so would be like killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Levine wrote:

"It is the belief of many in the Bureau that the suppression of the FBI's successes in dealing with the Communists is largely attributable to policy decisions made by Hoover based on the

theory that support for the Bureau's activities in this highly sensitive sphere (which borders on investigating people's political beliefs) can best be obtained by continually stirring up the American public and by playing on their fears of an extensive Communist conspiracy existing here. It is also felt that Hoover's exaggerated estimate of the 'threat from within' is due in part to the personal stature and the autocratic power he has gained from his image as the Nation's No. 1 protector against Communism. If the danger to be reckoned with from the internal Communist subversion was thought to have receded, it would eventually lead to a decline in such stature and power."

Levine was 28 years old, a graduate of New York University Law School, clean-cut, moderate, and sensible in his speech. There was about him no suggestion of the wild-eyed fanatic. Yet it was possible that he could be drawing a distorted picture. Was he? Or did his portrayal hit closer to the eye of truth than any that had been given previously?

The first reaction of the FBI and the Justice Department to the publication of Levine's article in *The Nation* (Oct. 1962) was silence. That same evening, October 15, Levine's two-and-a-half-hour prerecorded interview over Pacifica's New York radio station, WBAI, was to go on the air. Advance text was available, but again the FBI and the Justice Department would not comment.

The radio station, before going ahead with the broadcast, had spent several days attempting to determine whether anyone in official capacity had any refutation of Levine's charges. The best that WBAI could present by way of official rebuttal was a telephone interview with Jack Rosenthal, assistant director of public information at the Justice Department, in which he declared that "the FBI informed me he [Levine] was fired."

This was not true, and the FBI subsequently confirmed that Levine had resigned.

At one point, the WBAI interviewer had asked a pertinent question:

"Do you suppose that, if we broadcast this program, we'll be investigated?"

Levine laughed.

"Well," he said, "that's a pretty difficult question to answer. I really don't know. I think that . . . it's a thought which certainly should be considered, and I mean that seriously."

The event was to prove the vision of the question and the soundness of the answer, for Members of Congress soon moved with feverish alacrity to protect FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover from Levine's stinging criticism.

The offensive was begun by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, chaired by Senator James O. Eastland, (D) Mississippi, only a little more than a month after the final broadcast in the Levine-Special Agent series over WBAI. The action took the form of subpoenas against seven officials and directors of the Pacifica Foundation, summoning them to Washington for private hearings before the committee on January 10, 1963. Trevor Thomas, president of the foundation, in a public statement, questioned the authority of the committee and its purposes.

He pointed out that the Pacifica stations do not carry commercials; that they are not "subsidized by government or industry, nor are we endowed by a few. Revenues came from some 30,000 listeners who support the stations, Thomas maintained, and he emphasized:

"Such radio stations exist nowhere else in the world," he said. "They could not exist under a Communist or Fascist government, nor under any government which cannot abide freedom or anything but the official position in matters where it counts. Such freedom—or its absence—marks the main difference between governments.

"The only way to preserve this freedom is by practicing it."

This blunt statement of the basic issue struck a responsive chord on both the East and West coasts. Newspapers, in editorials, expressed disapproval of the committee's action. Some citizens' groups took out advertisements backing the Pacifica stations. The result was that the Eastland committee's probe, after two private hearings, quietly expired.

However, the significance lies not in the failure to control thought but in the attempt.

The FBI is indebted for its birth and its present stature to two of the strongest Presidents of the 20th century. Both were men who believed in stretching executive power to its utmost limits—in using it almost to the point of abuse.

To Theodore Roosevelt, the FBI owes the fact of its birth. To Franklin Roosevelt, it owes the patronage and support that made it the all-powerful organization it is.

The process of creation and growth makes a fascinating story, for probably no secret investigative agency was ever more aptly born than the FBI. It was created in secrecy, by executive order, in defiance of the will of Congress. And once created, it just grew and grew until, by 1962, it had 14,055 employees and a budget of $130,700,000—"almost 50 percent of the entire personnel and appropriated funds for the Department of Justice as a whole."

Senator Everett M. Dirksen, Republican Minority Leader from Illinois, "discovered" a decidedly odd situation, to use his own term, and reported on July 10, 1962, in accents of great surprise, that "strangely enough, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is not legally required to be appointed by the President, nor is confirmation by the Senate required." To remedy this astonishing state of affairs, Senator Dirksen introduced a bill providing for the first time, 54 years after the event, a definite legal procedure for naming the next Director of the FBI. Under Dirksen's bill, which was passed by the Senate and is in committee in the House, both the Director and Associate Director would be appointed by the President for terms of 15 years, subject to the confirmation of the Senate.

The FBI's creator, Theodore Roosevelt, was a President who was always riding to the roundup. His tempestuous Administration was marked by an unceasing series of crusades against the forces of evil—the despoilers of public lands in the West, the railroad barons, the great trusts which threatened to obtain a stranglehold on the economy of the nation, the processors of adulterated foods. In this war he was frequently handicapped by the fact that the Department of Justice had no investigative agency of its own. When detectives were needed to gather evidence, the department had to borrow them from the Post Office Department or from the Secret Service of the Treasury Department. The "lending" institutions were not always happy at being called upon to part with some of their best detectives to help out the Justice Department.

To remedy the situation Roosevelt's Attorney General, Charles J. Bonaparte (a grandnephew of Emperor Napoleon I), appealed to Congress in 1908 to create a permanent detective force within the Department of Justice, and the resulting debate over his proposal contained overtones significant in our own day. A major theme that developed was the expressed fear of Congress that "a secret police" would be created, a force so powerful that it might escape all control and turn its investigative energies against even senators and congressmen.

Congress didn't approve Bonaparte's request and Roosevelt was furious. And when Roosevelt was furious, things happened.

What happened in this case was that on July 1, 1908, a month after Congress had adjourned and gone home, Bonaparte on his own authority quietly established in the Justice Department the very detective force that Congress had refused to authorize. He called it the Bureau of Investigation, the name it was to retain until July 1, 1935, when, by Congressional enactment, it became the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The reconvened Congress of 1908, not as divorced from the principles of our own Revolutionary era as we are today, was fully sensitive to potential dangers. It greeted with applause Kentucky Congressman J. Swagar Sherley's summation when he said:

> In my reading of history I recall no instance where a government perished because of the absence of a secret-service force, but many there are that perished as a result of the spy system. If Anglo-Saxon civilization stands for anything, it is for a government where the humblest citizen is safeguarded against the secret activities of the executive of the government.
>
> Not in vain did our forefathers read the history of the Magna Charta and of the Bill of Rights. . . . When our Constitution was adopted, the people's restlessness under it and fear of oppression was not removed until there was embodied in it the 10 Amendments constituting our American Bill of Rights.
>
> The Fourth Amendment declares: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects,

against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. . . ."

The view of government that called it into existence is not lightly to be brushed aside.

Eloquent though the congressman was, cogent as was his reasoning, no mere eloquence, no mere exercise in logic, could undo the *fait accompli*. Roosevelt charged that Congress had been protecting criminals. The innuendo that some of the congressmen might even be actively in league with the forces of darkness, had registered with the public and placed Congress in a highly untenable position. To abolish the already established Bureau would only lend substance to these charges in the public eye. Congress had no stomach for such an outcome, and so the Bureau, established in defiance of its wishes, remained—with the reluctant acquiescence of Congress—a permanent fixture of the Department of Justice.

Having failed to block the creation of the Bureau of Investigation, Congress had no choice but to live with it and try to find tasks for it. At first the Bureau occupied itself with odds and ends of investigations that did not fall within the purview of other agencies—crimes committed on government reservations, bankruptcy and fraud cases, anti-trust prosecutions. But in 1910 Congress passed the Mann Act, and the Bureau got its first eye-catching national assignment.

The Act, forbidding the transportation of women across state lines for immoral purposes, opened up an entirely new field of detective endeavor and proved an invaluable windfall for the bureaucracy-building purposes of the new Bureau of Investigation. The Bureau was then headed by Stanley W. Finch. He quickly saw the Mann Act as a golden opportunity to apply to Congress for ever more funds and for ever more agents. The technique he developed, it is interesting to note, is virtually the same technique that J. Edgar Hoover has employed during the long years of his directorship. First, there must be a Menace. Next this must be such a tremendous Menace that the entire nation is convinced it stands at a crossroads, shuddering and trembling in need of succor. And who can save it? Only the Bureau.

In their defense of virtue and of every man's daughter, wife, and mother, the zealous agents of the Bureau of Investigation swept swiftly into actions that had hardly been contemplated when the Mann Act was passed. It was, in fact, so loosely drawn that even the practitioners of private pleasure became its targets once they crossed a state boundary.

There was a ripple of public outcry when such instances of injustice occured. It became obvious that this intrusion by the Bureau into the realm of private morality opened up a Pandora's box of unsavory possibilities.

Eventually, the FBI's Mann Act activities became muted, but vice had been used to good profit. The Mann Act had been a bureaucratic bonanza for the FBI. The Bureau had been expanded and built for the first time into a sizable task force; it had been given freedom to probe into wide areas of American life; it had begun, in the sacred cause of morality, to gather gossip and record the damaging scandals of men. It was, in a word, on its way, ready for its next Menace. And World War I was handy.

From the earliest stages of the war, long before America's direct involvement, German agents embarked on widespread campaigns of sabotage and subversion. Their greatest success was scored in the early morning of July 30, 1916, when two million pounds of dynamite amassed on Black Tom Island in New York harbor went up in one earth-shattering roar. The far-spreading waves of concussion shattered almost every window in Jersey City and dumped plate-glass store fronts throughout Manhattan and Brooklyn in splintered fragments on the sidewalks. Three men and a child were killed, and Black Tom Island's usefulness as a transshipment point for munitions destined for the Allies was destroyed.

The public reaction was a compound of fear and hate. The space under every bed became suspect as the refuge of German saboteurs.

In this climate the Bureau of Investigation entered on its next great undertaking. Once America became directly involved in the war the Bureau's enrollment was increased almost overnight from 300 to 400 agents, its major responsibility: the detection and tracking down of draft dodgers.

Assisting the Bureau in its new endeavor was a volunteer, vigilante-type organization. In March, 1917, with American entry into the war imminent, A. Bruce Bielaski, then Chief of the Bureau, had received a letter from A. M. Briggs, a Chicago advertising executive. Briggs suggested that a volunteer organization of loyal Americans should be formed to help the Bureau in its war work.

Bielaski, wanting all the help he could get and apparently oblivious of the dangers implicit in bequeathing power to a private force operating beyond the bounds of official control, favored the plan. So did his boss, Attorney General Thomas W. Gregory. Briggs, fortified by these sanctions, promptly formed the American Protective League, with headquarters in Chicago. The idea caught on like a prairie fire, and within three months the League had nearly 100,000 members.

The Bureau of Investigation and its viligantes went to work to help the Army track down "slackers." Bielaski, whose agents and their APL auxiliary had been rounding up evaders on a spot basis, mapped a massive campaign to corral shirkers in major cities across the nation.

The target date for the great roundup was 7 a.m. September 3, 1918. In New York City, early morning newspapers of that date carried page one warnings that the draft dragnet was about to close and advised all men to have their draft cards with them or, if they were too young or too old, to have proof of their date of birth.

At the fateful hour, the raiders swung into action. It became instantly obvious that the warnings in the papers either had appeared too late or had been missed by the men most vitally concerned, for there promptly developed scenes of confusion and outrage unprecedented in American history. Men were snatched unceremoniously from every walk of life and herded like startled rabbits into bullpens hastily improvised to contain the ever growing mob. Commuters were seized at ferry slips and railroad termnials.

Just how many thousands were subjected to rude, cattle-like treatment by the Bureau and its eager-beaver allies was never determined. Official figures subsequently disclosed that 60,187 were picked up in the New York metropolitan area (another 27,000 had been reported taken into custody in the first day in Chicago).

What had been accomplished by this high-handed deed, this trampling of human rights? In Washington, an indiscreet clerk in the Justice Department let slip a revealing estimate. He told reporters that the Bureau's statistical staff, assessing the results of the nationwide dragnet, had arrived at this proportion: out of every 200 males arrested and jailed overnight, 199 had been mistakes.

Even before this shocking margin of error became known, the callous dragnet procedure had sparked a heated debate on the floor of the Senate. Here attitudes developed that seem significant in our own time.

Senator Hiram Johnson, the fiery progressive from California, denounced the dragnet procedure in his best oratory. He likened the action of the Bureau's raiders to "the Law of Suspects" that had existed in France during the Reign of Terror, and he saw in this brash use of authoritarianism a growing American trend toward militarism.

Not all senators viewed the action with alarm. The attitudes of those who took the happy, constructive view of events still seem significant. Their comments revealed the kind of rationale that has become a virus of our time—the idea that the state's needs must be always paramount, that individual wrongs inflicted in pursuit of the greater good do not really matter, that the ends to be achieved outweigh the methods used.

The proposed senatorial inquiry died a-borning. Instead, the Justice Department was permitted to investigate itself and to report its findings on its own delinquencies to President Wilson.

The Attorney General's report condemned the raids as "contrary to law." He had told the detectives "over and over again," he said, what they might and might not do. But they had gone ahead and acted "without consultation with me or with any law officer of the department." They had acted "contrary to my express instructions." If Attorney General Gregory was correct in his final report, the Bureau was taking affairs into its own hands and functioning as it willed regardless of the wishes of its titular superior.

This was a highly significant development, and events were soon to show there was more—and worse—to come.

It was in the era of wartime crisis, when passions ruled and Americans were stirred easily to witch-hunt frenzies by specters of draft dodgers and subversive aliens, that a new personality joined the Bureau—John Edgar Hoover, whose name was to become, and was to remain, synonymous with the Bureau as we know it.

Hoover was born on January 1, 1895, in a two-story stucco house set in a kind of civil servants' colony in the Seward Park section of Washington, D. C. His father, Dickerson Naylor Hoover, was a minor government employee, and his mother, the former Annie Marie Scheitlin, was a niece of Switzerland's first consul general in the United States. She, by all accounts, retained many of the traits of a Swiss martinet. She ruled her household and her young son with a strict discipline, punishing disobedience with a military impartiality—a trait that was to become one of the dominant characteristics of her son.

For generations now, the face and figure of J. Edgar Hoover have been as familiar to Americans as the flag. The body is that of a bulky man who packs some 200 pounds on a 5 foot 11 frame. The head is large, the face square and heavy, with a spatulate nose and brown eyes so dark and intense they are sometimes described as black. It is a face that now looks its power, and to the millions to whom it is familiar, it must seem incredible that J. Edgar Hoover could ever have given any impression except one of physical force.

Yet when Hoover joined Washington's Central High School ROTC cadet corps, his small size relegated him to the rear rank of the smallest squad. But this did not daunt him. Once he belonged, he could advance, and he did. Four years later, at the Commencement Day dress parade, he strutted out in all his glory, the captain of the entire company, barking his orders with a proud authoritativeness. He was so in love with his uniform that he wore it to church when he taught Sunday school. There, wearing his cadet uniform, he discovered that even older persons listened to him respectfully when he talked. Now, he cultivates a nationwide, almost blind, respect.

On his graduation from Central High in 1913, he went to work in the Library of Congress at a salary of $30 a month, cataloguing new books and learning the intricacies of card index systems (information that was to be valuable to him later in forming vast fingerprint catacombs). At night, Hoover attended law classes at George Washington University, where he obtained his law degree in 1916. The following year he passed his bar examination and moved into a clerkship in the Department of Justice.

Even at this stage, when young men are usually avid to sample some of the gaudier pleasures of life, Hoover was immersed in the job and in off-hours was solitary and remote. Most evenings, when work did not claim him, he could be found at the University Club—a neat, well-groomed young man seated on a leather sofa, poring over copies of the *National Geographic*. Not for him the foibles of youth.

His dedication and ability so impressed his superiors that they soon gave him charge of an alien registration section of the Bureau of Investigation. It was his first leg up and an important one, for this was a time when, under the pressures of war, an antialien fever swept the nation.

Along the Atlantic Coast, German U-boats torpedoed American ships within sight of land, and tar from the ruptured fuel tanks of sunken ships coated the beaches. The success of the undersea raiders led to wild and irrational rumors that omnipresent German spies ashore were radioing information on ship sailings.

In a panic, victim rather than molder of the national mood, Congress passed the Alien Act in October, 1918. This Act decreed that all aliens who were anarchists or believed in the violent overthrow of the American government or advocated the assassination of officials should be barred from entering the United States. Furthermore, "any alien who, at any time after entering the United States, is found to have been at the time of entry, or to have become thereafter, a member of any one of the classes of aliens [above mentioned] . . . shall upon warrant of the Secretary of Labor, be taken into custody and deported." This act was about to become the vehicle of colossal injustice.

Once America had entered the war, the repressions to produce conformity began. The Socialists were the first victims. Though it seems today to have been virtually forgotten, the Socialist Party in 1912 had polled 897,000 votes for its Presidential candidate, Eugene Debs, and in 1914 it had 30 members in the legislatures of 12 states and some 1,000 members in various municipal offices. From the outbreak of the war in Europe in 1914, the party had opposed it as a crime against humanity and had striven to prevent American involvement—a stand that perhaps today, in the perspective of history, does not seem so radical and irrational as it seemed to many then. American entry into the war did not change this basic Socialistic attitude. The Socialists condemned the repressive legislation as "the greatest victory American plutocracy has won over the American democracy," and this condemnation was their undoing. The public and the public's officials turned on the Socialists in patriotic fury. After a series of trials that brought convictions and long prison sentences, the Socialist Party in America was broken, never to revive as a serious political force.

The second major element that was to contribute to the turmoil of the times was labor. The war had brought a severe inflation. Organized labor was hurting. During the war, in order to maintain production, labor and management had established an uneasy truce, but when peace came the adhesive of patriotism that had ensured their collaboration was removed.

The America that these pressures created was an America whose soul was in danger. It was in danger because the nation was deserting its most honored principles—principles of freedom which had made it great and had given it birth.

The curtain raiser on the scene of national hysteria was the Seattle general strike. A rash of wartime shipbuilding in the Pacific Northwest had caused housing shortages, inflation, economic dislocations of all sorts. On January 21, 1919, some 35,000 Seattle shipyard workers struck for shorter hours and higher pay. Seattle was paralyzed. But amazingly there was no violence. During the entire strike not a single arrest was made.

Into the thick of all this sound and fury now came charging the inevitable man on horseback. He was Mayor Ole Hanson, a maverick politician who had been by turns a Republican, a Progressive, and a Democrat.

Mayor Hanson, riding in a car draped with a huge American flag, led a vanguard of some 1,500 soldiers into his beleaguered city. Backing up the troops with some 1,500 policemen, he then served an ultimatum on the strike committee. They would call off the strike or he would crush it by force and use the troops and police to run all essential services. Faced with this frontal threat, the local unions capitulated on February 10, ending a four-day walkout. Good, old-fashioned forceful Americanism had carried the day, and Ole Hanson, who had draped himself in the flag and become its symbol, overnight catapulted to status as a national hero.

Understandably, there were some extremists who did not admire the man the way editorialists did. This became obvious on April 28, 1919, when a bomb was discovered in mail addressed to Mayor Hanson. It fizzled, but succeeded in setting off a chain reaction of explosions across the nation.

The most sensational of the bombings occurred in Washington. Shortly before 11:15 on the night of June 2, Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer and his family had retired to the upper part of their home. They had hardly done so when they heard a thump at the front door, followed almost instantly by a terrific explosion.

Across the street young Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, stepped through splintered glass, opened his front door, and almost stumbled over a fragment of the bomber's body that had been deposited on his doorstep. None of the officials in the area had been injured, but the bomb plotter (or plotters) clearly had become, in most gruesome fashion, victims of their own fiendish device.

The public reaction to this outburst of violence was precisely what might have been expected. Here was proof, to most persons, that the Bolsheviki were plotting revolution and were determined to rule the country.

Within 48 hours Attorney General Palmer acted. He appointed William J. Flynn, former chief of the Secret Service, to head the Bureau of Investigation "with carte blanche to deal with the situation throughout the country in his own way." And he created a new General Intelligence Division (GID) to concentrate on a study of subversive activities—to determine their scope and decide what prosecutorial actions should be

taken. Flynn would have full operational control of the Bureau, but GID would be a kind of superagency in the subversive field, and all information gathered by Flynn's agents bearing on radicalism would be funneled to it. To the command of this sensitive center in the radical inquest, Palmer on August 1, 1919 appointed the 24-year-old "live wire" who, in a mere two years, had so impressed the hierarchy of the Justice Department —J. Edgar Hoover.

It has become the fashion to absolve Hoover of all responsibility for any except the meritorious deeds of the FBI. Anyone who takes the trouble to study the newspaper files or the court records of this period, however, can discover that Hoover emerged as a major and authoritative spokesman—and principal defender, under Palmer—for a performance that was to become known as "Government by Hysteria" or "Palmer's Reign of Terror."

The events of late 1919 and early 1920 probably could have occurred only in a nation that had been deprived of all effective leadership. Woodrow Wilson, who in those last hours before the war had seen so clearly war's devastating effect on democratic institutions, had driven himself to the point of physical collapse in battling for approval of the League of Nations. He lay in the White House, a doomed man, unable to exercise the authority of the Presidency. The ship of state, lacking the direction of a skipper, drifted almost rudderless, at the whim of lesser and avidly ambitious men.

Chief among these was A. Mitchell Palmer. There can be no doubt that the Attorney General's attitude—his increasing proclivity to discern the hand of the Bolsheviki everywhere—was colored by the bomb attack on his own home. It could hardly have been otherwise. In fact, there are indications that both Flynn and Hoover purposely played on the attorney general's fears and exploited the whole issue of radicalism in order to enhance the Bureau of Investigation's power and prestige.

Correlating the flood of information that poured into his division from all the FBI's varied sources, Hoover personally prepared detailed studies of the major radical organizations, with emphasis on the faction-riven Left that had embraced, in one form or another and with varying degrees of commitment, the essentials of Communist ideology. Hoover became convinced that Communism was not just another political party but a revolutionary plot.

Hoover's division was engaged in building up a fantastically bloated picture of a great radical menace. The overall canvas—and this is a truth that has been generally conceded for four decades—was so distorted that it had virtually no contact with reality.

To get some picture of what was involved, one has to understand the enormous energy expended in assembling a huge secret file on "radicals" in the United States. It is not clear just what standard of measurement was used in cataloguing ideas as radical ideas, for it is obvious that one man's radical may be another's pale liberal and still another's near conservative. In any event, Hoover, established in the GID an extensive card index system to keep track of radicals. The first report of GID on the system showed that 100,000 radicals had made the card index; a few months later, there were 200,000; and a year later more than 450,000. With radicalism building so swiftly into a virtual army, it became necessary to single out for special attention the names that really mattered. Some 60,000 were selected for "biographies."

Hoover's GID was invading very precious and fundamental fields of human rights. It was analyzing men's minds. It was preparing dossiers about their private lives, their *beliefs*—and this in a country whose great contribution to the human race had been the proclamation of flat guarantees of freedom of speech and thought to all men. Hoover, in his *Masters of Deceit* long years later, was to write that Communist Party membership by 1922 had "reached" 12,400. There were, of course, other "radicals" in the land in 1919, especially the anarchists, but 12,400 is still a long way from 60,000. Even in the prejudiced atmosphere of the times, the Department of Justice—wielding all the one-sided power of the wartime Alien Act—was never able to charge more than a few hundreds with anything.

Hoover outdid the draft dragnet of 1918 in a massive roundup of suspected Communists in 33 cities from coast to coast. The raids were planned and synchronized by the GID and the Bureau, with the help of informers inside the alleged radical cells. The Bureau's instructions to its Special Agents in the field for the January, 1920, raids read:

"If possible, you should arrange with your undercover informants to have meetings of the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party held on the night set. I have been informed by some of the Bureau officers that such arrangements will be made. This, of course, would facilitate the making of arrests."

Disclosure of this order subsequently led to much heated debate over the role played by the Bureau's informers. The evidence seems to indicate that the Bureau was treading dangerously close to the vital borderline that separates the legitimate agent from the *agent provocateur*—the line that separates the investigator, from the inciter leading sheep to slaughter.

When the trap was sprung, some 10,000 victims—by a later estimate of a Senate committee—were swept up in the nationwide dragnet.

Some 800 persons were rounded up in the Boston raids, and about half of them were shipped to Deer Island in Boston Harbor. The prisoners, in accordance with a policy adopted for the raids, were held rigidly incommunicado. In despair, one captive plunged five stories to his death; another went insane; two died of pneumonia.

The various postraid investigations seem to have established beyond dispute that many of those arrested had assembled in clubrooms and meeting halls for purposes that had nothing to do with subversion. Many were foreigners, lonely in a strange land, who liked to meet with others of their own nation and sing native songs. Others were attending classes, trying to learn English and to study American history and citizenship.

Such were the Palmer Red Raids. A Senate committee later reported that in some cities as many as 97 out of every 100 were picked up without warrants; that some 6,500 were released without prosecution; that the vast majority of those prosecuted were ultimately freed.

Indisputable records of the time make it clear that, from inception to execution, no man played a more comprehensive role in the raids than Hoover. The disclaimer of responsibility he made in 1947, his revelation then that he "deplored" the manner in which the raids had been conducted, seems to clash with the facts.

He, for example, opposed letting prisoners talk to lawyers or communicate with anyone until they had submitted to questioning. This rule was, indeed, adopted. His Bureau's orders to the branch offices stated that "persons taken into custody are not to be permitted to communicate with any outside person until after examination by this office and until permission is given by this office."

But the prime outrage was Hoover's going along with the seeming need to convict Palmer's mad bombers. In trying to track down the origin of a flier found at the bombing sites, the FBI had received a tip that the type might have been set in a Brooklyn print shop. The printer, Robert Elia, was picked up by Bureau agents on February 25, 1920, and on March 7 Andrea Salsedo, a typesetter in the same shop, was taken into custody. The Bureau later maintained that pink paper—similar to that on which the flier had been printed—had been found in the Brooklyn shop and that pecularities of type faces found there matched the printing of the anarchistic tract. Even so, the Bureau had no evidence on which it could hold the two men on a criminal charge; it had, indeed, no authority under the current laws to arrest them. This, to the Bureau, was a technicality which did seem not to matter. Elia and Salsedo were taken to the New York offices of the Bureau, a suite of rented rooms on the 14th floor of the building at 15-21 Park Row. There they were held prisoners without writ, warrant, or charge of any kind preferred against them.

On the evening of Sunday, May 2, after nearly two months (for Salsedo) of enforced confinement (the confinement was longer for Elia), the two men walked up and down in the corridor, and then Salsedo left to go to bed. Elia sat talking awhile with Bureau agents, smoking and telling stories in the most friendly fashion. About 11 p.m., when he retired, Salsedo begged him to turn off the light because he had "a terrible headache." Elia, before he went to sleep, heard Salsedo "groaning and lamenting." When a watchman came to arouse him in the

early morning, he found himself alone. The watchman said: "Your comrade is dead. He has jumped from the window."

It seems incredible that Elia could have slept through the suicide of his roommate or through the hullaballo that almost certainly would have followed the discovery of a smashed body on the sidewalk. Wouldn't agents have gone storming into the room where the men slept to see what had happened?

Even in the hysteria of the times, the Bureau could not get away with it. To meet criticism, a stout defense was required. On June 1, 1920, Palmer and Hoover went before the House Rules Committee to justify themselves with a long report prepared by Hoover's GID. Criticism of the Bureau was groundless, said the Hoover-GID report, for Salsedo had been "staying in the Park Row building" by his "own choice." He had been given "comfortable quarters," he had been assigned "a clean room," he had been "permitted to occupy . . . clean beds." He had been "given ample opportunity to wash and bathe and change linen." He had been "regularly fed." He had been "taken out for exercise" and "well treated," by his custodians.

After nearly eight weeks of this attempt to gather information, said the Hoover-GID report, "Salsedo put an end to his part of the agreement by jumping from the 14th floor of the Park Row building upon the street, committing suicide."

When Warren G. Harding brought the greedy Ohio gang to Washington, the Bureau of Investigation, like the nation, faced one of its darkest and most shameful hours. Tall, ruggedly handsome, Harding looked the part of a President, but there was precious little substance behind the facade. His cronies were the poker-playing pals and political connivers whom he had attracted during his rise from small-town editor and politician to the loftiest office in the land.

In their foraging, they scoured every department of the Federal Government with disastrous results. One of the major disasters occurred in the Justice Department, to whose command Harding named his long-time Ohio buddy, Harry M. Daugherty. The new Attorney General was a bombastic type who was to adopt the tactic (employed by Hoover and the Bureau to this day) of equating every criticism of himself and his conduct in office with some dark and devious plot hatched in Moscow.

One of the new Attorney General's constant associates was William J. Burns, who had been a boyhood friend back in Ohio. Burns had gone on to found the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, and he billed himself as "the famous international sleuth." In past years, Daugherty had often availed himself of the services of Burns's agents.

Powerful business interests were delighted at rumors Burns would become chief. Burns's detective agency had served them long and well. In this service, it had been accused of offering to spy on workers for a price. There had been charges that Burns's detectives, for their own purposes, sometimes fomented labor discord.

On August 18, 1921, Daugherty named Burns as Director. Four days after Burns was appointed, Daugherty named a new Assistant Director for the Bureau. His benediction fell on 26-year-old J. Edgar Hoover, who as Special Assistant to the Attorney General had been in command of the Red-baiting GID. For Hoover it was a gigantic step up the ladder of command.

The nation, meanwhile, was in the throes of a depression. Jobless men walked the streets by the millions. The Railroad Labor Board had ordered a 12 percent wage cut for almost all railroad employees in 1921. When revenues continued to decline, the railroads sought further payroll slashes, and on June 6, 1922, the Board obliged by decreeing another 12 percent cut. Congressmen charged that, for 100,000 railroad men, this new ruling meant a rollback of their income to only $563 a year. Fighting Bob La Follette, Senator from Wisconsin, charged that railroad wages had a purchasing power no higher than they had had 20 years earlier. Understandably, labor was in revolt.

On July 1, though trainmen remained on their jobs, some 400,000 shop workers struck. Railroad management, which in the past had often ignored recommendations of the Railroad Labor Board as something less than holy, now held up its hands in horror at the sacrilege labor was committing. Management proclaimed that strikers would be deprived of all seniority once they did return to work. This for the strikers, became as serious as the original pay dispute, and Harding's efforts at mediation foundered on this new, management-created reef.

When they did, violence broke out. Railroad management imported strikebreakers, many of them gun-toting criminals; railroad guards attacked strikers; and strikers battled both guards and strikebreakers. Engines were sabotaged. The Harding government was shocked to its conservative roots, and it marshaled all the power of the Federal Government to crush the strike.

Daugherty walked into Federal Court in Chicago and, on September 1, obtained what was subsequently called "the most sweeping injunction ever issued" to halt the strike. The Attorney General announced he was going to prevent labor unions "from destroying the open shop." So stringent was the wording of the injunction that any deed—even any word—that could be interpreted as interfering with the railroads' operations could be deemed a violation of the law. Free speech had become suddenly anti-American.

On all kinds of charges, the Bureau arrested some 1,200 railroad employees and secured a large number of convictions for contempt of court in violating the no-act, no-speak provisions of the federal injunction. And the strike of the roadroad shopmen was broken.

Then Democratic critics probed Teapot Dome and struck an oily and irresistible gusher, one that was to hoist the entire Republican Administration on a black cloud of scandal. The background was this:

The Navy possessed huge oil reserves in California and Wyoming. Soon after taking office, Harding had turned the administration of these reserves over to Interior Secretary Albert B. Fall. He, in turn, promptly signed a contract with private interests headed by Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny permitting them to pump and store oil on a royalty basis—a neat little arrangement that, as was soon to be charged, gave the private oilmen almost carte blanche authority to loot the naval oil reserves.

Shortly after this official and private meeting of minds, neighbors in New Mexico noted that Fall's ranch was undergoing an expensive face-lifting. Montana's Senator Walsh, in one of the most sensational Congressional probes in history, blew the lid off the Teapot Dome scandal. And Sinclair and Doheny explained that they had simply "loaned" Fall some $135,000.

The Teapot Dome disclosures rocked the country. No scandal since has created such unheaval. The Attorney General and the Justice Department were squarely in the line of fire, zeroed in by Congressional artillery. Where, asked Congressional critics, had been the watchdog of Justice while the naval oil reserves were being looted?

It was a good question. Too good a question. A lot of people, it became apparent, didn't care to answer.

In the midst of the bursting and brewing scandals, President Harding became ill, and on August 2, 1923, died suddenly. Close-mouthed Calvin Coolidge became President. "Silent Cal" was no reformer. He appears to have tried to accomplish nothing so hard as to sit on the lid. One prime example of his lid-sitting was his retention of the Daugherty regime in the Department of Justice.

But the time had passed when the fires of scandal could be smothered. Montana had sent a second fire-breathing senator to Washington to join Walsh—Burton K. Wheeler. On February 20, 1924, Wheeler, a freshman who, according to protocol, should have been seen but not heard, rose in the Senate to make his maiden speech. He arraigned the Department of Justice for "protecting" instead of detecting "the greatest crooks and those guilty of the greatest crimes against the nation that have ever been perpetrated." It was, wrote the late Paul Y. Anderson of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* "an attack so savage that even the Senate flinched."

When senators and congressmen continued to probe, they themselves became targets of the Bureau of Investigation. The names of Congressional critics of the Bureau were placed on a "suspect" list, and detectives were turned loose to trail them, to bribe their servants, to ransack their offices, to dig up some scandal that might be used to silence a critical voice in Congress.

This legislative espionage was described in detail to congressional committees by the FBI, though no full list of its "subjects" ever became available.

One encounters again the omnipresent figure of Hoover. Just as he had sat at the elbow of Palmer during the investigation of the Red Raids, so he now dutifully aligned himself with the defense of the discredited Daugherty during the Congressional probe of the Justice Department. There are indications that his presence at the defense table could hardly have been reassuring to Bureau personnel compelled to testify before the Senate committee. Samuel Hopkins Adams, in his book on the Harding period, recounted the experience of one female employee of the Bureau who had been served with a committee subpoena. She had to testify or face a contempt citation, but this legal compulsion did nothing to exculpate her in the eyes of her employers. "The next day," Adams wrote, "she received a letter from J. Edgar Hoover peremptorily demanding her resignation."

The outcry was too much for Coolidge. Out of his own inertia, out of a sense of loyalty to Harding, out of disinclination to take action and so admit the existence of another major scandal, he had retained Daugherty, but the Wheeler exposures called for action. On March 28, 1924, Coolidge demanded and received the resignation of Daugherty.

His successor, Attorney General Harlan Fiske Stone who eventually would become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, recognized the imperative need of a new broom to clean out the house. On May 10, 1924, the day after Burns had been fired, Hoover received a summons to Stone's office. The Attorney General, a huge block of a man, studied Hoover impassively for a moment, then told the young man he had been selected to be acting Director of the Bureau of Investigation.

For Hoover, only 29, it was an overwhelming honor.

In a memorandum to Hoover on May 13, Stone outlined a program that was to become virtually the charter of the Bureau and the FBI. Stone stressed six points. The first and perhaps most important provided that "the activities of the Bureau are to be limited strictly to investigations of violations of the law." Henceforth there would be no ransacking of senators' offices; no GID to classify the possibly wayward thoughts in men's minds.

Other reforms on Stone's list called for the reduction of Bureau personnel as far as practical, the weeding out of "the incompetent and unreliable," the dismissal of "dollar-a-year men" and "honorary" badge holders, and the appointment as agents of "men of known good character and ability, giving preference to men who have some legal training." The Bureau at all times was to conduct investigations only under the direction of the Attorney General or an assigned assistant.

A congressional committee called Hoover before it on May 15, 1924, and questioned him about the Bureau's future role. Hoover told the committee that the Bureau's activities had been cut back and restricted "absolutely" to violations of federal law. Several times, responding in slightly different ways to differently worded questions, Hoover reiterated this assurance.

Three months after Franklin D. Roosevelt brought the New Deal to Washington in 1933, a news article could refer to the Bureau of Investigation as a department "little known . . . to the general public." Despite the Bureau's quarter-century of life, despite the sensational controversies in which it had been involved, the description was an accurate one, for the Bureau had made no impact on the public consciousness during Hoover's first years. Few persons outside official circles knew much about it. Fewer still had any idea that it was to become a household word invested with the trappings of glamour.

Probably the major reason that so little was known publicly about the organization was that its more controversial activities had been eliminated and its functions severely curtailed by the reforms Stone had initiated.

The years out of the public limelight had not been wasted. They had been employed by Hoover in a vigorous housecleaning that was to see the Bureau rebuilt in his own image. It was a program that had a double effect, if it did not have a double motive: it built the Bureau and, in building the Bureau, it built Hoover. Even the abolition of political pull, while salutary, had its side effect. For the acting Director, once freed from political interference and restraint, became a far more independent and powerful figure than he had been previously.

The martinet in Hoover, the meticulous care with dress, the almost religious puritanism regarding personal conduct had been now grafted on the Bureau. Agents were informed in emphatic terms that they must at all times be neat in dress and discreet in their personal habits. They must not drink (this was still the era of Prohibition). They must pay their debts promptly. Not only agents but clerks and stenographers were expected to live by this Spartan code, for Hoover was convinced that the impression employees gave by their appearance and conduct had much to do with the image that the public acquired of the Bureau.

After observing Hoover in action for seven months, Stone had made his appointment as Director permanent on October 10, 1924, and he never afterward wavered in his conviction that, in Hoover, he had given the Bureau a veritable genius as its commander.

There were others, however, who were not so completely convinced. Many Democrats and independents, persons of liberal persuasion, looked askance at Hoover and the Bureau. They had not forgotten its strikebreaking activities and its tendency to pin the "radical" label indiscriminately on all progressive thought.

The result was that, when the New Deal came to Washington, there were persistent rumors that Director Hoover's days were numbered.

But President Franklin Delano Roosevelt enthusiastically supported a national attack upon crime. America, a nation wracked by Prohibition crimes and corruption, was primed to welcome the second Roosevelt ride to roundup. Its fever and impatience were increased by one heart-tugging, catalytic event. This was the kidnaping on March 1, 1932, of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., the infant son of the nation's first air-age hero. When the baby was spirited from his crib in the family home in Hopewell, among New Jersey's brooding Sourland mountains, national horror and outrage reached a peak. The demand to "do something," *anything,* resounded through the land. And since law enforcement on the local level had brought itself into disrepute, since local and state authorities seemed to be making a perfect botch of the Lindbergh case, the public focused its attention and its hope on Washington, the last recourse.

So the Roosevelt Administration drove through Congress a crime-busting package that put the Bureau of Investigation into action in an unprecedented way. The first measure to be passed was the so-called Lindbergh Law, which gave the Bureau jurisdiction in kidnaping cases if the kidnapers crossed a state line. Another statute made it a federal offense to send a ransom demand or a kidnaping threat through the mails.

All these new headline-catching crimes fell under the purview of just one federal agency, the Bureau of Investigation. And J. Edgar Hoover, its chief, only a few months before a man worried about keeping his job, was transformed almost overnight into the champion of the nation, the knight on the white charger riding down the forces of evil.

The FBI now began to stride—in a blaze of gunfire, heroics, and publicity—across the pages of the nation's press as had no other police agency in history. In the short space of two years, 1934 and 1935, FBI agents engaged in innumerable shoot-downs with tough, machine-gun-toting hoodlums, and, though some agents were killed in the process, the hoodlums always bit the dust in the end. "Pretty Boy" Floyd. John Dillinger. "Baby Face" Nelson. Clyde Barrow. "Ma" Barker and her son, Fred. Alvin Karpis. There seemed no end to the scroll. No sooner had Public Enemy No. 1 been eliminated than a new No. 1 sprang up to take his place—and to be in turn rubbed out.

Newspapers, avid for sensation, gloried in displaying cops-and-robbers features, with Hoover and the men of the FBI cast in infallible heroes' roles. Magazines have followed in the footsteps of the press. Comic strips have featured the FBI in daily sequences of derring-do. Books bearing Hoover's name or, if not his name, his blessing make the best-seller lists. Movies have poured out documentaries and full-length feature dramas, lending visual impact to the promotion of the legend. The barrage has been overwhelming. Never before, on any level of government, have the American people been subjected to such brainwashing on behalf of any agency.

Two strongly pronounced Hoover characteristics appeared: his tendency to lap up praise the way a cat does cream, and the way he reacts to the first whiff of criticism by indulging in

condemnation that almost invariably ends by consigning his critic of the moment to the most convenient Communist doghouse.

The ego that is revealed by these contrasting but complementary reactions certainly must rate as one of the most formidable of our day. No publication was too obscure or too cheap to receive a royal pat on the head if it had seen and done its duty by praising the FBI.

In contrast in 1940, under attack by the late Senator George Norris of Nebraska and others for some of the activities of his Bureau, Hoover let loose a full-scale barrage of vituperation. His critics, he said in speeches and statements, were "un-American"; they were "vipers" who "have sought to wash away our national foundation in an ink stream of vilification." They were "confidence men, seeking to steal our wallets." The FBI was being "vilified by the scum of the underworld."

Mention the name of John Dillinger to almost any American who has been reading the press and the magazines during the last 30 years, and it's a safe bet that certain images will flash through his mind: The prince of desperados—"the most brazen killer this nation has ever known," as some FBI literature puts it. The Woman in Red who betrayed him. The trap set at the old Biograph Theater in Chicago. And the sharp, accurate fire of FBI agents dropping the nation's No. 1 menace dead in his tracks before the startled eyes of gaping theatergoers.

But mention the name of St. Paul and Little Bohemia, or Matt Leach, and it's almost a cinch the reaction will be a bewildered "What were they?"

Yet St. Paul and Little Bohemia and Leach are as integral parts of the Dillinger melodrama as the Woman in Red and the Biograph.

To understand what Dillinger means to the FBI, one must appreciate the importance that the FBI itself has attached to what is probably its most famous single case. In the anteroom of the office of J. Edgar Hoover in Washington, millions of Americans, doing the tourist's round of the capital, have found Dillinger enshrined as the No. 1 scalp in the FBI's massive collection.

Was he really the prince of desperados, the most brazen killer in the nation's history? Definitely not. What Dillinger was, as the record makes quite clear, was a daring poseur who was deliberately built into a legend by police and who came to glory in the role detectives had created for him.

Dillinger was the wayward son of a prosperous Indiana grocer, a father so busy that he paid scant attention to the boy's upbringing. In the summer of 1924 he was amusing himself by playing shortstop on a local baseball team. One of his fellow players was a weak-witted drunkard who suggested that they might make themselves a bundle by holding up the owner of the town's grocery store. Dillinger fell in with the scheme and was elected to do the deed. He accepted the honor.

Fortifying himself with liquor, Dillinger lay in wait for the grocer. When the quarry came along, Dillinger jumped him and hit him over the head with a bolt wrapped in cloth. The evidence seems to say that Dillinger's heart really wasn't in such personal violence, for he delivered only a couple of ineffectual swats that, far from silencing the grocer, only stimulated him to loud outcry. Instead of killing the man on the spot, this prince of desperados fled off into the night, went home, and calmly waited for the police to come.

They did. Dillinger was arrested. Not knowing any better, he accepted police assurances that, if he pleaded guilty, he would get off with a light sentence. What he got was 10 to 20 years.

Dillinger felt he had been double-crossed, especially since his baseball-playing confederate, the man who had suggested the holdup in the first place, escaped with a two-year sentence. Bitterness ate him. He came to know and admire two really first-grade toughs, Harry Pierpont and Homer Van Meter. By the time nine years had passed, Dillinger felt that society owed him heavy reparation, and when he was finally released from prison on May 10, 1933, he had no intention of going straight. Indeed, he had made a pact with Pierpont and Van Meter that he would join their former gangs and embark on a series of bank robberies to raise sufficient money to buy guns, pay bribes, and help them break out of prison.

Now began the real career of the prince of desperados.

During the next three weeks, Dillinger helped loot some 10 banks in five states. In the middle of July, he and two confederates were planning to rob the Daleville, Indiana, bank, but before they could put their plans into effect, Dillinger's partners were caught by police. So Dillinger decided to tackle the job alone.

He walked into the bank at 12:45 p.m. Monday, July 17, whipped out his gun, used the ledge of the cage as a step, and vaulted over the six-foot barrier with the athletic agility of a Robin Hood. The teller wondered why he had gone to such trouble when he could simply have walked through the door. The answer seems to be that Dillinger was a great fan of Douglas Fairbanks and was simply acting out a role.

This Fairbanks-like leap over the barrier of the Daleville bank marked Dillinger as a bank robber with a certain distinctive flair and brought him to the attention of the detective who was to spend more time than any other trying to track him down, Captain Matt Leach, commander of the Indiana State Police. Leach had already obtained a confession from one of Dillinger's arrested confederates, who had told of plans to rob the Daleville bank in cooperation with one "Dan" Dillinger. Leach deduced that the high-vaulting bank robber must be Dillinger. He sent pictures to the Daleville bank and got a tentative identification of Dillinger. Newspapers in nearby Muncie, Indiana, broke out with headlines about "Desperate Dan." It was Dillinger's first taste of fame—a fame limited solely to the Midwest.

His fame became national when Dillinger, true to his word to Pierpont and Van Meter, smuggled guns to them in prison, and on September 26, 1933, Pierpont led 10 convicts in a successful break.

Dillinger was soon captured by police, but he had no intention of remaining quietly in prison until the electric chair claimed him. Early on the morning of March 3, 1934, he suddenly whipped out a pistol, cowed a guard, then cowed a whole succession of guards.

This jailbreak by Dillinger created an enormous sensation. The legend was born that Dillinger had brazened his way out of the jail with nothing more lethal in his hands than a piece of wood that he had carved into the shape of a revolver. Actually, his break had been made possible by a real gun, smuggled into the prison by confederates on the outside.

More important than the jailbreak was an indiscretion that Dillinger committed during his flight to Chicago. He drove a stolen car across the Indiana state line and into Illinois, where, on the outskirts of Chicago, he abandoned it. This crossing of a state line in a stolen car was a federal offense and made Dillinger, on the instant, legitimate game for the FBI. J. Edgar Hoover, seizing the opportunity, swung into action.

Now the headlines were filled with the clamor of the great all-out war on the new national menace, John Dillinger. "Act first, talk afterward," Hoover said, ordering his men to "shoot straight and get the right man."

Through the years Hoover has given lip service to the ardent desire of his Bureau to cooperate with local police, whom he likes to flatter by calling them the backbone of law enforcement. But in the Dillinger case, as in other notable investigations, cooperation with the FBI was strictly a one-way proposition. It was all take, no give. In fact, local authorities were kept in such ignorance of the FBI's intentions that time and again FBI flying squads were mistaken for Dillinger's gang, and it was one of the lesser miracles of the drama that police and FBI agents managed to avoid being drawn into a tragic shoot-down with each other.

Captain Leach, the policeman who had been earliest and hottest on the Dillinger trail, found himself completely frozen out. It was certainly a cross-purposes way to conduct a great investigation, and some of the results were predictably disastrous. The prince of desperados took several of his bad men, with women for all, and on Friday, April 30, 1934, holed up in a roadhouse known as Little Bohemia Lodge in a secluded area some nine miles from Mercer in northern Wisconsin. They had hardly taken possession of the lodge, terrorizing the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Wanatka, before a tip went out to Melvin (Little Mel) Purvis, the FBI special agent in charge of the Chicago office.

Purvis rounded up 11 FBI agents, packed them into two chartered planes, and took off for the northern Wisconsin wilds. Before leaving, he had talked with the St. Paul office, from

where another FBI contingent, headed by Assistant Director H. Hugh Clegg, set out to meet Purvis in Rhinelander. Significantly, and typically, they didn't bother to seek the help of local law enforcement officials, whose intimate knowledge of the area, as it turned out, might well have been invaluable.

On the trip to Little Bohemia, three borrowed cars conked out, and the agents finished the ride clinging to the running boards of other cars. The attack plan called for five agents to close in from the left side of the lodge along with five from the right; three others, wearing bullet-proof vests, would storm the front door. This left only the rear of the lodge uncovered, but since the lodge backed on a lake and there were no boats, the agents did not worry about that. What they didn't know was that there was a steep bank along the lake shore that would effectively mask the flight of fleeing men around the ends of the FBI pincers.

Into these pitfalls, a little before 9 at night, the FBI raiders plunged headlong. Dogs began to bark furiously. All chance of surprise gone, the agents left their cars and dashed for their assigned stations. Those on the left plunged into a ditch. Those on the right became entangled in a barbed-wire fence, and while they were trying to extricate themselves, the front door of the lodge opened and three men came out. Two bartenders also stepped outside to see why the dogs were barking. Seeing five men emerging from the lodge almost together, the FBI agents concluded they must be the Dillinger gang, and they called on them to halt.

The first three men, actually only drinking customers on their way home, either were too groggy to pay any attention or didn't hear. They got into their car and started away. Clegg shouted to his men to fire at the tires, and at his order a fusillade broke out. Bullets riddled not only the tires but the car. Two of the customers were wounded; one was killed. And inside the lodge, Dillinger and his gang were at last alerted. He and his gang partners jumped from the roof, crept about 25 yards, and slid down the steep bank to the lake's edge. Concealed by the bank, they slipped off into the night, leaving the FBI raiders none the wiser. When day broke, the FBI men made their final rush—and found the nest deserted. Only the gang molls were huddled in the roadhouse, waiting to receive them. Dillinger and his crew had vanished. Dillinger headed for Chicago.

To keep himself in funds, Dillinger pulled an occasional bank robbery, which yielded small proceeds for the risks he took. His old touch seemed gone as were most of his brainy confederates.

He cheered himself up by acquiring a new Chicago girl friend—Polly Hamilton, 26, an attractive waitress. Polly had sublet a room from Anna Sage, 42, a husky Slavic woman of Rumanian origin, and Dillinger, a constant caller in Polly's room, came to know Anna. What was more important, she came to know him.

Though Dillinger didn't know it, Anna Sage was a woman in deep trouble. A bawdy-house madam, she had operated establishments in Gary and East Chicago, Indiana. She had been twice arrested and convicted for running disorderly houses, and had exhausted the patience of the law. The federal government was at the moment threatening her with deportation. Anna, who didn't want to go back to Rumania, needed bargaining power to keep from being sent.

The result was that, one day in July, Anna Sage made a little trip into East Chicago and discussed her problem with a police sergeant whom she had known for two years. Her proposition was simple: she would deliver Dillinger to the law, but she wanted two things—a promise that she would not be deported and the $10,000 reward that had been placed on Dillinger's head. Soon "Little Mel" Purvis promised Anna Sage, if she would help, he would do all he could to help her. Events moved swiftly. Anna told investigators she often accompanied Polly Hamilton and Dillinger to small neighborhood theaters. They were going, she thought, the next night. She would wear a vivid, red-looking dress.

Hoover decided to capture America's Public Enemy Number One in Chicago—without the knowledge of the Chicago police.

Purvis led a squad to the Biograph Theater. Some 15 FBI agents were stationed at every exit, in the mouth of an alley just to the left of the theater, across the street in front of the theater, and up and down the street on both sides of the main entrance.

This concentration of strange men around the Biograph was so obvious and so ominous that theater employes began to get jittery. They feared a holdup, and the manager telephoned Chicago police to come and investigate. The police, not aware that the FBI was on the prowl for Dillinger, dispatched patrol cars and plainclothesmen to the danger scene.

About 10:20 p.m. one patrol car swung into the mouth of the alley near the theater where two of the strange men were standing. A Chicago detective jumped out and aimed a shotgun at Special Agent Ray Suran. "Find out who he is before you shoot," the detective at the wheel advised. Fortunately, the shotgun wielder heeded this precaution.

Other plainclothesmen, however, had arrived at the theater and talked to the manager. They came out, turned to the right and accosted some of the strangers loitering there. Just as one of the FBI agents on the right-hand side of the theater was presenting his credentials to the suspicious Chicago police, Dillinger and his two companions strolled out. They turned, as had been expected, to the left, not noticing the strange give-away tableau at the right.

Dillinger, with the acute instinct of the hunted, instantly scented trouble and started to run toward the mouth of the nearby alley. The pursuing agents fired a fusillade. Dillinger plunged face downward, as if chopped from behind by a poleax.

The FBI's most dramatic chase had ended in final and bloody triumph. Dillinger, dead, had become a priceless exhibit for the FBI showcase in Washington.

There can be no doubt that Dillinger was a desperado. Cornered, he would no doubt kill the way a rat kills. But the evidence seems to say that he was not a man who savored or sought killing. He may or may not (since there was never a trial to prove it) have killed a patrolman, but this seems to be the only murder directly attributed to him.

What was Dillinger then? He was a police-created symbol of menace, and when he went down in death, he went down in the case of the FBI's glory. He became a foundation stone in building the myth of infallible success.

The fact is that the FBI's performance in the Dillinger case had been something less than perfect, less than brilliant. Its insistence on preserving Dillinger for itself and its own glory had led to situations in which, except for Providence, FBI agents and local officers could have become embroiled in deadly shooting matches. It had led to the fiasco at Little Bohemia and the slaying and wounding of innocent bystanders. These misadventures, in the determination to preserve the Dillinger legend and the FBI legend, are now usually glossed over. An example of such whitewashing is Don Whitehead's rendition of the St. Paul and Little Bohemia episodes in *The FBI Story*: "On two occasions, FBI agents thought they had Dillinger trapped. Each time he escaped in a barrage of machine-gun fire." And that is all he reported about these two gun battles, except for a brief reference in the "Notes" section at the end of the book.

Actually, when Attorney General Cummings and the FBI embarked on a campaign of "Shoot to kill—then count 10," Dillinger had committed no offense under federal law except to drive a stolen car across a state line, for which, *The New York Times* acidly noted, "the offender is seldom shot on the spot." There can be little question that Dillinger was a headline means to an end—the building up of the greater, the infallible FBI. And in this context, he served this purpose well. So well, indeed, that Hoover and the FBI, almost from that shot-punctuated instant in front of the Biograph, have ruled the American law enforcement roost.

The fantastically swift accretion of power that was Hoover's was exhibited for all to see three years later when Captain Matt Leach was fired as head of the Indiana State Police. The State Police Board announced that the action had been taken at the request of Hoover. The FBI director, the board said, had accused Leach of refusing to cooperate in the hunt for the Brady gang of killers and had sent two of his agents to lodge a complaint against Leach and to notify the board that the FBI was severing relations with the state police. Leach responded by disclosing what had occurred during the Dillinger chase. He also said he had information that the FBI deliberately had warned witnesses not to talk to state police about the Brady gang. In Washington, Hoover and the FBI refused all comment and maintained a lofty detachment regarding the Leach affair, but somehow word got out to newsmen that the

official decapitation of the veteran Indiana chief was "the first result of a drive" by Hoover to get the cooperation of local police forces.

The Director, who just four years earlier had been worried about his own job, had become so powerful that he could lift the scalp of local police chiefs who had incurred his disapproval.*

Just how efficient is the FBI? Everyone knows that figures can be made to lie. But when Hoover dogmatically asserts that the FBI maintains a 97 or 98 percent conviction record, no one doubts or challenges his figures or speculates about the insidious effect of this kind of reiterated propaganda on the minds of a jury sitting in judgment on a man accused of crime by the infallible FBI.

In the attempt to find an answer there is an important guideline. More than 25 years ago, the Brookings Institution, of Washington, D.C., was hired by a Senate committee headed by Senator Harry F. Byrd, the veteran conservative Democrat from Virginia, to make an impartial survey and comparison of all federal law-enforcement agencies. The Institution's findings were published in 1937, in a volume titled *Crime Control by the National Government,* by A. C. Millspaugh of the Brookings staff.

Instead of accepting Hoover's statement that the FBI achieves from 94 to 97 or 98 percent of convictions in its cases as bona fide because Hoover made it, the Brookings researchers cross-checked with the reports of federal attorneys, as incorporated in the U.S. Attorney General's own report, on the disposition of cases developed by the different federal detective agencies. They found that the FBI's record of convictions for the 1935-36 period was 72.5 percent—trailing the Narcotics Bureau, the Secret Service Division, the Alcohol Tax Unit, the Post Office Inspection Service, and the Internal Revenue Bureau. The only agency that ranked below the FBI in percentage of convictions was the Customs Bureau, with 71.5 percent.

The Brookings Institution pointed out also that the FBI's statistics on its own performance were greatly improved by the practice of taking credit for a tremendous amount of work performed by other agencies. For years, a major factor in boosting FBI figures has been the recovery of stolen automobiles that have been driven or shipped across state lines. The FBI always claims full credit for the recovery of such cars and for the apprehension of the thieves. It annually points to the millions of dollars it has saved the taxpayers through the recovery of such stolen property. Yet, in many, if not in most, instances, such stolen automobiles are found and recovered by local police.

Such criticism has had no perceptible effect on the FBI. In the spring of 1963, it was viewing hitchhiking with alarm and warning motorists against picking up strangers on the highways. To make its point, the FBI came up with what the *West Virginia Charleston Gazette* called "the unverifiable statistic." It solemnly announced that two out of every five thumbs raised to cadge rides had been fingerprinted in police files. Since there is no electronic Seeing Eye watching every highway in the nation and registering on a computer the number of hitchhikers, such a statistic is patently ridiculous.

Any efficiency rating of the FBI must take into account not only the loose use of statistics for propaganda purposes and its undoubted scientific skills but also the *kind* of criminals it catches. On this aspect, one of the nation's profoundest mysteries is encountered. The mystery is that Hoover has never challenged the real lords of the underworld. He built two-bit desperados like Dillinger into national menaces and flourished their scalps from the FBI totem pole, but all the time he ignored, with a persistent perversity, the growth of organized, multi-billion-dollar underworld power. It was a power that was symbolized in names like the Mafia, the Combination, the Syndicate. It was a reality that Hoover ignored. He even at times denied its existence.

The extensive powers given to the FBI by the first Roosevelt Congress in 1934 were predicated on the idea, valid enough in itself, that crime was becoming interstate in character, for the automobile and the airplane gave gangsters mobility, enabling them to commit a crime and then hop across state lines to far-distant hideouts. For this reason, the FBI specifically was given jurisdiction in cases in which a person crossed a state line to avoid prosecution or to avoid giving testimony—a sweeping provision that seemingly would cover a multitude of cases and would embrace, if the effort were made, most of the major activities of the Syndicate.

But President Roosevelt's first Attorney General, Homer Cummings, and Hoover weren't so much concerned at the time with the secretive and important machinations of the underworld. They were preoccupied with the sensational, the spectacular. In speech after speech, Cummings proclaimed the thesis that huge underworld gangs, built up by bootlegging millions in Prohibition days, would become desperate when deprived of their principal source of revenue and would turn to kidnaping.

But kidnaping is largely an amateur crime. The famous kidnapers were not the big names of the underworld. Hauptmann, who took Lindbergh's baby, was an impoverished carpenter; Angelo John LaMarca, executed for the kidnap-murder of the Weinberger baby on Long Island in the late 1950's, was an impecunious laborer driven to the border of insanity by the crushing pressure of debts. The record of the years makes it obvious that the dreaded powers of gangdom, the men who directed vast enterprises and held life and death in their hands—Luciano, Genovese, Costello, Adonis, Anastasia, Lansky—were never so stupid as to mess with a cheap thug's crime like kidnaping. While the FBI was garnering headlines in its wild and gory battles with desperados, these real criminal brains of the nation quietly went about the business of amassing fantastic and untold millions—their rackets such lucrative fields as narcotics, the numbers, bookmaking, and gambling casinos that rivaled the plush of Monte Carlo and ran as openly.

Contrasts are invidious, but anyone who compares the record of the FBI with that of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics cannot help being shocked at the difference between myth and grim reality. While the FBI seemed to be living in a dream world with its Dillingers, the narcotics bureau was recognizing and wrestling with the sanguinary reality of the Mafia, the dread Sicilian secret society transplanted here by immigrants. Based on the family ties of chieftains, founded on a system of murder and terror and extortion, the Mafia became the cement of the American underworld. Its American branch has been called at different times by various names—Mafia for one, the Unione Siciliano for another. And since gangsters not of Italian or Sicilian origin have also risen to high levels in the American underworld (Longie Zwillman was a prize example), broader terms like the Combination and the Syndicate are often used. But the murder-enforcement arm, the guts of the system, has always been Mafia-like in organization and control. This reality of a national underworld Hoover has persistently denied.

While he builds FBI statistics with the recovery of stolen cars that are taken across state lines, he consistently belittles the specter of the Mafia and insists that crime-fighting is a local business to be handled strictly by local and state police.

Hoover not only has failed to exhibit any eagerness to lead the fight on organized crime where it really counts, against the top echelons of the Syndicate, but he has resented, fought, blocked every proposal that might have set up a rival federal agency to perform this most important chore. Why? Certainly not because the FBI itself is not willing. Jack Levine asserted that the agents in the ranks are only too eager, in most instances, to be let loose in an all-out campaign against top-level racketeers. But so far these willing agents have generally been kept on a tight leash. Again one asks: Why?

The reasons are not clear, but those who have had close contact with law enforcement suggest what seem like logical possibilities. The estimated 20 to 22 billion dollars' worth of loot the rackets filch out of the American pocketbook each year buys a lot of influence. Some estimate that half the multi-billion-dollar take of top-level gangdom is funneled right back into payoffs and the purchase of political influence. Many a political machine is bankrolled by such tainted money, and in devious ways the purchase pull makes itself felt on Capitol Hill.

Another possible reason: Certainly, it's much easier to catch car thieves than Frank Costellos. Hoover's FBI has grown to

* [An example of the FBI's lack of liasion with another federal law enforcement agency was underlined in the recent Warren Commission Report on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. "A more carefully coordinated treatment of the Oswald case," which the report earlier stated was being investigated by the FBI, "might well have resulted in bringing Oswald's activities to the attention of the Secret Service." And JFK might still be alive. The Editors]

mammoth proportions by use of statistics and propaganda. Hunting the overlords of crime is quite another matter. A great number of agents would have to put in a great number of man-hours, and they would have to build airtight cases that could stand the battering of the highest-paid defense attorneys in the land. Results might be extremely minimal, and the FBI, instead of the universal praise it gets, might well reap the whirlwind of hostile criticism.

Whether these are the actual reasons that have restrained Hoover and the FBI from an all-out assault on major citadels of crime is less important than the undeniable fact of that restraint.

As the decade of the 1930's drew to a close, the FBI was established as a national institution. It had won its gun battles with desperados. It had tracked down kidnapers. The image of Hoover and the Bureau as the incorruptible and infallible fighters of crime had been implanted in the consciousness of the American people.

This image of Hoover as chief investigator of the 1930's is a natural outgrowth of the earlier Hoover. The strait-laced young man who didn't drink or play poker; the austere, lonely bureaucrat immersed in his job; the ambitious, capable, hard-driving martinet—all of these traits of character had become accentuated in the personality of the powerful Director of the FBI. Hoover remained a confirmed bachelor, living with his mother until her death in the modest civil servant's home in Washington in which he was born. Even after his mother's death, it was some years before Hoover moved into more elaborate quarters in a home in Washington's fashionable Rock Creek Park section.

Hoover was unpopular. Washington hostesses considered him "a cold fellow" because he shunned their parties. Men sometimes disliked him "because he seems to lack the traditional male vices." On those rare occasions when he was seen in a bar, he might have one drink (the youthful teetotaler had weakened this much) but never more than one. He did, however, develop one idiosyncrasy: he became an habitue of the nightclubs, with the result that his name kept popping up in gossip columns. But he was a man so preoccupied with his work that he sometimes went about his nightclubbing in an almost grim fashion, as if determined to enjoy himself in spite of himself.

This was Hoover in his forties, a man growing accustomed to the taste of fame and savoring that taste. There has been little change in him since. In later life, he developed one penchant that seems a bit unusual for a man who in his youth eschewed poker-playing and adhered to an almost Puritanical code of ethics. Hoover became a great racetrack fan and an ardent defender of the fine art of betting on the horses "in moderation."

Though betting on the horses has been disclosed time and again as a major underlying cause of embezzlements, this aspect appears to have made no impact on Hoover.

At 9:15 on the morning of August 24, 1936, J. Edgar Hoover, having received a summons to the White House, was shown into the President's office. The reason that Roosevelt had summoned Hoover was his deepening concern about the ominous state of world affairs. In Europe, Mussolini and Hitler were on the march; Spain was torn by civil war; Stalin was pressing his bloody internal purges. In the United States, Fascist and Communist sympathizers were stirring, and the President felt he had been getting insufficient information about their activities.

A week later, on September 1, Roosevelt and Hoover agreed on the final arrangements that were to put the FBI back into undercover work. The Bureau was to investigate for State Department intelligence purposes only, not for prosecutions in court. On this understanding, Hoover on September 5 sent "Personal and Confidential" letters to his Special Agents in Charge, notifying them that the Bureau desired "to obtain from all possible sources information concerning subversive activities being conducted in the United States by Communists, Fascists," and others advocating the violent overthrow of the government.

With the outbreak of war in Europe in September, 1939, the spy fever soared into the stratosphere. On January 5, 1940, appearing before the House Appropriations Subcommittee, Hoover predicted that espionage complaints during 1940 might reach an average of 214 a day, or more than 70,000 a year. He made the further remarkable statement that comparatively few complaints were without substance, and he raised a specter from the past when he testified that, as a result of Roosevelt's directive assigning the FBI to a broad field of espionage and counter-espionage work, he had revived the General Intelligence Division. The division, Hoover said, would have "supervision of espionage, sabotage, and other subversive activities." It would investigate persons reported active in subversive activities *"or in movements detrimental to the internal security.* In that connection, we have a general index, arranged alphabetically and geographically, available at the Bureau, so that in the event of any greater emergency coming to our country we will be able to locate immediately these various persons who may need to be the subject of further investigation." [Italics added.]

Under such conditions, Hoover and the FBI guarded the home front. They guarded it well. According to statistics quoted in Whitehead's best-selling book, *The FBI Story,* FBI investigations of 19,649 cases of suspected sabotage during the war years, turned up not a single case that was the work of enemy agents. This is a typical FBI presentation of its own perfection, but even one who is skeptical of such 100 per cent claims can agree that, in this instance, the boast was justified. One thing is clear: the tragic events of German sabotage in World War I were not repeated in World War II.

However, the postwar witch-hunt which quickly materialized was based on a reinterpretation of the events of the critical war years. The events themselves seemed to say that the war, considering its global nature and the massive effort required, had been fought to its victorious conclusion with a maximum of speed and efficiency. But disillusionment with a victory that had brought not peace but the frustrations of the Cold War rapidly began to alter this common-sense view. The theory was industriously promulgated, and widely adopted, that the new insecurities of the age were attributable to treason and sell-out in high places. To lend substance to the theory, a campaign began to convince the American public that, all during the war years, Communists and "fellow travelers" had been stealing our most precious secrets.

Implicit in this demagogic endeavor was a crowning irony. J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI had been specifically entrusted with the task of ensuring American security. All during the war years Hoover insisted that the counterespionage record of his Bureau was one of absolute perfection; then, suddenly, the war won, Roosevelt dead, Hoover altered his tune to lend support to the thesis that, throughout the war, spies had been having a veritable field day in Washington.

Yet it is basic that truth cannot lie simultaneously at such incompatible extremes. If Hoover's first assertion of FBI perfectability is correct, his amended picture of virtually unlimited and successful espionage becomes automatically suspect. And so does the entire substructure of the witch-hunt.

On December 10, 1945, Hoover had spoken to the International Association of Police Chiefs in Miami. He had warned them, in tones reminiscent of the forecasts of 1919, that the nation's police, on top of all their other duties, would be hard pressed to stop the wave of Communism. "Panderers of diabolic distrust already are concentrating their efforts to confuse and divide by applying the Fascist smear to progressive police departments like the FBI and other American institutions to conceal their own sinister purposes," Hoover declared. Yet, at the same time, he proclaimed that the FBI during wartime had met the menace, eyeball to eyeball, and turned it back.

"Early in the war skeptics proclaimed that we were open to espionage. . . . The record is exactly the contrary. We knew from the very outset of the war that espionage was under control. . . . Foreign *powers* tried to steal not only the atomic bomb, but other military secrets. . . . The counterespionage program which we developed did more than encircle spies and render them harmless. It enabled us to learn their weakness and their aims."

There can be little question that Hoover at this period, though he held his post at the pleasure of the Democratic Truman Administration, though he sedulously guarded his nonpolitical image, actually was playing a covert game of footsie with Truman's Republican opposition. The material that fueled the Republican-dominated investigating committees clearly was funneled to them straight from FBI files, and anyone familiar with the kind of storms that raged about the names Hiss, Rosenberg, White, and Remington knows full well that such leaks would not have been possible without his collaboration.

The spy case of Judith Coplon is a typical example of postwar FBI investigation.

Miss Coplon had been a top student at Barnard College in New York. After her graduation, she had obtained employment in the Department of Justice in Washington. She was 27, an analyst in the department, when on the night of March 6, 1949, trailing FBI agents nabbed her on a New York street in the company of Valentin A. Gubitchev, an attache of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations. In Miss Coplon's handbag, at the time of her arrest, were a number of documents including one memorandum in her own handwriting. This, probably the most damaging evidence against her, read:

> I have not been able (and don't think I will) to get the top-secret FBI report which I described to Michael on Soviet and Communist intelligence activities in the U.S. When the moment was favorable I asked Foley (William E. Foley, a security officer in the department) where the report was (he'd previously remarked that he had such a report). He said that some department official had it and he didn't expect to get it back. Foley remarked there was nothing "new" in it. When I saw the report, for a minute, I breezed through it rapidly, remembered very little. It was about 115 pages in length and summarized, first, Soviet "intelligence" activities. . . . It had a heading on Soviet U.N. delegation but that was all I remember. The rest of the report, I think, was on Polish, Urgo, etc., activities and possibly some information on the C.P., USA.

Miss Coplon was indicted on espionage charges both in Washington and New York, one case being based on the theft of information, the other on the attempt to pass it along. In the first trial, held in Washington in April, 1949, Miss Coplon's attorney tried to explain away the remarkable handwritten memo by arguing that it was "allegorical" and referred merely to "prototypes" in a novel she was planning to write. In view of the specific contents of the memorandum, a more far-fetched rationalization could hardly be imagined. Understandably, the jury found some difficulty in swallowing it.

The defense's explanation of Miss Coplon's constant association with Gubitchev was that they were just a couple "crazy, crazy" in love. This, again, seemed a too obviously easy way to explain a dubious association, but the government had some difficulty combatting it because it could not show that Miss Coplon had ever passed Gubitchev anything. When arrested in New York, she had the memorandum, as well as Justice Department papers the government called "restricted," in her handbag. A long parade of FBI agents took the witness stand at the Washington trial, detailing the thoroughness of the surveillance that had been set up over Miss Coplon. They had watched her every movement for weeks. Sometimes as many as five FBI men at a time had tailed her and watched her meetings with Gubitchev. The Russian and the girl had been seen together numerous times, but, as the Associated Press reported on May 16, 1949, when the trial entered its fourth week, "the government has not yet established 'contact' between Miss Coplon and the Russian."

Two other disturbing elements peeped out from the mass of evidence submitted by the government at the Washington trial. Robert R. Granville, the supervising agent in New York, acknowledged that, when Miss Coplon was arrested, the FBI did not have a warrant as required by law. He was also questioned closely concerning defense charges that the FBI had indulged in wiretapping. Asked if he had ever given orders to tap Miss Coplon's phone or the phones of any member of her family, he answered: "No." When the defense, skeptical, pressed the issue, government prosecutors, on their word of honor as lawyers and gentlemen, assured the court that the FBI had indulged in no wiretapping in the case. FBI agents sat there in court and heard them—and said nothing. With such assurances that the investigation, with the exception of that little matter of the warrant, had been handled in the most legitimate of fashions, the case against Miss Coplon went to the Washington jury. And the jury promptly convicted her.

With the defense appealing this conviction, the government decided to proceed with a second trial of Miss Coplon in New York, based on the second indictment accusing her of passing information to Gubitchev. This trial opened in late December, 1949, and Miss Coplon's defense now pressed more vigorously the wiretapping issue that the government had so emphatically denied in the Washington trial. Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan ordered the FBI to produce its records. It suddenly developed that, despite the flat assurances given to the federal judge in Washington, the FBI had been tapping Miss Coplon's telephone all the time.

There had been, the federal prosecutors assured Judge Ryan, absolutely no intention on anyone's part deliberately to deceive a federal judge in Washington. They themselves as a matter of fact, they said, had had no idea of such a thing until the previous week, when they consulted with FBI agents to get affidavits that there had been no wiretapping—and discovered that, unfortunately, after all, there had been. The prosecutors protested that they still did not know which agents had done the wiretapping.

When Judge Ryan pressed for a fuller explanation. He was assured that the great bulk of the wiretaps had been destroyed. It was FBI routine, he was told, to destroy wiretap records within a short time after they had been made. Judge Ryan, determined to find out just what went on here, called FBI agents to the witness stand. One acknowledged, a bit reluctantly, that he had "reason to believe" the defendant's phones had been tapped, because he had seen the disk recordings and had been responsible, as a matter of fact, for destroying the reports and burning the records.

The disclosures were getting murkier and murkier, and Judge Ryan called on the FBI to supply the court with all the information available anywhere, in New York or Washington, about the conduct of this wiretapping that, originally, had been so vigorously denied. A most curious document turned up, whose discovery was reported by the *New York Herald Tribune* in these words:

This was a Washington memorandum, dated Nov. 9, 1949, from Howard B. Fletcher, FBI inspector, to D. M. Ladd, assistant FBI director:

> "The above named informant (Tiger, the code name of the tap) has been furnishing information concerning the activities of (Miss Coplon). In view of the imminency of her trial it is recommended that this informant (tap) be discontinued immediately, and that all administrative records in the New York office covering the operations of this informant be destroyed.
>
> "Pertinent data furnished by the informant has already been furnished in letter form, and having in mind security, now and in the future, it is believed desirable that the indicated records be destroyed."

The scope of wiretapping in the Coplon case was now reluctantly admitted by the FBI. Though the original disks had been destroyed, the wiretap-gathered "evidence" had been preserved, as the Fletcher memorandum indicated, in letter form. From this it developed that the government had wiretapped Miss Coplon's home phone, her phone in the Justice Department in Washington, the phone in her parents' home in Brooklyn, the phone that she used to confer with her lawyer while the first trial was in progress. Some 30 FBI agents, the FBI conceded, had taken part in the electronic eavesdropping —an operation of such scope that it could hardly have been innocently overlooked when the government, with the FBI in attendance, informed the judge in the first trial that it had never happened.

Though the New York jury, like the Washington jury, convicted Miss Coplon on the basis of the evidence found in her handbag and her admitted association with Gubitchev, the wiretap and no-warrant revelations wrecked both convictions on appeal. In the Washington case, Leonard B. Boudin, Miss Coplon's appeal attorney, accused the FBI of "rankest perjury" in denying to the court that wiretaps had been used. He said it was "incredible" that the prosecution could have been ignorant of the fact that Miss Coplon's phone was being tapped even while her trial was in progress. Fred E. Strine, special assistant to the Attorney General, was hard-pressed to justify the government's actions. In his argument before the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, he contended that the wiretapping really hadn't made any difference to the case because the evidence so obtained hadn't been used against Miss Coplon. Chief Judge E. Barrett Prettyman broke in with the tart comment that this was "an extremely optimistic view," and he added: "I'd like it explained to me how any appellant can have a fair trial if conversation between him and his counsel is intercepted."

In arguments on the New York appeal, Judge Learned Hand

clashed sharply with Strine. The federal prosecutor had argued that the government had not been guilty of "deliberate or wanton destruction of wire-tap records." Judge Hand took him up sharply, asking: "Could there have been anything more wanton and deliberate than was shown by the evidence?" He cited the FBI's specific order to destroy. Strine argued that this had been issued merely for "security reasons," but Judge Hand disagreed emphatically. In words that, it seems, should be remembered, he snapped: "You can point a finger at any person and say for security reasons."

Judge Hand later wrote the decision by which the New York Court, by a unanimous vote, threw out the guilty verdict. He softened his stand a bit on the wiretapping, saying that the destruction of the recordings wasn't too vital, since copies had been kept in Washington, but he stressed that the government had failed to show that the taps had not helped its case. He wrote that Miss Coplon's "guilt is plain," but held that the FBI had in effect ruined its own case. He argued that on the validity of Miss Coplon's arrest "concededly depends the validity of the seizure of the incriminating packet (of documents) and its competence as evidence at the trial." Only if Miss Coplon had been a fugitive trying to escape would arrest without a warrant have been justified, he said, and in this case, patently, this was not so. "No sudden emergency forced the hand of the agents," Judge Hand wrote. "They made everything ready except for the one condition which would have made the arrest lawful: a warrant."

Congress, as it usually does when the FBI has been inconvenienced by the necessity of adhering to the niceties of the law, subsequently decided that in the future the Bureau should not be bothered by having to observe such a legal technicality as the obtaining of a warrant in espionage cases. It passed legislation specifically exempting the Bureau from such normal statutory procedures when it was pursuing spies, but nothing could be done to resurrect the Coplon case which the FBI had wrecked beyond redemption. Nothing much could be done either to eradicate the impression that deliberate deceit had been practiced on the trial court in Washington.

The Coplon case is not the only case in which such deceit has been practiced. In February, 1958, an almost identical situation developed in an appeals hearing on an action brought by the Justice Department to make the Communist Party register as a subversive organization. Throughout the entire earlier course of the action, Justice Department lawyers had repeatedly told the courts that no recordings had been made in 1945 of talks between the FBI and Louis Budenz, the Communist leader who had broken with the Party. The Communist Party, not satisfied, petitioned for a rehearing and asked for more explicit assurance on this point. As a result, James T. Devine, a Justice Department lawyer, asked FBI agents to furnish affidavits. Instead of supplying the affidavits, the FBI acknowledged the truth—that, unknown to Budenz, it had taken recordings of the talks; it had had them all the time. Devine assured the court that this sudden admission came as a complete surprise to him and, he believed, to all other government attorneys working on the case.

Clearly, the FBI had become a law unto itself, making its own rules, practicing a degree of deception on even the assistant attorneys general of the Justice Department who, originally, had been supposed to supervise its actions. However, more than the Bureau's blithe disregard for its titular superiors is involved. Basic principles of justice are vitally at stake. Not only does it become impossible for a defendant, whose attorney's phone is tapped, adequately to defend himself, but deceit on the part of the FBI and the Justice Department, both of whom flaunt the prestige of the flag, makes truth the cat's-paw of a desire to convict. In a nation brainwashed into believing that the FBI is always 97 percent right, the word of the FBI and the Justice Department should be above reproach in our own courts of law. No rationalization can justify the solemn insistence of law enforcement authorities on an assertion that is the reverse of truth—when they know it to be the reverse of truth. It will take a very great rationalization indeed to reconcile the wiretap coverups in the Coplon and Budenz cases with the image of the FBI as an organization whose principles are so lofty and whose dedication to ideals is so steadfast that its word on anything and everything must under no circumstances ever be questioned.

The unique power and prestige of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI have placed them on a pedestal above the law they are supposed to serve. This power and prestige is such that no Attorney General can contain it or supervise it, and Congress cowers before it. Even the decisions of the highest court in the land, if they draw the Hoover scowl, have to be amended in accordance with Hoover's wishes. If that seems like an overstrong statement, consider the events of 1957.

Clinton Jencks was a New Mexico labor leader, an official of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers Union. He had been tried and convicted on charges that he had committed perjury when he signed a non-Communist affidavit. The principal witness against Jencks had been Harvey Matusow, a professional informer, first for the FBI, next for the late Senator McCarthy's investigators. However, after Jencks had been convicted, Matusow demonstrated that he possessed those traits of instability and unreliability for which informers are often noted. He joined a church, professed to have discovered conscience, proclaimed that he had lied in his testimony involving Jencks and others—and promptly was jailed as a perjurer by an indignant government.

Matusow's startling about-face served only to underscore the legal issue that had already been joined. During the trial of Jencks, Matusow had testified that he made several reports about Jencks's supposedly communistic ties and activities to the FBI. Jencks's attorneys, perhaps sensing that Matusow might be a witness who would tell one story today, another tomorrow, fought a losing battle to obtain these earlier reports. It should be stressed that the attorneys did not seek the privilege of conducting a fishing expedition through the FBI files. They asked only to be permitted to inspect original reports Matusow had mentioned from the witness stand. Their purpose was a time-honored and legally respected one: the right of the defense to examine such original statements as a means of checking the veracity of the witness.

In an age in which the original statements of informers have been distinguished for their notable lack of resemblance to the court-produced case, this would seem to have been an elementary request, except that, of course, once such cases have been court-produced, once the prestige of the government has been staked on them, the sanctity of the informer becomes a cause that transcends all other causes. And so the privilege of inspecting Matusow's first accusations against Jencks was denied to the Jencks defense. The case was fought to the United States Supreme Court, and the court on June 3, 1957, in an overwhelming 7-to-1 decision, threw out the conviction of Jencks. Justice William Brennan, a Catholic and an Eisenhower appointee, wrote the decision that was soon to be smeared from coast to coast as a prime document of subversion. Actually, all that Brennan and the high court had done was to uphold a basic principle of American justice—that the accused is entitled to a full and adequate defense.

The decision did not do precisely what the American public was soon to be brainwashed into believing that it did do. It did not open the door to indiscriminate rummaging in the FBI files; it did not threaten with exposure a single secret informant. It merely held that, once the government had produced a witness and put him on the stand, the defense had a right to examine his prior statements on the subject about which he was then testifying. Brennan called attention to a prior court decision upholding the right of the defense to "specific documents," but not "any broad or blind fishing expedition among documents possessed by the government."

"We reaffirm and re-emphasize these essentials," Brennan wrote. ". . . Every experienced trial judge and trial lawyer knows the value for impeachment purposes of statements of the witness regarding events before time dulls treacherous memory."

In a memorable paragraph, one that should be enshrined in American law, Brennan wrote: "It is unconscionable to allow it (the government) to undertake prosecution and then invoke its governmental privileges to deprive the accused of anything which might be material to the defense."

This, of course, was the point, and Matusow's subsequent renunciation of the story to which he had testified for the government should have emphasized, for all to see, the necessity of subjecting informers to the closest scrutiny and protecting the rights of persons who might be recklessly accused by them. But this was not the point that registered; this was not at all what happened. If Brennan in his opinion had traduced motherhood,

the screams from the FBI and its backers could not have been more anguished.

Justice Tom Clark, always a strong FBI partisan and the lone dissenter from the Jencks decision, had contended that the ruling would open the door to fishing expeditions in the FBI's secret investigative files. This was all that was needed. Hoover, with strong support in Congress and in the ultraconservative press, took up the cry, and almost overnight the impression was created that the Court had given the Communists carte blanche to force revelation of the FBI's most closely guarded secrets.

A brief chronology of events shows how vigorously the campaign against the Court was pressed, how the anti-Court image in the press was cultivated. On June 28, 1957, *The New York Times* reported that Hoover was "understood to have passed the word that his agency will drop out of some espionage and other criminal cases if this becomes necessary to protect its confidential informants." On July 28, in a report to Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., Hoover stressed for the record that confidential informants had been responsible for the arrest of 2,700 persons in the nation in the past year, and he furnished ammunition to the anti-Court faction in Congress by this declaration: "The very basis of our success is the FBI's assurance to this country's citizens that information they give will be maintained in the strictest confidence in our files." Hoover followed this on August 14 by writing a "Dear Joe" letter to Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr. (Republican of Massachusetts), minority leader in the House, demanding legislation to protect the FBI files from disclosure. He said that some informants already had clammed up as the result of the Court decision and that he had had to drop some cases in preference to opening the files.

In the light of this assertion by the Man himself, a subtle rumor that the FBI publicity bureau industriously purveyed was picked up and flaunted by the press. This was the suggestion that the upcoming espionage case against NKVD Colonel Rudolph Ivanovich Abel would have to be dropped if the Jencks decision were not nullified by Congress. The action of vast sections of the press in uncritically echoing every assertion of Hoover and the FBI about the Jencks decision conveyed such a false impression that even many knowledgeable newspapermen, deluded by the propaganda in their own product, accepted as an article of faith that the Jencks ruling would open the FBI files.

Public hysteria against the Supreme Court was being created by such alarmist statements and Hoover's lobby on the Hill was industriously at work. Lou Nichols, his fast-talking, likable public relations man and lobbyist, was buttonholing Congressmen and urging them to introduce legislation that would "protect" the FBI files from the capricious Court. Congress, having long ago decided that it paid better to worship Hoover than to fight him, was happy to oblige. Representative Kenneth Keating, the New York Republican who was to grow into a Senator and acquire wide fame as the prophet of Soviet missile activity in Cuba, sponsored the FBI-desired bill in the House, and Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, a Wyoming Democrat, made it a bipartisan endeavor by taking up the cudgels for it in the Senate.

The language of the bill was cleverly worded so that, without quite giving the appearance of doing so, it would in effect nullify the Court's Jencks decision. The key language limited inspections of FBI records in court cases to such "reports or statements of the witness in the possession of the United States as are signed by the witness, or otherwise adopted or approved by him as correct relating to the subject matter as to which he has testified." Under this provision, all the FBI would have to do to keep its files closed would be to have its agents summarize what a witness told them or to take a statement that had not been signed or specifically reaffirmed by the witness to be true.

Senator Wayne Morse (Democrat of Oregon) sought to amend the language to narrow the loophole. But the propaganda campaign in the press was now in full gear. The *Daily News* in New York, the nation's largest-circulation daily, was running a stream of editorials devoted to the theme that the Bureau's files must be protected from "the secret-pickin' hands of Commie spies." Its Washington columnist, John O'Donnell, was frothing on the subject. So was Westbrook Pegler. So was Walter Winchell, with his immense reading audience.

However, men of high repute and great legal learning insisted that no action by Congress was needed, that all the Supreme Court had done was to reaffirm a basic principle of American justice. Dean Erwin N. Griswold, of Harvard Law School, put it this way: "There is absolutely nothing in the (Jencks) opinion giving the public access to the secret files of the FBI. It simply blueprints procedures used right here in Boston and in every criminal court." No such sober and responsible appraisal could be expected to cope with the nationwide and irresponsible outcry Hoover had stimulated. Only slightly modified, the legislation he wanted was passed.

Full of his triumph, Hoover paraded before the 39th annual convention of the American Legion in Atlantic City on September 19, 1957, and capped with a crow his war against the Supreme Court. He charged that the campaign to "open" the FBI files was the work of "a hard core of propagandists" (there is always, it seems, some monstrous secret conspiracy whenever anyone opposes Hoover), and he put everything in correct perspective with this statement: "The bland refusal to recognize the right of the public welfare and the proper use of common sense result too often in the prostitution of the law in favor of evil." The American Legion, enthralled at having before it the one man on whom our survival depended, passed a resolution praising Hoover and criticizing recent Supreme Court decisions, especially the Jencks ruling that would have "opened" FBI files.

Why did Hoover stir up such a nationwide frenzy on such a distorted issue? An educated guess is that his prestige and the prestige of the FBI had been linked unqualifiedly to the veracity of informers whom they have sponsored—and that the contents of the FBI files with respect to this breed will not bear examination in the full light of the day.

The pattern of drastically altered testimony—testimony that veers from and conflicts with its original version—has been exposed sufficiently in the Hiss, the Remington, and the Rosenberg cases to justify speculation about what might happen in such informer-type prosecutions if the lid were ever fully lifted on their origins. In addition, enough information has seeped out from under the Justice Department rug in a number of other cases to indicate that the cult of the informer is one of the most pernicious a great democracy ever was deluded into sanctifying.

Another example of the FBI's postwar attitude is Hoover's reaction to the San Francisco riot of 1960. The House Un-American Activities Committee, long a favorite partner of Hoover in witch hunts, had brought its road show into California for the fourth time within a relatively brief span of years.

The committee made certain that the hearing would be stacked in its favor even more than is usually the case. William A. Wheeler, a committee investigator, handed out white cards to "friendly" organizations before the hearings opened. Admission to the small hearing room in City Hall was to be by white card only. Students in the Bay Area gathered to protest. They demanded that admission be on a first-come, first-serve basis. The agitation came to a head on the second day of the hearings, Friday, May 13, 1960. When demonstrating students, trying to get into the hearings, pressed against the barriers set up by police, the cops forced them back. The students surged forward again, and the police turned fire hoses on the students. When the students withstood the drenching, refusing to leave the premises, the police went to work with their nightsticks.

Veteran San Francisco newsmen and television cameramen were on the scene. All seem in general agreement on what happened. "Never in 20 years as a reporter have I seen such brutality," wrote Mel Wax the next day. George Draper, of the conservative *San Francisco Chronicle*, reported: "I saw one slightly built lad being carried by two husky officers. One held the boy's shirt, the other held him by the feet. He was struggling, but he was no match for the two bigger men. Then, from nowhere, appeared a third officer; he went to the slender boy firmly held by the other two officers, and clubbed him three times in the head. You could hear the hollow smack of the club striking. The boy went limp and was carried out. . . . Police were now clubbing the demonstrators at will."

The *Chronicle's* Mel Wax added: "I saw teenage college girls pushed down the marble stairs by big, hulking motorcycle policemen who answered the riot call. The girls bounced down, step by step, their skirts flaring above their hips. They screamed and cried, but no one heard."

Sixty-four students were arrested, charged with inciting a riot, resisting arrest, and disturbing the peace. The charges against 63 were quickly dismissed. This did not look too good for the forces of the law that had been so sorely set upon by the youthful revolutionists, and so a desperate effort was made to drum up charges that would stick against at least one of the demonstrators. The selected victim was Robert Meisenbach, 22, a student at the University of California at Berkeley. The official charge was that Meisenbach had precipitated the riot by leaping the barrier, seizing a policeman's nightstick, and whacking him over the head with it. This was the act, said officialdom, that had caused the hoses to be turned on. Unfortunately for this contention, Robert Campbell, a photographer for the *San Francisco Chronicle,* had snapped a picture of the scene just after the hoses went into action—and there, clearly visible in the picture, standing some feet away from the melee and calmly smoking a pipe, was Meisenbach. When Meisenbach was brought to trial in the spring of 1961, he was promptly acquitted.

In the light of this well-established record, what was the attitude of J. Edgar Hoover? On July 17, 1960, in an 18-page report to his favorite Congressional committee, the HUAC, he called the riot "the most successful Communist coup to occur in the San Francisco area in 25 years." The riot had demonstrated, he said, that American youth was no more immune to Communist manipulation than the students of Japan and Uruguay. He charged that California Communist leaders, naming no names, had engineered and financed the San Francisco riot; that the Communists were planning more youth demonstrations of a similar nature (strikingly, in the years since, there have been none); and that the American Communist Party was elated and believed the riot was the best thing that had happened to it in years.

Such protests had no effect. The House committee, with Hoover in its corner, proceeded to produce a distorted film called *Operation Abolition,* giving its and Hoover's "Communist plot" version of the San Francisco riot. This film, which Mel Wax, who was there, has called "distorted and false," which has been branded a distortion by such a non-Communist organization as the National Council of Churches, nevertheless has become a major hit in the propaganda arsenal of the rabid right and has been viewed, under the sponsorship of a number of business and civic organizations, by literally millions of Americans.

There is another field in which the vaunted FBI has been a complete and abject failure—the field of civil rights.

The great moral upheaval of 1963—a nation's outrage at the spectacle of police dogs in the hands of sadistic police attacking Negro demonstrators in Birmingham, a nation's shock at the church bombing that cost four little girls their lives—stirred no wrath and indignation in the soul of the all-powerful master of the FBI. Hoover has thundered from the rooftops about the menace of gun-toting desperados, of bank robbers, of espionage, of subversion, of juvenile delinquency, but one listens in vain for his alarmist shouts on civil rights.

Hoover's long indifference to civil rights activities has become clearly evident. He has even made attempts to have his bureau relieved of all necessity for dealing with the issue.

The United States Commission on Civil Rights, in a 1961 report, described Hoover's lukewarm attitude. It quoted in full a letter Hoover wrote to the Attorney General on September 24, 1946, in which he made it clear that he would prefer to withdraw from the civil rights field. He argued that the Bureau was "expending a considerable amount of manpower" investigating crimes in the South "in which there cannot conceivably be any violation of a Federal statute." When the Bureau investigated such cases, he pointed out, it became saddled "in the public mind and in the press with the responsibility" for their solution. This was not good for the prestige of the Bureau. Is there any wonder that Negroes in the South, from the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King down, fear and distrust the FBI almost as much as they do the local police? They fear and distrust with good reason, for the record indicates that Hoover and the FBI have not blushed to stand four-square in the corner of the white supremacists, the racists who have made sadism a part of the culture of the South.

Few Americans have any realization of the potential harm they do by their uncritical idolatry of Hoover and the FBI. They remember only the good—and there is undeniable good—that Hoover and his FBI publicity bureau have propagandized.

The FBI agent has become to the public the clean-cut, square-jawed, pure-as-snow American lad, flawless as a comic-strip hero, and the nemesis of crime. The Bureau's huge fingerprint collection, its scientific methods of crime detection, its successes in gunning down desperados and jailing bank robbers and kidnapers—these are the achievements that have fostered a national faith in the perfection of the FBI.

Hoover has been accorded a reverence, an immunity from criticism, such as has not been the lot of the greatest Presidents in our history. Washington, perhaps the greatest of all Americans, was savagely attacked in his time; so was Jefferson; so was Lincoln; so were Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt—and so, after the honeymoon of his first Administration, was that most popular of recent Presidents, Eisenhower. Some of the criticism was just, much was unjust, but that is not the point. The point is that it existed—and that, as long as criticism exists, the checkreins that are essential to the preservation of democracy exist. Remove those checkreins; enshrine the figure of the infallible policeman above the law, above the Supreme Court, and you create a police-state atmosphere of intimidation that brings on the perversion of the democratic processes.

This treacherous undermining of a free society has already gone far. Hoover's enormous and unchecked power—the clandestine wiretapping, mail checking, and surveillance; the gossip, the rumor, the damaging truth and half-truth that repose in the secret dossiers of the FBI—has served to intimidate the highest officials in government and to repress debate. As Jack Levine reported, there isn't a legislator on the Hill who dares to risk a conflict with Hoover, however good the cause.

It is Hoover's power and his unbridled use of it that represents today one of the greatest dangers to the American democracy.

Given his pivotal position in the federal crime-fighting structure, it was inevitable that Hoover's role would be more important than that of any other chief of detective forces. It is to his credit that he has used his opportunity to elevate the nature of police work across the nation. His establishment of a central fingerprint file as he assumed directorship was a boon to crime-fighting on every level. The FBI scientific laboratory stimulated the use of science in crime detection. The National Police Academy has given advanced training in the most modern methods to police departments throughout the nation. These are solid, valid, praiseworthy accomplishments.

If Hoover could have been content with such important contributions, all would have been well; but Hoover is a man who can never be content. As soon as he embarked on the publicity campaign to create in the public mind the image of the infallible FBI, he began to become an overblown figure, dangerous to himself and to others. The phenomenon of universal praise can hardly be good for Hoover, for the bureau he heads, or for the American people.

The pattern makes it clear that, behind the scenes, loftily above the battle and unsmudged by the battle smoke, Hoover has been the heart and soul of the witch-hunt era. His persistent overestimation of the threat of domestic Communism has been a major factor in creating a national mood of hysteria and unreason. His predilection for the use of such imprecise terms as "fellow traveler" and "pseudo liberal" has fostered the technique, so beloved by the right, of spattering with the treason label all liberal ideas and liberal opponents.

Yet free discussion is essential in a democracy. The public's ability to make a right choice rather than a wrong choice depends upon it. The nation's ability to test the new, the unexplored—to expand the horizons of mankind—depends upon it. Dictators may make the railroads run more efficiently, but democracy nourishes the freedom of the mind, the interplay of ideas that underlie the great advances. Repress that freedom, and you dilute the nation's most precious heritage. It is precisely here, in the final analysis, that the influence of the FBI has been most baneful.

The almost slavish adulation that has been lavished upon the Bureau and its all-powerful director has acted as an inhibiting force. No man wishes to court the scowl of the FBI. No man dares to suggest that it would be healthful for the country if the FBI should be curbed a bit, restricted from investigating the thoughts and associations of men, and confined to its proper task of fighting crime. The fears that we might create a federal "secret police" force seem to have been justified.—**Fred J. Cook**

THIS FUNNY LIFE

While in the service as a company clerk I had the most embarrassing day of my life. During the war when we were changing places and transferring enlisted men and officers every day, we hardly knew who was going to be our C.O. the next day. I knew that my captain was a wolf, but I did not know that he had been transferred during the weeks I was away on an emergency furlough.

When I resumed my work at the office one morning, a young and beautiful woman asked me if she could see my captain. Being fond of beautiful girls myself, I told her: "For a beautiful girl like you my captain is always available. Whom do I have the pleasure to announce?"

"His wife," was the irate answer.

Alfonso Velez Jr.
Bronx, N. Y.

The traditional reserve of Bostonians is illustrated by an anecdote that dates back to the taxi shortage in World War II when it was customary for people to share a cab if they were headed in the same general direction. One cold morning at Boston's Back Bay Station a cab bearing a solitary Bostonian was about to drive off when a breathless man in a 10-gallon hat hailed the driver with, "Going downtown?"

The cabbie nodded and stopped. The breathless one leaped in beside the Bostonian, turned to him with a wide grin and said, "Thanks. My name's Jones."

The Bostonian eyed him stonily, opened his morning newspaper and replied, "Mine isn't."

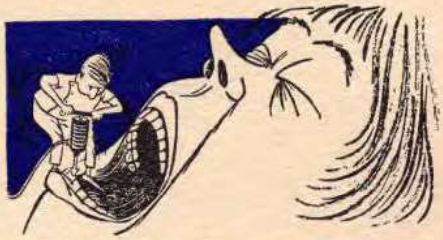
J. Norman McKenzie,
Squantum 71, Mass.

In an engineering seminar the instructor was explaining the process of "brainstorming" a problem. He pointed out that the subconscious mind works independently and will sometimes provide a seemingly spontaneous solution to a problem.

"Why, sometimes you'll even wake up in the middle of the night with a good idea," he exclaimed. "True," rejoined the class wit, "but your wife won't always go along with it."

Jim Nealy,
Stratford, Conn.

At the dentist's recently, I was called into the office before the previous patient was finished. The patient was obviously so eager to get the job done, she opened her mouth as wide as Grand Canyon and waited for the dentist to begin work.



"Madam," said the dentist, "you don't have to open quite so wide. I plan to stand outside."

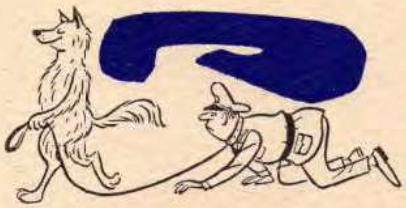
William Torres,
N. Hollywood, Calif.

Near the California border, I stopped at a motel that advertised, "FREE TV." The manager asked if I wanted an $8 room or a $10 room.

"What's the difference?" I asked.

"The $10 room has the free TV," he replied.

Thomas April,
Los Angeles, Calif



At Ft. Bragg, North Carolina, a lieutenant in a signal company owned a beautiful German Shepherd. Everywhere the lieutenant went, the dog went, too; it even helped inspect the troops on Saturday, though the men resented being inspected by a dog.

One Sunday afternoon, a group of GI's was sitting on the barracks porch while another GI with a shrill voice was taking a shower. He leaned out of the shower and bellowed: "HERE COMES THE LIEUTENANT AND THAT GODDAM MUTT."

The lieutenant nailed the innocent men on the porch, and proceeded to inform them of the dog's high pedigree and how he resented having such a fine animal called a mutt. He stalked away, and as he rounded the corner the shrill cry of the GI bellowed again: "THERE GOES THE DOG AND THAT GODDAM LIEUTENANT."

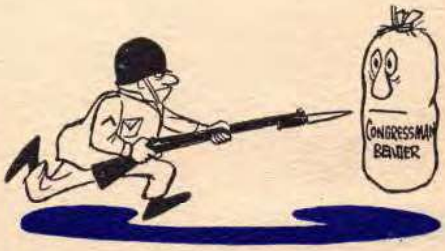
Ray Bartow
Jefferson City, Mo.

The first assignment given to the freshman English class at a large university was to write a theme. The professor did not specify a subject since his purpose was to determine his students' ability to spell, their vocabulary, sentence structure and the like.

One coed's paper read in part ". . . the lady was descending the stairs when she tripped, fell and lay prostitute on the floor."

The professor circled the incorrect word with a red pencil and wrote the following note on the margin of her paper: "My dear young lady, you must learn to distinguish between a fallen woman and one who has temporarily lost her balance."

L. B. Kohler
Okemos, Mich.



The wife of a soldier wrote a pleading letter to her congressman to have her husband returned to her from overseas because he was desperately needed at home. The congressman, touched by the woman's letter, cut through mountains of red tape and got the husband returned. Months later the congressman was making a campaign speech for reelection when he was amazed to see the former soldier passing out pamphlets in the audience which urged the election of the congressman's opponent.

"I don't understand," said the congressman. "I thought I was pretty nice to you—getting you returned to your wife—and now you're working against me."

"I'm going to do my best to see that you're thrown out of office," said the former soldier. "Why didn't you mind your own business? I joined the Army to get *away* from my wife!"

Dan Bennett,
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

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